

HOMER'S ODYSSEY



HOMER

THE
ODYSSEYS
OF HOMER
TOGETHER WITH THE
SHORTER POEMS

*TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO
THE GREEKS*

By
George Chapman



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CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

TO THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED MY
SINGULAR GOOD LORD ROBERT

EARL OF SOMERSET
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

I HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out of my utmost
and ever vowed service to your virtues, to entitle their
merits to the patronage of HOMER'S English life,
whose wished natural life the great Macedon would
have protected as the spirit of his empire,

That he to his unmeasur'd mighty acts
Might add a fame as vast and their extracts,
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,
His breast might breathe and thunder out his wars.
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days
For since our great ones ceased themselves to do
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too
To feed their praise in others. But what can,
Of all the gifts that are, be giv'n to man
More precious than Eternity and Glory
Singing their praises in unsilenc'd story?
Which no black day no nation, nor no age,
No change of time or fortune, force nor rage,
Shall ever raze? All which the monarch knew
Where HOMER liv'd entitled, would ensue

Cujus de gurgite vivo

Combibit arcanos datum omnis turba furores, etc.

From whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout

fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive, but the most material and doctrinal illations of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them Wherein, if the body (being the letter or history) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expresseure of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects, going beyond the life than any art within life can possibly delineate Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants? Or why should a poor chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction? But this proser Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned—that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things, and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods, when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they live—are not in these absolute divine infusions allowed either voice or relish for, *Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, etc* (says the divine philosopher) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore*, is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds, his opinion of entry ridiculous, and his presumption impious Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not

tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in Poesy a twofold rapture,—or alienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it,—one *insania*, a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity *et ex homine brutum quodammodo redditur* —(for which poor Poesy in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified)—the other is, *divinus furor* by which the sound and divinely healthful *supra hominis naturam erigitur et in Deum transit*. One a perfection directly infused from God the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance being pronounced absolutely τὸν σοφιστὰν καὶ τὸν θεοποιῆν “THE MOST WISE AND MOST DIVINE POET. Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender—Empedocles, Heracitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, etc., being of Homers part, —τίς οὖν etc. who against such an army and the general HOMER, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander shall we have every *besogne* and fool a leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the ambling Muse,
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.
Whose raptures are in ev'ry pageant seen,
In ev'ry wassail-rhyme and dancing-green
When he that writes by any beam of truth
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her and requires,
To clear her tough mists, heav'n's great fire of fires,

ANOTHER

Art thou of Chios? No Of Salamine?
As little Was the Smyranean country thine?
Nor so Which then? Was Cuma's? Colophone?
Nor one nor other Art thou, then, of none
That fame proclaims thee? None Thy reason call
If I confess of one I anger all

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THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE God in council sits to free
Ulysses from Calypso's thrall
And order their high plot a wres thus
Grey Pallas to Telemachus
(In Ithaca) her way address
And did her heart by Minerva in cost
In Menelaus likeness that did reign
King of the Trojans, in the man
Whose rough war her Leonidas run
Advising with Ulysses son
To seek his father and address
His course to young Telemachus
That govern'd Sparta. Then much said
She shew'd she was Hebe martial Maid
And vanish'd from him. Next to this,
The Banquet of the Woodcock is.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Alas! The Deities sit
The Man retired
The Ulyssean wit
By Pallas fired.

THE man O Muse, inform, that many a way *
Wound with his wisdom to his wished stay
That wander'd wondrous far when he the town
Of sacred Troy had sack'd and shiver'd down
The cities of a world of nations,
With all their manners, minds, and fashions,
He saw and knew at sea felt many woes,

The information or fashion of an absolute man and necessary
(or fatal) passage through many afflictions (according with the
most Sacred Letter) to his natural haven and country is the
whole argument and scope of this inimitable and miraculous poem.
And therefore is the epithet *καλὸς* given him in the first
verse *καλὸς ἄνθρωπος* signifying *Homo apud legem in celis per
multas et varias vias certis r. a verum*

Much care sustain'd, to save from overthrows
 Himself and friends in their retreat for home,
 But so their fates he could not overcome,
 Though much he thirsted it—O men unwise,
 They perish'd by their own impieties!
 That in their hunger's rapine would not shun
 The oven of the lofty-going Sun,
 Who therefore from their eyes the day bereft
 Of safe return—These acts, in some part left,
 Tell us, as others, deified Seed of Jove.

Now all the rest that austere death outstrove
 At Troy's long siege at home safe anchor'd are,
 Free from the milice both of sea and war,
 Only Ulysses is denied access
 To wife and home—The grace of Goddesses,
 The rev'rend nymph Calypso, did detain
 Him in her caves, past all the race of men
 Enflam'd to make him her lov'd lord and spouse
 And when the Gods had destin'd that his house,
 Which Ithaca on her rough bosom bears,
 (The point of time wrought out by ambient years)
 Should be his haven, Contention still extends
 Her envy to him, ev'n amongst his friends
 All Gods took pity on him, only he,
 That girds earth in the cincture of the sea,
 Divine Ulysses ever did envy,
 And made the fix'd port of his birth to fly

But he himself solemniz'd a retreat
 To th' Æthiops, far dissunder'd in their seat,
 (In two parts parted, at the sun's descent,
 And underneath his golden orient,
 The first and last of men) t' enjoy their feast
 Of bulls and lambs, in hecatombs addrest,
 At which he sat, giv'n over to delight

The other Gods in heav'n's supremest height
 Were all in council met, to whom began
 The mighty Father both of God and man

* These notes following I am forced to insert (since the words they contain differ from all other translations) lest I be thought to err out of that ignorance that may perhaps possess my depraver

Discourse, induc'g matter that inclin'd
 To wise Ulysses, calling to his mind
 Faultful Ægisthus, who to death was done *
 By young Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
 His memory to the Immortals then
 Mov'd Jove thus deeply "O how falsely men
 Accuse us Gods as authors of their ill!
 When, by the bane their own bad lives instill,
 They suffer all the mis'ries of their states,
 Past our inflictions, and beyond their fates.
 As now Ægisthus, past his fate, did wed
 The wife of Agamemnon, and (in dread
 To suffer death himself) to shun his ill
 Incurr'd it by the loose bent of his will
 In slaughtering Atreides in retreat.
 Which we foretold him would so hardly set
 To his murderous purpose, sending Mercury
 That slaughter'd Argus, our considerate spy
 To give him this charge Do not wed his wife,
 Nor murder him for thou shalt buy his life
 With ransom of thine own, impos'd on thee
 By his Orestes, when in him shall be
 Atreides' self renew'd, and but the prime
 Of youth's spring put abroad, in thirst to climb
 His haughty father's throne by his high acts.
 These words of Hermes wrought not into facts
 Ægisthus powers good counsel he despis'd,
 And to that good his ill is sacrific'd.

Pallas, whose eyes did sparkle like the skies,
 Answer'd "O Sire! Supreme of Deities,
 Ægisthus pass'd his fate, and had desert
 To warrant our infliction and convert
 May all the pains such impious men inflict

Αἰσχρονομος translated in this place *i culpabilis* and made the epithet of Ægisthus, is from the true sense of the word as it is here to be understood which is quite contrary. As *δυσίνομος* is to be expounded in some place *Disol* as *Deo inimicus* but in another (soon after) *contrarius Deo*. The person to whom the epithet is given giving reason to distinguish it. And so *δυσόφρων* an epithet given to Atlas, instantly following, in one place signifies *mens perniciosa* in the next, *qui universa mente perit*.

On innocent sufferers to revenge as strict,
 Their own hearts eating But, that Ithacus,
 Thus never meriting, should suffer thus,
 I deeply suffer His more pious mind
 Divides him from these fortunes Though unkind
 Is piety to him, giving him a fate
 More suffering than the most unfortunate,
 So long kept friendless in a sea-girt soil,
 Where the sea's navel is a sylvan isle,
 In which the Goddess dwells that doth derive
 Her birth from Atlas, who of all alive
 The motion and the fashion doth command
 With his wise mind, whose forces understand ¹
 The inmost deeps and gulfs of all the seas,
 Who (for his skill of things superior) stays
 The two steep columns that prop earth and heav'n
 His daughter 'tis, who holds this homeless driv'n ²
 Still mourning with her, evermore profuse
 Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse
 And make so languishingly, and possess ³
 With so remiss a mind her lov'd guest,
 Manage the action of his way for home
 Where he, though in affection overcome,
 In judgment yet more longs to show his hopes

¹ In this place is Atlas given the epithet *ολοοφρων*, which signifies *qui universa mente agitat* here given him for the power the stars have in all things Yet this receives other interpretation in other places as abovesaid

² *Δυστηνος* is here turned by others *infelix*, in the general collection, when it hath here a particular exposition applied to express Ulysses desert errors *παρα τὸ στῆναι ut sit, qui rei locum invenire potest ubi consistat*

³ This is thus translated the rather to express and approve the allegory driven through the whole *Odysseys* Deciphering the intangling of the wisest in his affections, and the torments that breed in every pious mind, to be thereby hindered to arrive so directly as he desires, at the proper and only true natural country of every worthy man whose haven is heaven and the next life, to which, this life is but a sea in continual æsture and vexation The words occasioning all this are *μαλαὶ οἷς λόγοις μαλακός* signifying, *qui languide, et animo remisso rem aliquam gerit*, which being the effect of Calypso's sweet words in Ulysses, is here applied passively to his own sufferance of their operation

His country's smoke leap from her chimney tops,
 And death asks in her arms. Yet never shall
 Thy lov'd heart be converted on his thrall
 Austere Olympian. Did not ever he
 In ample Troy thy altars gratify
 And Cecrops' fleet make in thy offerings swim?
 O Jove, why still then burns thy wrath to him?

The Cloud assembler answer'd. What words fly
 Bold daughter from thy pale of ivory?
 As if I ever could cast from my ears
 Divine Ulysses, who exceeds so far
 All men in wisdom, and so oft hath giv'n
 To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heav'n
 So great and sacred gifts? But his decrees,
 That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,
 Stand to Ulysses longings so extreme
 For taking from the God foe Polyphemus
 His only eye—a Cyclops, that excell'd
 All other Cyclops, with whose burden swell'd
 The nymph Thoosa, the divine increase
 Of Ithaca's seed, a great God of the seas.
 She mix'd with Neptune in his hollow caves,
 And bore this Cyclops to that God of waves.
 For whose lost eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill
 Erring Ulysses, but reserves him still
 In life for more death. But use we our powers,
 And round about us cast these cares of ours,
 All to discover how we may prefer
 His wish'd retreat, and Neptune make forbear
 His stern eye to him, since no one God can
 In spite of all, prevail, but gainst a man

To this, this answer made the grey-eyed Maud

Επεὶ δὲ βλάται It call'd me or I wistram death in which for
 the better sound in our language is here turned Pale of Ivory. The
 teeth being that rampire, or pale, given us by nature in that part for
 restraint and compression of our speech till the imagination, appetite,
 and soul (that ought to rule in their examination before their delivery)
 have given worthy pass to them. The most grave and divine poet
 teaching therein that not so much for the necessary chewing of our
 sustenance our teeth are given us for their stay of our words,
 lest we utter them rashly

"Supreme of rulers, since so well repaid
 The bless'd Gods are all then, now, in thee,
 To limit wise Ulysses' misery,
 And that you speak as you referr'd to me
 Prescription for the means, in this sort be
 Their sacred order Let us now address
 With utmost speed our swift Argicides,
 To tell the nymph that bears the golden tress
 In th' isle Ogygia, that tis our will
 She should not stay our lov'd Ulysses still,
 But suffer his return, and then will I
 To Ithaca, to make his son apply
 His sire's inquest the more, infusing force
 Into his soul, to summon the concourse
 Of curl'd-head Greeks to council, and deter
 Each wooer, that hath been the slaughterer
 Of his fat sheep and crooked-headed bees
 From more wrong to his mother, and their leaves
 Take in such terms as fit deserts so great
 To Sparta then, and Pylos, where doth beat
 Bright Amathus, the flood, and epithet
 To all that kingdom, my advice shall send
 The spirit-advanc'd Prince, to the pious end
 Of seeking his lost father, if he may
 Receive report from Ithaca where rests his stay,
 And make, besides, his own successive worth
 Known to the world, and set in action forth "

I his said, her wing'd shoes to her feet she tied,
 Form'd all of gold, and all eternified,
 That on the round earth or the sea sustain'd
 Her ravish'd substance swift as gusts of wind
 Then took she her strong lance with steel made keen,
 Great, massy, active, that whole hosts of men,
 Though all heroes, conquers, if her ire
 Their wrongs inflame, back'd by so great a Sire
 Down from Olympus' tops she headlong div'd,
 And swift as thought in Ithaca arriv'd,
 Close at Ulysses' gates, in whose first court
 She made her stand, and, for her breast's support,
 Lean'd on her iron lance, her form imprest

With Mentas' likeness, come as being a guest.
There found he those proud wooers that were then
Set on those ox-hides that themselves had slain
Before the gates, and all at dice were playing
To them the heralds, and the rest obeying,
Fill'd wine and water some, still as they play'd,
And some, for solemn supper's state, purvey'd,
With porous sponges cleansing tables, serv'd
With much rich feast of which to all they serv'd.

God-like Telemachus amongst them sat,
Griev'd much in mind and in his heart begat
All representment of his absent sire,
How come from far-off parts, his spirits would fire
With those proud wooers' sight, with slaughter parting
Their bold concourse, and to himself converting
The honours they usurp'd, his own commanding

In this discourse, he first saw Pallas standing,
Unbidden entry up rose, and addrest
His pace right to her angry that a guest
Should stand so long at gate and, coming near
Her right hand took, took in his own her spear
And thus saluted Grace to your repair
Fair guest, your welcome shall be likewise fair
Enter and, cheer'd with feast, disclose th' intent
That caus'd your coming Thus said, first he went,
And Pallas follow'd To a room they came
Steep, and of state the jav'lin of the Dame
He set against a pillar vast and high,
Amidst a large and bright kept armory
Which was, besides, with woods of lances grac'd
Of his grave father's In a throne he plac'd
The man-turn'd Goddess, under which was spread
A carpet, rich and of deviceful thread
A footstool staying her feet and by her chair
Another seat (all garnish'd wondrous fair,
To rest or sleep on in the day) he set,
Far from the prease of wooers, lest at meat
The noise they still made might offend his guest,
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,
Ev'n to his combat with that pride of theirs,

That kept no noble form in their affairs
 And these he set far from them, much the rather
 To question freely of his absent father

A table fairly-polish'd then was spread
 On which a rev'rend officer set bread,
 And other servitors all sorts of meat
 (Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)
 Serv'd with observance in And then the sewer
 Pour'd water from a great and golden ewer,
 That from their hands t' a silver caldron ran
 Both wash'd, and seated close, the voiceful man
 Fetch'd cups of gold, and set by them, and round
 Those cups with wine with all endeavour crown'd

'Then rush'd in the rude wooers, themselves plac'd ,
 The heralds water gave , the maids in haste
 Serv'd bread from baskets When, of all prepar'd
 And set before them, the bold wooers shar'd,
 Their pages plying their cups past the rest
 But lusty wooers must do more than feast ,
 For now, their hungers and their thirsts allay'd,
 They call'd for songs and dances , those, they said,
 Were th' ornaments of feast The herald straight
 A harp, carv'd full of artificial sleight,
 I hrust into Phemius', a learn'd singer's, hand,
 Who, till he much was urg'd, on terms did stand,
 But, after, play'd and sung with all his art

Telemachus to Pallas then (apart,
 His ear inclining close, that none might hear)
 In this sort said "My guest, exceeding dear,
 Will you not sit incens'd with what I say?
 These are the cares these men take , feast and play
 Which eas'ly they may use, because they eat,
 Free and unpunish'd, of another's meat ,
 And of a man's, whose white bones wasting lie
 In some far region , with th' incessancy
 Of show'rs pour'd down upon them, lying ashore,
 Or in the seas wash'd nak'd Who, if he wore
 Those bones with flesh and life and industry,
 And these might here in Ithaca set eye
 On him return'd, they all would wish to be

Either past other in celerity
 Of feet and knees, and not contend t' exceed
 In golden garments. But his virtues feed
 The fate of ill death nor is left to me
 The least hope of his life's recovery
 No not if any of the mortal race
 Should tell me his return the cheerful face
 Of his return'd day never will appear
 But tell me, and let Truth your witness bear
 Who and from whence you are? What city's birth?
 What parents? In what vessel set you forth?
 And with what manners arriv'd you here?
 I cannot think you a foot passenger
 Recount then to me all, to teach me well
 Fit usage for your worth. And if it fell
 In chance now first that you thus see us here,
 Or that in former passages you were
 My father's guest? For many men have been
 Guests to my father Studious of men
 His sociable nature ever was.
 On him again the grey-eyed Maid did pass
 This kind reply I'll answer passing true
 All thou hast ask'd My birth his honour drew
 From wise Anchialus. The name I bear
 Is Mentas, the commanding islander
 Of all the Taphians studious in the art
 Of navigation having touch'd this part
 With ship and men, of purpose to maintain
 Course through the dark seas t' other-languag'd men
 And Temesis sustains the city's name
 For which my ship is bound, made known by fame
 For rich in brass, which my occasions need,
 And therefore bring I shining steel in stead,
 Which their use wants, yet makes my vessel's freight,
 That near a plough'd field rides at anchor's weight,
 Apart this city in the harbour call'd
 Rhethrus, whose waves with Neius' woods are wall'd.
 Thy sire and I were ever mutual guests,
 At either's house still interchanging feasts.
 I glory in it. Ask when thou shalt see

Laertes, th' old heroe, these of me,
 From the beginning He, men say, no more
 Visits the city, but will needs deplore
 His son's believ'd loss in a private field,
 One old maid only at his hands to yield
 Food to his life, as oft as labour makes
 His old limbs faint, which, though he creeps, he takes
 Along a fruitful plain, set all with vines,
 Which husbandman-like, though a king, he proms
 But now I come to be thy father's guest,
 I hear he wanders, while these wooers feast
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this hour)
 I'll tell thee, out of a prophetic pow'r,
 (Not as profess'd a prophet, nor clear seen
 At all times what shall after chance to men)
 What I conceive, for this time, will be true
 The Gods' inflictions keep your sire from you
 Divine Ulysses, yet, abides not dead
 Above earth, nor beneath, nor buried
 In any seas, as you did late conceive,
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept alive
 Within an isle by rude and upland men,
 That in his spite his passage home detain
 Yet long it shall not be before he tread
 His country's dear earth, though solicited,
 And held from his return, with iron chains,
 For he hath wit to forge a world of trains,
 And will, of all, be sure to make good one
 For his return, so much relied upon
 But tell me, and be true Art thou indeed
 So much a son, as to be said the seed*
 Of Ithacus himself? Exceeding much
 Thy forehead and fair eyes at his form touch,
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I
 Meet at this hour, before he did apply
 His pow'rs for Troy, when other Grecian states
 In hollow ships were his associates
 But, since that time, mine eyes could never see

* *Tòros παῖς, Tantis filius* Pallas thus enforcing her question to stir up the son the more to the father's worthiness

Renown'd Ulysses, nor met his with me."

The wise Telemachus again replied

You shall with all I know be satisfied.

My mother certain says I am his son

I know not nor was ever simply known

By any child the sure truth of his sire.

But would my veins had took in living fire

From some man happy rather than one wise,

Whom age might see seisd of what youth made prise.

But he whoever of the mortal race

Is most unblest, he holds my father's place.

This, since you ask, I answer She, again

"The Gods sure did not make the future strain

Both of thy race and days obscure to thee,

Since thou wert born so of Penelope.

The style may by thy after acts be won,

Of so great sire the high undoubted son.

Say truth in this then What's this feasting here?

What all this rout? Is all this nuptial cheer?

Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?

For here no shots are, where all sharers be.

Past measure contumeliously this crew

Fare through thy house which should th ingenuous
view

Of any good or wise man come and find,

(Impiety seeing play'd in ev'ry kind)

He could not but through ev'ry vein be mov'd.

Again Telemachus My guest much lov'd.

Since you demand and sift these sights so far

I grant 'twere fit a house so regular

Rich, and so faultless once in government,

Should still at all parts the same form present

That gave it glory while her lord was here.

But now the Gods, that us displeasure bear

Have otherwise appointed, and disgrace

My father most of all the mortal race.

For whom I could not mourn so were he dead,

Amongst his fellow-captains slaughter'd

By common enemies, or in the hands

Of his kind friends had ended his commands,

After he had egregiously bestow'd
 His pow'r and order in a war so vow'd,
 And to his tomb all Greeks their grace had done,
 That to all ages he might leave his son
 Immortal honour, but now Harpies have
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred grave
 Obscure, inglorious, death hath made his end,
 And me, for glories, to all griefs contend
 Nor shall I any more mourn him alone,
 The Gods have giv'n me other cause of morn
 For look how many optimates remain
 In Samos, or the shores Dulichian,
 Shady Zacynthus, or how many bear
 Rule in the rough brows of this island here,
 So many now my mother and this house
 At all parts make defam'd and rumous,
 And she her hateful nuptials nor denies,
 Nor will despatch their importunities,
 Though she beholds them spoil still as they feast
 All my free house yields, and the little rest
 Of my dead sire in me perhaps intend
 To bring ere long to some untimely end "

This Pallas sigh'd and answer'd "O," said she,
 "Absent Ulysses is much miss'd by thee,
 That on these shameless suitors he might lay
 His wreakful hands Should he now come, and stay
 In thy court's first gates, arm'd with helm and shield,
 And two such darts as I have seen him wield,
 When first I saw him in our Taphian court,
 Feasting, and doing his desert's disport,
 When from Ephyrus he return'd by us
 From Ilus, son to Centaur Mermerus
 To whom he travell'd through the wat'ry dreads,
 For bane to poison his sharp arrows' heads,
 That death, but touch'd, caus'd, which he would not
 give,
 Because he fear'd the Gods that ever live
 Would plague such death with death, and yet their
 fear
 Was to my father's bosom not so dear

As was thy father's love (for what he sought
My loving father found him to a thought.)
If such as then Ulysses might but meet
With these proud wooers, all were at his feet
But instant dead men, and their nuptials
Would prove as bitter as their dying gall.
But these things in the Gods' knees are repos'd,
If his return shall see with wreak inclos'd,
These in his house, or he return no more
And therefore I advise thee to explore
All ways thyself, to set these wooers gone
To which end give me fit attention
To-morrow into solemn council call
The Greek heroes, and declare to all
(The Gods being witness) what thy pleasure is.
Command to towns of their nativity
These frontless wooers. If thy mother's mind
stands to her second nuptials so inclin'd,
Return she to her roval father's tow'rs,
Where th' one of these may wed her and her dow'rs
Make rich, and such as may consort with grace
So dear a daughter of so great a race
And thee I warn as well (if thou as well
Wilt hear and follow) take thy best built sail
With twenty oars mann'd, and haste to inquire
Where the abode is of thy absent sire,
If any can inform thee, or thine ear
From Jove the fame of his retreat may hear,
For chiefly Jove gives all that honours men.
To Pylos first be thy addresson then,
To god-like Nestor thence to Sparta haste,
To gold lock'd Menelaus, who was last
Of all the brass-arm'd Greeks that sail'd from Troy
And try from both these, if thou canst enjoy
News of thy sire's return'd life anywhere,
Though sad thou suffer'st in his search a year
If of his death thou hear'st, return thou home,
And to his memory erect a tomb,
Performing parent rites, of feast and game,
Pompous, and such as best may fit his fame

My mother him that fits societies¹
 With so much harmony, to let him please
 His own mind in his will to honour these?
 For these ingenious and first sort of men,²
 That do immediately from Jove return
 Their singing raptures, are by Jove as well
 Inspir'd with choice of what their songs impell,
 Jove's will is free in it, and therefore theirs
 Nor is this man to blame, that the repairs
 The Greeks make homeward sings for his fresh muse
 Men still most celebrate that sings most news
 And therefore in his note your ears employ
 For not Ulysses only lost in Troy
 The day of his return, but numbers more
 The deadly runs of his fortunes bore
 Go you then in, and take your work in hand,
 Your web, and distaff, and your maids command
 To ply their fit work Words to men are due,
 And those reproving counsels you pursue,
 And most to me of all men, since I bear
 The rule of all things that are manag'd here"
 She went amaz'd away and in her heart
 Laid up the wisdom Pallas did impart
 To her lov'd son so lately, turn'd again
 Up to her chamber, and no more would reign
 In manly counsels To her women she
 Applied her sway, and to the wooers he
 Began new orders, other spirits bewray'd
 Than those in spite of which the wooers sway'd
 And (whiles his mother's tears still wash'd her eyes,
 Till grey Minerva did those tears surprise

¹ Ἐπῆρος αἰοδός Cantor, *cujus tam apta est societas hominibus*

² Ἀνδράσιν αλφηστῆσιν Ἀλφηστῆσιν is an epithet proper to poets for their first finding out of arts and documents tending to elocution and government inspired only by Jove, and are here called the first of men, since first they gave rules to manly life, and have their information immediately from Jove (as Plato in *Ion* witnesseth), the word deduced from ἄλφα which is taken for him *qui primas teneat aliquā in re*, and will αλφηστῆσιν then be sufficiently expressed with *ingeniosis*, than which no exposition goes further

With timely sleep, and that her wooers did rouse
 Rude tumult up through all the shady house,
 Dispos'd to sleep because their widow was)
 Telemachus this new-giv'n spirit did pass
 On their old insolence Ho! you that are
 My mother's wooers! much too high ye bear
 Your petulant spirits sit and, while ye may
 Enjoy me in your banquets, see ye lay
 These loud notes down, nor do this man the wrong,
 Because my mother hath disliked his song,
 To grace her interruption. 'Tis a thing
 Honest, and honour'd too, to hear one sing
 Numbers so like the Gods in elegance,
 As this man flows in. By the morn's first light,*
 I'll call ye all before me in a Court,
 That I may clearly banish your resort,
 With all your rudeness, from these roofs of mine.
 Away and elsewhere in your feasts combine.
 Consume your own goods, and make mutual feast
 At either's house. Or if ye still hold best,
 And for your humours' more succed'd fill,
 To feed, to spoil, because unpunish'd still,
 On other findings, spoil but here I call
 Th' Eternal Gods to witness, if it fall
 In my wish'd reach once to be dealing wraaks,
 By Jove's high bounty these your present checks
 To what I give in charge shall add more reins
 To my revenge hereafter and the pains
 Ye then must suffer shall pass all your pride
 Ever to see redress'd, or qualified."

At this all bit their lips, and did admire
 His words sent from him with such phrase and fire
 Which so much mov'd them that Antinous,
 Eupitheus' son, cried out "Telemachus!
 The Gods, I think, have rapt thee to this height
 Of elocution and this great concert
 Of self ability We all may pray
 That Jove invest not in this kingdom's sway
 Thy forward forces, which I see put forth

A hot ambition in thee for thy birth "

"Be not offended," he replied, "if I
Shall say, I would assume this empery,
If Jove gave leave — You are not he that sings
The rule of kingdoms is the worst of things
Nor is it ill, at all, to sway a throne,
A man may quickly gain possession
Of mighty riches, make a wondrous prize
Set of his virtues, but the dignities
That deck a king there are enough beside
In this circumfused isle that want no pride
To think them worthy of, as young as I,
And old as you are — An ascent so high
My thoughts affect not — Dead is he that held
Desert of virtue to have so excell'd
But of these turrets I will take on me
To be the absolute king, and reign as free,
As did my father, over all his hand
Left here in this house slaves to my command "

Eurymachus, the son of Polybus,
To this made this reply — "Telemachus!
The girlond of this kingdom let the knees
Of Deity run for — but the faculties
This house is seiz'd of, and the turrets here,
Thou shalt be lord of, nor shall any bear
The least part off of all thou dost possess,
As long as this land is no wilderness
Nor rul'd by out-laws — But give these their pass,
And tell me, best of princes, who he was

* Upon this answer of Telemachus because it hath so sudden a change and is so far let down from his late height of heart, altering and tempering so commandingly his affections I thought not amiss to insert here Spondanus further annotations which is this *Prudenter Telemachus joco furorcm Antinoi ac asperitatem emolluit Vam ita dictum illius interpretatur, ut existimetur censere jocose illa etiam ab Antinoo adversum se pronunciata Et primum ironice se Regem esse exoptat propter commota quæ Regis solent comitari Ne tamen invidiam in se ambitionis concitet, testatur se regnum Ithacæ non ab hinc, mortuo Ulysse, cum id alii possidere queant se longe præstantiores ac digniores hoc unum aut se moliri ut propriarum rerum et bonorum solus sit dominus, his exclusis, ac ejectis, qui vi illa occupare ac disperdere conantur*

That guested here so late? From whence? And
what

In any region boasted he his state?
His race? His country? Brought he any news
Of thy returning father? Or for dues
Of moneys to him made he fit repair?
How suddenly he rush'd into the air
Nor would sustain to stay and make him known!
His port shou'd no debauch'd companion

He answer'd The return of my lov'd sire
Is past all hope and should rude Fame inspire
From any place a flatt'ring messenger
With news of his survival, he should bear
No least belief off from my desperate love.
Which if a sacred prophet should approve,
Call'd by my mother for her care's unrest,
It should not move me. For my late fair guest,
He was of old my father's, touching here
From sea-girt Taphos and for name doth bear
Mentas, the son of wise Anchialus

And governs all the Taphians studious
Of navigation. This he said, but knew
It was a Goddess. These again withdrew
To dances and attraction of the song
And while their pleasures did the time prolong,
The sable Even descended, and did steep
The lids of all men in desire of sleep

Telemachus, into a room built high,
Of his illustrious court, and to the eye
Of circular prospect, to his bed ascended,
And in his mind much weighty thought contend'd
Before him Eurycea (that well knew
All the observance of a handmaid's due,
Daughter to Opis Pisenorides)
Bore two bright torches who did so much please
Laertes in her prime, that for the price
Of twenty oxen, he made merchandise
Of her rare beauties and love's equal flame,
To her he felt, as to his nuptial dame
Yet never durst he mix with her in bed,

So much the anger of his wife he fled
She, now grown old, to young Telemachus
Two torches bore, and was obsequious
Past all his other maids, and did apply
Her service to him from his infancy
His well-built chamber reach'd, she op'd the door,
He on his bed sat, the soft weeds he wore
Put off, and to the diligent old maid
Gave all, who fitly all in thick folds laid,
And hung them on a beam-pin near the bed,
That round about was rich embroidered
Then made she haste forth from him, and did bring
The door together with a silver ring,
And by a string a bar to it did pull,
He, laid, and cover'd well with curled wool
Wov'n in silk quilts, all night employ'd his mind
About the task that Pallas had design'd

THE SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

TELEMACHUS to court doth call
The Wooers, and commands them all
To leave his house and taking then
From wise Minerva ship and men
And all things fit for him beside,
That Euryclen could provide
For sea-rites till he found his sire,
He holds sail when Henty stoops his fire.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Sirs. The old maid store
The voyage cheer,
The ship lent us shore,
Minerva steers.

Now when with rosy fingers, th' early born
And thrown through all the air appear'd the Morn
Ulysses lov'd son from his bed appear'd,
His weeds put on and did about him gird
His sword that thwart his shoulders hung, and tied
To his fair feet fair shoes, and all parts plied
For speedy readmess who, when he trod
The open earth, to men show'd like a God.

The heralds then he straight charg'd to consort
The curl'd head Greeks, with loud calls, to a Court
They summon'd th' other came in utmost haste.
Who all assembled, and in one heap plac'd
He likewise came to council, and did bear
In his fair hand his iron-headed spear
Nor came alone, nor with men-troops prepar'd,
But two fleet dogs made both his train and guard.
Pallas supplied with her high wisdom's grace
That all men's wants supplies, State's painted face.
His entering presence all men did admire

Whom my pow'rs are unfit to urge so far,
Myself immortal But, had I the pow'r,
My will should serve me to exempt this hour
From out my life-time For, past patience,
Base deeds are done here, that exceed defence
Of any honour Falling is my house,
Which you should shame to see so ruinous
Rev'rence the censures that all good men give,
That dwell about you, and for fear to live
Expos'd to heav'n's wrath (that doth ever pay
Pains for joys forfeit) even by Jove I pray,
Or Themis, both which pow'rs have to restrain,
Or gather, councils, that ye will abstain
From further spoil, and let me only waste
In that most wretched grief I have embrac'd
For my lost father And though I am free
From meriting your outrage, yet, if he,
Good man, hath ever with a hostile heart
Done ill to any Greek, on me convert
Your like hostility, and vengeance take
Of his ill on my life, and all these make
Join in that justice, but, to see abus'd
Those goods that do none ill but being ill-us'd,
Exceeds all right Yet better 'tis for me,
My whole possessions and my rents to see
Consum'd by you, than lose my life and all,
For on your rapine a revenge may fall,
While I live, and so long I may complain
About the city, till my goods again,
Oft ask'd, may be with all amends repaid
But in the mean space your misrule hath laid
Griefs on my bosom, that can only speak,
And are denied the instant pow'r of wreak."

This said, his sceptre 'gainst the ground he threw,
And tears still'd from him, which mov'd all the crew,
The court struck silent, not a man did dare
To give a word that might offend his ear
Antinous only in this sort replied

"High spoken, and of spirit unpacified,
How have you sham'd us in this speech of yours!"

Will you brand us for an offence not ours?
Your mother first in craft, is first in cause.
Three years are past, and near the fourth now draws,
Since first she mock'd the peers Achaian
All she made hope, and promis'd ev'ry man
Sent for us ever left love's show in nought,
But in her heart conceal'd another thought.
Besides, as curious in her craft, her loom
She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome,
And thus bespake us Youths, that seek my bed,
Since my divine spouse rests amongst the dead,
Hold on your suits but till I end, at most,
This funeral weed, lest what is done be lost.
Besides, I purpose, that when th' austere fate
Of bitter death shall take into his state
Laertes the hero, it shall deck
His royal corse, since I should suffer check
In ill report of ev'ry common dame,
If one so rich should show in death his shame.
This speech she us'd and this did soon persuade
Our gentle minds. But this a work she made
So hugely long undoing still in night,
By torches, all she did by day's broad light,
That three years her deceit driv'd past our view
And made us think that all she feign'd was true.
But when the fourth year came, and those sly hours
That still surprise at length dames craftiest powers,
One of her women, that knew all disclos'd
The secret to us, that she still unloos'd
Her whole day's fair affair in depth of night.
And then no further she could force her sleight,
But, of necessity her work gave end.
And thus, by me, doth ev'ry other friend,
Professing love to her reply to thee
That ev'n thyself and all Greeks else may see,
That we offend not in our stay but she
To free thy house then, send her to her sire,
Commanding that her choice be left entire
To his election, and one settled will.
Nor let her vex with her illusions still

Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit,
Because wise Pallas hath giv'n wills to it
So full of art, and made her understand
All works in fair skill of a lady's hand
But (for her working mind) we read of none
Of all the old world, in which Greece hath shown
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her
Tyio, Alcmena, and Mycena were
To hold comparison in no degree,
For solid brain, with wise Penelope
And yet, in her delays of us, she shows
No prophet's skill with all the wit she owes,
For all this time thy goods and victuals go
To utter ruin, and shall ever so,
While thus the Gods her glorious mind dispose
Glory herself may gain, but thou shalt lose
Thy longings ev'n for necessary food,
For we will never go where lies our good,
Nor any other where, till this delay
She puts on all she quits with th' endless stay
Of some one of us, that to all the rest
May give free farewell with his nuptial feast "

The wise young prince replied " Antinous!
I may by no means turn out of my house
Her that hath brought me forth and nourish'd me
Besides, if quick or dead my father be
In any region, yet abides in doubt,
And 'twill go hard, my means being so run out,
To tender to Icarus again,
If he again my mother must maintain
In her retreat, the dow'r she brought with her
And then a double ill it will confer,
Both from my father and from God on me,
When, thrust out of her house, on her bent knee,
My mother shall the horrid Furies raise
With imprecations, and all men dispraise
My part in her exposure Never then
Will I perform this counsel If your spleen
Swell at my courses, once more I command
Your absence from my house, some other's hand

Charge with your banquets on your own goods eat,
 And either other mutually intreat,
 At either of your houses, with your feast.
 But if ye still esteem more sweet and best
 Another's spoil so you still wreakless live,
 Gnaw vermin-like, things sacred, no laws give *
 To your devouring it remains that I
 Invoke each Ever living Deity
 And vow if Jove shall deign in any date
 Low'r of like pains for pleasure so past rate,
 From thenceforth look, where ye have revell'd so
 Unwreak'd, your ruins all shall undergo

Thus spake Telemachus to assure whose threat,
 Far-seeing Jove upon their pinions set
 Two eagles from the high brows of a hill,
 That, mounted on the winds, together still
 Their strokes extended but arriving now
 Amidst the Council, over ev'ry brow
 Shook their thick wings and, threatening death's cold
 fears,

Their necks and cheeks tore with their eager cries
 Then, on the court's right hand away they flew
 Above both court and city With whose view
 And study what events they might foretell
 The Council into admiration fell
 The old hero, Halitherses, then,
 The son of Nestor that of all old men,
 His peers in that court, only could foresee
 By flight of fowls man's fixed destiny

Twixt them and their amaze, thus interpos'd
 Hear Ithacensians, all your doubts disclos'd
 The Wooers most are touch'd in this ostent,
 To whom are dangers great and imminent
 I or now not long more shall Ulysses bear
 Lack of his most lov'd, but fill some place near
 Addressing to these Wooers fate and death
 And many more this mischief menaceth
 Of us inhabiting this famous isle.

The word is *αἴψα κ' ἰσὺς* signifying *insatiabilis quiddam eductate vero*

Such royal parent-rites, as fits his state ,
And then my mother to a spouse dispose ”

This said, he sat , and to the rest arose
Mentor, that was Ulysses' chosen friend,
To whom, when he set forth, he did commend
His cômplete family, and whom he will'd
To see the mind of his old sire fulfill'd,
All things conserving safe, till his retreat
Who, tender of his charge, and seeing so set
In slight care of their king his subjects there,
Suff'ring his son so much contempt to bear,
Thus gravely, and with zeal, to him began

“ No more let any sceptre-bearing man,
Benevolent, or mild, or human be,
Nor in his mind form acts of piety,
But ever feed on blood, and facts unjust
Commit, ev'n to the full swing of his lust,
Since of divine Ulysses no man now,
Of all his subjects, any thought doth show
All whom he govern'd, and became to them,
Rather than one that wore a diadem,
A most indulgent father But, for all
That can touch me, within no envy fall
These insolent Wooers, that in violent kind
Commit things foul by th' ill wit of the mind,
And with the hazard of their heads devour
Ulysses' house, since his returning hour
They hold past hope But it affects me much,
Ye dull plebeians, that all this doth touch
Your free states nothing , who, struck dumb, afford
These Wooers not so much wreak as a word,
Though few, and you with only number might
Extinguish to them the profanéd light ”

Evenor's son, Leocritus, replied
“ Mentor ! the railer, made a fool with pride,
What language giv'st thou that would quiet us
With putting us in storm, exciting thus
The rout against us ? Who, though more than we,
Should find it is no easy victory
To drive men, habited in feast, from feasts,

No not if Ithacus himself such guests
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,
And hope to force them from so sweet a fort.
His wife should little joy in his arrive,
Though much she wants him for where she alive
Would her's enjoy there death should claim his
rights.

He must be conquer'd that with many fights
Thou speakst unfit things. To their labours then
Disperse these people and let these two men,
Mentor and Halitherses, that so boast
From the beginning to have govern'd most
In friendship of the father to the son
Confirm the course he now affects to run
But my mind says, that, if he would but use
A little patience, he should here hear news
Of all things that his wish would understand,
But no good hope for of the course in hand.

This said, the Council rose when every peer
And all the people in dispersion were
To houses of their own the Wooers yet
Made to Ulysses' house their old retreat.

Telemachus, apart from all the prease,
Prepared to shore, and, in the aged seas
His fair hands wash'd, did thus to Pallas pray

Hear me, O Goddess, that but yesterday
Didst deign access to me at home, and lay
Crave charge on me to take ship, and inquire
Along the dark seas for mine absent sire!
Which all the Greeks oppose amongst whom most
Those that are proud still at another's cost
Past measure, and the civil rights of men,
My mother's Wooers, my repulse maintain.

Thus spake he praying when close to him came
Pallas, resembling Mentor both in frame
Of voice and person, and advis'd him thus

"Those Wooers well might know Telemachus,
Thou wilt not ever weak and childish be,
If to thee be instill'd the faculty
Of mind and body that thy father grac'd

And if, like him, there be in thee enchain'd
Virtue to give words works, and works their end
This voyage, that to them thou didst commend,
Shall not so quickly, as they idly ween,
Be vain, or giv'n up, for their opposite spleen
But, if Ulysses nor Penelope
Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee
Of no more urging thy attempt in hand,
For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,
Are like their parents, many that are worse,
And most few better. I hose then that the nurse
Or mother call true-born yet are not so,
Like worthy sires much less are like to grow
But thou show'st now that in thee fades not quite
Thy father's wisdom, and that future light
Shall therefore show thee far from being unwise,
Or touch'd with stain of bastard cowardice
Hope therefore says, that thou wilt to the end
Pursue the brave act thou didst erst intend
But for the foolish Wooers, they bewray
They neither counsel have nor soul, since they
Are neither wise nor just, and so must needs
Rest ignorant how black above their heads
Fate hovers holding Death, that one sole day
Will make enough to make them all away
For thee, the way thou wishest shall no more
Fly thee a step, I, that have been before
Thy father's friend, thine likewise now will be,
Provide thy ship myself, and follow thee
Go thou then home, and sooth each Woocer's vein,
But under hand fit all things for the main,
Wine in as strong and sweet casks as you can,
And meal, the very marrow of a man,
Which put in good sure leather sacks, and see
That with sweet food sweet vessels still agree
I from the people straight will press for you
Free voluntaries, and, for ships, enow
Sea-circled Ithaca contains, both new
And old-built, all which I'll exactly view,
And choose what one soever most doth please,

Which rigg'd, we'll straight launch, and assay the
 seas.

This spake Jove's daughter Pallas whose voice
 heard,

No more Telemachus her charge deferr'd,
 But hasted home, and, sad at heart, did see
 Amidst his hall th' insulting Wooers flea
 Goats, and roast swine. Mongst whom, Antinous
 Careless, discover'ing in Telemachus
 His grudge to see them, laugh'd, met, took his hand,
 And said High spoken, with the mind so mann'd !
 Come, do as we do, put not up your spirits
 With these low trifles, nor our loving merits
 In gall of any hateful purpose steep,
 But eat egregiously and drink as deep.
 The things thou think'st on, all at full shall be
 By th' Achæes thought on, and perform'd to thee
 Ship, and choice oars, that in a trice will land
 Thy hasty fleet on heav'nly Pylos' sand,
 And at the same of thy illustrious sire.

He answer'd Men, whom pride did so inspire
 Are not fit consorts for an humble guest
 Nor are constrain'd men merry at their feast.
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye have
 Op'd in your entrails my chief goods a grave,
 And, while I was a child, made me partake?
 My now more growth more grown my mind doth
 make,

And, hearing speak more judging men than you,
 Perceive how much I was misgovern'd now
 I now will try if I can bring ye home
 An ill Fate to consort you if it come
 From Pylos, or amongst the people here.
 But thither I resolve, and know that there
 I shall not touch in vain. Nor will I stay
 Though in a merchant's ship I steer my way
 Which shows in your sights best since me ye know
 Incapable of ship, or men to row

This said, his hand he coyly snatch'd away
 From forth Antinous' hand. The rest the day

Spent through the house with banquets, some with
jests,

And some with railings, dignifying their feasts
To whom a jest-proud youth the wit began

“Telemachus will kill us ev’ry man
From Sparta, to the very Pylia sand,
He will raise aids to his impetuous hand
O he affects it strangely ! Or he means
To search Ephyra’s fat shores, and from thence
Bring deathful poisons, which amongst our bowls
Will make a general shipwreck of our souls ”

Another said “Alas, who knows but he
Once gone, and erring like his sire at sea,
May perish like him, far from aid of friends,
And so he makes us work ? For all the ends
Left of his goods here we shall share, the house
Left to his mother and her chosen spouse ”

Thus they, while he a room ascended, high
And large, built by his father, where did lie
Gold and brass heap’d up, and in coffers were
Rich robes, great store of odorous oils, and there
Stood tuns of sweet old wines along the wall,
Neat and divine drink, kept to cheer withall
Ulysses’ old heart, if he turn’d again
From labours fatal to him to sustain
The doors of plank were, their close exquisite,
Kept with a double key, and day and night
A woman lock’d within, and that was she
Who all trust had for her sufficiency,
Old Euryclea, one of Opis’ race,
Son to Pisenor, and in passing grace
With grey Minerva, her the prince did call,
And said “Nurse ! Draw me the most sweet of all
The wine thou keep’st, next that which for my sire
Thy care reserves, in hope he shall retire
Twelve vessels fill me forth, and stop them well
Then into well-sew’d sacks of fine ground meal
Pour twenty measures Nor, to any one
But thee thyself, let this design be known
All this see got together, I it all

In night will fetch off, when my mother shall
Ascend her high room, and for sleep prepare.
Sparta and Pylos I must see, in care
To find my father Out Euryclea cried,
And ask'd with tears "Why is your mind applied
Dear son, to this course? Whither will you go?
So far off leave us, and belov'd so,
So only? And the sole hope of your race?
Royal Ulysses, far from the embrace
Of his kind country in a land unknown
Is dead and, you from your lov'd country gone,
The Wooers will with some decent assay
To your destruction, making then their prey
Of all your goods. Where, in your own y are strong,
Make sure abode. It fits not you so young
To suffer so much by the aged seas,
And err in such a wayless wilderness.

"Be cheer'd, lov'd nurse, said he, for not without
The will of God, go my attempts about.
Swear therefore, not to wound my mother's ears
With word of this, before from heav'n appears
Th' elev'nth or twelfth light, or herself shall please
To ask of me, or hears me put to seas,
Lest her fair body with her woe be wore.

To this the great oath of the Gods she swore
Which having sworn, and of it every due
Perform'd to full, to vessels wine she drew
And into well-sew'd sacks pour'd foody meal.
In mean time he, with cunning to conceal
All thought of this from others, himself bore
In broad house, with the Wooers, as before.

Then grey-eyed Pallas other thoughts did own,
And like Telemachus trod through the town,
Commanding all his men in th' even to be
Aboard his ship. Again then question'd she
Noëmon, fam'd for aged Phronius' son,
About his ship who all things to be done
Assur'd her freely should. The sun then set,
And sable shadows slid through ev'ry street,
When forth they launch'd, and soon aboard did bring

All arms, and choice of ev'ry needful thing
That fits a well-rigg'd ship The Goddess then
Stood in the port's extreme part, where her men,
Nobly appointed, thick about her came,
Whose ev'ry breast she did with spirit enflame
Yet still fresh projects laid the grey-eyed Dame

Straight to the house she hasted, and sweet sleep
Pour'd on each Woocr, which so laid in steep
Their drowsy temples, that each brow did nod,
As all were drinking, and each hand his load,
'The cup, let fall All start up, and to bed,
Nor more would watch, when sleep so surfeited
Their leaden eye-lids Then did Pallas call
Telemachus, in body, voice, and all,
Resembling Mentor, from his native nest,
And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest
To use their oars, and all expected now
He should the spirit of a soldier show
"Come then," said she, "no more let us defer
Our honour'd action " Then she took on her
A ravish'd spirit, and led as she did leap,
And he her most haste took out step by step

Arrived at sea and ship, they found ashore
The soldiers that their fashion'd-long hair wore,
To whom the prince said "Come, my friends, let's
bring

Our voyage's provision, ev'ry thing
Is heap'd together in our court, and none,
No not my mother, nor her maids, but one
Knows our intention " This express'd, he led,
The soldiers close together follow'd,
And all together brought aboard their store
Aboard the prince went, Pallas still before
Sat at the stern, he close to her, the men
Up hasted after He and Pallas then
Put from the shore His soldiers then he bad
See all their arms fit, which they heard, and had

A beechen mast, then, in the hollow base
They put, and hoisted, fix'd it in its place
With cables, and with well-wreath'd halsers hoise

Their white sails, which grey Pallas now employs
With full and fore-gales through the dark deep main.
The purple waves, so swift cut, roar'd again
Against the ship sides, that now ran and plow'd
The rugged seas up. Then the men bestow'd
Their arms about the ship, and sacrifice
With crown'd wine-cups to th' endless Deities
They offer'd up. Of all yet thron'd above,
They most observ'd the grey-eyed seed of Jove
Who, from the evening till the morning rose,
And all day long their voyage did dispose.

FINIS LIBRI SECUNDI HOM. ODYSSE.

That for the feast serv'd, round about them were
Adherents dressing, all their sacred cheer,
Being roast and boil'd meats When the Pylans saw
These strangers come, in thrust did all men draw
About their entry, took their hands, and pray'd
They both would sit, their entry first assay'd
By Nestor's son, Pisisstratus In grace
Of whose repair, he gave them honour'd place
Betwixt his sire and brother Thrasymed,
Who sat at feast on soft fells that were spread
Along the sea sands, kerv'd, and reach'd to them
Parts of the inwards, and did make a stream
Of spritely wine into a golden bowl,
Which to Minerva with a gentle soul
He gave, and thus spake "Ere you eat, fair guest,
Invoke the Seas' King, of whose sacred feast
Your travel hither makes ye partners now,
When, sacrificing as becomes, bestow
This bowl of sweet wine on your friend, that he
May likewise use these rites of piety,
For I suppose his youth doth prayers use,
Since all men need the Gods But you I choose
First in this cup's disposure, since his years
Seem short of yours, who more like me appears"
Thus gave he her the cup of pleasant wine,
And since a wise and just man did design
The golden bowl first to her free receipt,
Ev'n to the Goddess it did add delight,
Who thus invok'd "Hear thou, whose vast embrace
Enspheres the whole earth, nor disdain thy grace
To us that ask it in performing this
To Nestor first, and these fair sons of his,
Vouchsafe all honour, and, next them, bestow
On all these Pylans, that have offer'd now
This most renown'd hecatomb to thee,
Remuneration fit for them, and free,
And lastly deign Telemachus and me,
The work perform'd for whose effect we came,
Our safe return, both with our ship and fame"
Thus pray'd she, and herself herself obey'd,

In th' end performing all for which she pray'd
 And now to pray and do as she had done,
 She gave the fair round bowl t' Ulysses' son

The meat then dress'd, and drawn, and serv'd t' each
 guest,

They celebrated a most sumptuous feast.
 When appetite to wine and food allay'd,
 Horse-taming Nestor then began, and said

"Now life's desire is serv'd, as far as fare,
 Time fits me to enquire what guests these are.
 Fair guests, what are ye? And for what coast tries
 Your ship the moist deeps? For fit merchandise?
 Or rudely coast ye, like our men of prize,
 The rough seas tempting, desperately erring
 The ill of others in their good conferring?"

The wise prince now his boldness did begin,
 For Pallas self had harden'd him within,
 By this device of travel to explore
 His absent father which two girlonds wore
 His good by manage of his spirits and then
 To gain him high grace in th' accounts of men.

O Nestor! still in whom Neleus lives!
 And all the glory of the Greeks survives,
 You ask from whence we are and I relate
 From Ithaca (whose seat is situate
 Where Neus, the renowned mountain, rears
 His haughty forehead, and the honour bears
 To be our sea mark) we assay'd the waves.
 The business, I must tell, our own good craves,
 And not the public. I am come t' enquire,
 If in the same that best men doth inspire
 Of my most suffering father I may hear
 Some truth of his estate now who did bear
 The name, being join'd in fight with you alone,
 To even with earth the height of Ilion.
 Of all men else, that any name did bear
 And fought for Troy the several ends we hear
 But his death Jove keeps from the world unknown,
 The certain fame thereof being told by none
 If on the continent by enemies slain,

And half, being now aboard, put forth to sea
A most free gale gave all ships prosp'rous way
God settled then the huge whale-bearing lake,
And Tenedos we reach'd, where, for time's sake,
We did divine rites to the Gods But Jove,
Inexorable still, bore yet no love
To our return, but did again excite
A second sad contention, that turn'd quite
A great part of us back to sea again,
Which were th' abundant-in-all-counsels man,
Your matchless father, who, to gratify
The great Atrides, back to him did fly
But I fled all, with all that follow'd me,
Because I knew God studied misery,
To hurl amongst us With me likewise fled
Martial Tydides I the men he led
Gat to go with him Winds our fleet did bring
To Lesbos, where the yellow-headed king,
Though late, yet found us, as we put to choice
A tedious voyage, if we sail should hoise
Above rough Chius, left on our left hand,
To th' isle of Psyria, or that rugged land
Sail under, and for windy Mimas steer
We ask'd of God that some ostent might clear
Our cloudy business, who gave us sign,
And charge, that all should, in a middle line,
The sea cut for Eubœa, that with speed
Our long-sustan'd infortune might be freed
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,
And swiftly flew we through the fishy skies,
Till to Geræstus we in night were brought,
Where, through the broad sea since we safe had
wrought,

At Neptune's altars many solid thighs
Of slaughter'd bulls we burn'd for sacrifice

The fourth day came, when Tydeus' son did greet
The haven of Argos with his cômplete fleet.
But I for Pylos straight steer'd on my course,
Nor ever left the wind his foreright force,
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came,

Dear son, to Pylos, uninformed by fame,
 Nor know one sav'd by Fate, or overcome.
 Whom I have heard of since, set here at home,
 As fits, thou shalt be taught, nought left unshown

The expert spear men, ev'ry Myrmidon,
 Led by the brave heir of the mighty soul'd
 Unpeer'd Achilles, safe of home got hold
 Safe Philoctetes, Pœan's famous seed
 And safe Idomenæus his men led
 To his home, Crete, who fled the arm'd field,
 Of whom yet none the sea from him withheld.

Atrides, you have both heard, though ye be
 His far-off dwellers, what an end had he,
 Done by Ægisthus to a bitter death
 Who miserably paid for forc'd breath,
 Atrides leaving a good son, that dyed,
 In blood of that deceitful parricide,
 His wreakful sword. And thou my friend, as he
 For this hath his fame, the like spirit in thee
 Assume at all parts. Fair and great, I see,
 Thou art in all hope, make it good to th' end,
 That after times as much may thee commend."

He answer'd "O thou greatest grace of Greece,
 Orestes made that wreak his master piece,
 And him the Greeks will give a master praise,
 Verse finding him to last all after-days.
 And would to God the Gods would favour me
 With his performance, that my injury
 Done by my mother's Wooers, being so foul,
 I might revenge upon their ev'ry soul
 Who, pressing me with contumelies, dare
 Such things as past the pow'r of utterance are.
 But Heav'n's great Powers have grac'd my destiny
 With no such honour Both my sire and I
 Are born to suffer everlastingly

Because you name those Wooers, friend,
 said he,

Report says, many such, in spite of thee,
 Wooing thy mother in thy house commit
 The ills thou nam'st. But say Proceedeth it

A fact so infamous The heav'nly dame
 A good mind had, but was in blood to blame
 There was a poet, to whose care the king
 His queen committed, and in ev'ry thing,
 When he from Troy went, charg'd him to apply
 Himself in all guard to her dignity
 But when strong Fate so wrapt-in her effects,
 That she resolv'd to leave her fit respects,
 Into a desert isle her guardian led,
 There left, the rapine of the vultures fed
 Then brought he willing home his will's won prize,
 On sacred altars offer'd many thighs,
 Hung in the God's fanes many ornaments,
 Garments and gold, that he the vast events
 Of such a labour to his wish had brought,
 As neither fell into his hope nor thought.

At last, from Troy sail'd Sparta's king and I,
 Both holding her untouch'd And, that his eye
 Might see no worse of her, when both were blown
 To sacred Sunium, of Minerva's town
 The goodly promontory, with his shafts severe
 Augur Apollo slew him that did steer
 Atrides' ship, as he the stern did guide,
 And she the full speed of her sail applied
 He was a man that nations of men
 Excell'd in safe guide of a vessel, when
 A tempest rush'd in on the ruffled seas,
 His name was Phrontis Onetorides
 And thus was Menelaus held from home,
 Whose way he thirsted so to overcome,
 To give his friend the earth, being his pursuit,
 And all his exequies to execute
 But sailing still the wine-hued seas,* to reach
 Some shore for fit performance, he did fetch
 The steep mount of the Mahians, and there,
 With open voice, offended Jupiter
 Proclam'd the voyage his repugnant mind,
 And pour'd the puffs out of a shrieking wind,
 That nourish'd billows heighten'd like to hills,

* Οἶνονα πόντον οἶνος *cujus facies vinum repræsentat*

And with the fleet's division fulfills
His hate proclaim'd upon a part of Crete
Casting the navy where the sea waves meet
Rough Jardanus, and where the Cydons live.

There is a rock, on which the sea doth drive,
Bare, and all broken, on the confines set
Of Gortys, that the dark seas likewise fret
And hither sent the South a horrid drift
Of waves against the top, that was the left
Of that torn cliff as far as Phæstus' strand.
A little stone the great sea's rage did stand.
The men here driv'n scap'd hard the ship's sore
 shocks,

The ships themselves being wrack'd against the rocks,
Save only five, that blue fore-castles bore,
Which wind and water cast on Egypt's shore.
When he (there victing well, and store of gold
Aboard his ships brought) his wild way did hold,
And t' other languag'd men was forc'd to roam
Mean space Ægisthus made sad work at home,
And slew his brother forcing to his sway
Atreides' subjects, and did sev'n years lay
His yoke upon the rich Mycænan state.
But in the eighth, to his affrighting fate,
Divine Orestes home from Athens came,
And what his royal father felt, the same
He made the false Ægisthus groan beneath.
Death evermore is the reward of death.

Thus having slain him, a sepulchral feast
He made the Argives for his lustful guest,
And for his mother whom he did detest.
The self same day upon him stole the king
Good at-a-martial-shout, and goods did bring,
As many as his freighted fleet could bear
But thou, my son, too long by no means err
Thy goods left free for many a spoilful guest,
Lest they consume some, and divide the rest,
And thou, perhaps, besides, thy voyage lose.
To Menelaus yet thy course dispose
I wish and charge thee who but late arriv'd

From such a shore and men, as to have liv'd
In a return from them he never thought,
And whom black whirlwinds violently brought
Within a sea so vast, that in a year
Not any fowl could pass it anywhere,
So huge and horrid was it But go thou
With ship and men (or, if thou pleasest now
To pass by land, there shall be brought for thee
Both horse and chariot, and thy guides shall be
My sons themselves) to Sparta the divine,
And to the king whose locks like amber shine
Intreat the truth of him, nor loves he lies,
Wisdom in truth is, and he's passing wise "

This said, the Sun went down, and up rose Night,
When Pallas spake " O father, all good right
Bear thy directions But divide we now
The sacrifices' tongues, mix wines, and vow
To Neptune, and the other Ever-Blest,
That, having sacrific'd, we may to rest.
The fit hour runs now, light dives out of date,
At sacred feasts we must not sit too late "

She said, they heard, the heralds water gave,
The youths crown'd cups with wine, and let all have
Their equal shares, beginning from the cup
Their parting banquet All the tongues cut up,
The fire they gave them, sacrific'd, and rose,
Wine, and divine rites us'd, to each dispose,
Minerva and Telemachus desir'd
They might to ship be, with his leave, retir'd

He, mov'd with that, provok'd thus their abodes
" Now Jove forbid, and all the long-liv'd Gods,
Your leaving me, to sleep aboard a ship,
As I had drunk of poor Penia's whip,
Even to my nakedness, and had nor sheet
Nor cov'ring in my house, that warm nor sweet
A guest, nor I myself, had means to sleep,
Where I, both weeds and wealthy cov'rings keep
For all my guests Nor shall Fame ever say,
The dear son of the man Ulysses lay
All night a-ship-board here while my days shine,

Or in my court whiles any son of mine
Enjoys survival, who shall guests receive,
Whomever my house hath a nook to leave.

“My much-lov’d father said Minerva, well
All this becomes thee. But persuade to dwell
This night with thee thy son Telemachus,
For more convenient is the course for us,
That he may follow to thy house and rest,
And I may board our black sail, that address
At all parts I may make our men, and cheer
All with my presence, since of all men there
I boast myself the senior th others are
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care
Great-soul’d Telemachus, and are his peers
In fresh similitude of form and years.
For their confirmance, I will therefore now
Sleep in our black bark. But, when light shall show
Her silver forehead, I intend my way
Amongst the Caucons, men that are to pay
A debt to me, nor small, nor new For this,
Take you him home whom in the morn dismiss,
With chariot and your sons, and give him horse
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

Thus said, away she flew form’d like the fowl
Men call the ossifrage when ev’ry soul
Amaze invaded even th old man admir’d,
The youth’s hand took, and said O most desir’d,
My hope says thy proof will no coward show
Nor one unskill’d in war when Deities now
So young attend thee, and become thy guides
Nor any of the heav’n hous’d States besides,
But Tritogenia’s self, the Seed of Jove,
The great-in-prey that did in honour move
So much about thy father amongst all
The Grecian army Fairest queen, let fall
On me like favours! Give me good renown!
Which, as on me, on my lov’d wife let down,
And all my children. I will hurn to thee
An ox right bred, broad-headed, and yoke-free,
To no man’s hand yet humbled. Him will I

His horns in gold hid, give thy Deity "

Thus pray'd he, and she heard , and home he led
His sons, and all his heaps of kindered
Who ent'ring his court royal, ev'ry one
He marshall'd in his sev'ral seat and throne ,
And ev'ry one, so kindly come, he gave
His sweet-wine cup , which none was let to have
Before his 'leventh year landed him from Troy ,
Which now the butleress had leave t' employ,
Who therefore pierc'd it, and did give it vent
Of this the old duke did a cup present
To ev'ry guest , made his Maid many a pray'r
That wears the shield fring'd with his nurse's hair,
And gave her sacrifice With this rich wine
And food suffic'd, sleep all eyes did decline,
And all for home went , but his court alone
Telemachus, divine Ulysses' son,
Must make his lodging, or not please his heart

A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate art,
Within a portico that rung like brass,
He brought his guest to , and his bedfere was
Pisistratus, the martial guide of men,
That liv'd, of all his sons, unwed till then
Himself lay in a by-room, far above,
His bed made by his barren wife, his love

The rosy-finger'd Morn no sooner shone,
But up he rose, took air, and sat upon
A seat of white and goodly polish'd stone,
That such a gloss as richest ointments wore,
Before his high gates , where the counsellor
That match'd the Gods (his father) us'd to sit,
Who now, by fate forc'd, stoop'd as low as it
And here sat Nestor, holding in his hand
A sceptre , and about him round did stand,
As early up, his sons' troop , Perseus,
The god-like Thrasymed, and Aretus,
Echephron, Stratius, and sixth and last
Pisistratus, and by him (half embrac'd
Still as they came) divine Telemachus ,
To these spake Nestor, old Gerenius

Haste, lov'd sons, and do me a desire,
That, first of all the Gods I may aspire
To Pallas favour who vouchsaf'd to me
At Neptune's feast her sight so openly
Let one to field go, and an ox with speed
Cause hither brought, which let the herdsman lead
Another to my dear guest's vessel go,
And all his soldiers bring, save only two
A third the smith that works in gold command
(Laertius) to attend, and lend his hand,
To plate the both horns round about with gold
The rest remain here close. But first, see told
The maids within, that they prepare a feast,
Set seats through all the court, see straight address
The purest water and get fuel feld.

This said, not one but in the service held
Officious hand. The ox came led from field
The soldiers troop'd from ship the smith he came,
And those tools brought that serv'd the actual frame
His art conceiv'd, brought anvil, hammers brought,
Far tongs, and all, with which the gold was wrought.
Minerva likewise came, to set the crown
On that kind sacrifice, and make 't her own.

Then th' old knight Nestor gave the smith the gold,
With which he straight did both the horns infold,
And trimm'd the offering so the Goddess joy'd.
About which thus were Nestor's sons employ'd
Divine Echephron, and fair Stratus,
Held both the horns. The water odorous,
In which they wash'd, what to the rites was vow'd,
Aretus, in a caldron all bestrow'd
With herbs and flowers, serv'd in from th' holy room
Where all were drest, and whence the rites must
come.

And after him a hallow'd virgin came,
That brought the barley-cake, and blew the flame.
The axe, with which the ox should both be feld
And cut forth, Thrasymed stood by and held.
Perseus the vessel held that should retain
The purple liquor of the offering slain.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

RECEIV'D now in the Spartan court,
Telemachus prefers report
To Menelaus of the throng
Of Wooers with him, and their wrong
Atreides tells the Greeks' retreat,
And doth a prophecy repeat
That Proteus made, by which he knew
His brother's death, and then doth show
How with Calypso liv'd the sire
Of his young guest The Wooers conspire
Their prince's death Whose treach'ry known,
Penelope in tears doth drown
Whom Pallas by a dream doth cheer,
And in similitude appear
Of fair Iphthima known to be
The sister of Penelope

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Δέλτα Here of the sire
 The son doth hear
 The Wooers conspire
 The Mother's fear

IN Lacedæmon now, the nurse of whales,*
These two arriv'd, and found at festivals,
With mighty concourse, the renown'd king,
His son and daughter jointly marrying
Alector's daughter he did give his son,
Strong Megapenthes, who his life begun
By Menelaus' bondmaid, whom he knew
In years when Helen could no more renew
In issue like divine Hermione,
Who held in all fair form as high degree

* Λακεδαίμονα κητώεσσαν which is expounded *Spartam amplam*,
or *μεγαλην magnam*, where κητώεσσαν signifies properly *plurima*
cete nutrientem

As golden Venus. Her he married now
 To great Achilles' son, who was by vow
 Betroth'd to her at Troy And thus the Gods
 To constant loves give nuptial periods.
 Whose state here past, the Myrmidons' rich town
 (Of which she shar'd in the imperial crown)
 With horse and chariots he resign'd her to
 Mean space, the high huge house with feast did flow
 Of friends and neighbours, joying with the king.
 Amongst whom did a heav'nly poet sing
 And touch his harp. Amongst whom likewise danc'd
 Two, who in that dumb motion advanc'd,
 Would prompt the singer what to sing and play *
 All this time in the utter court did stay
 With horse and chariot, Telemachus,
 And Nestor's noble son Pisistratus.
 Whom Eteoneus, coming forth, descried,
 And, being a servant to the king, most tried
 In care and his respect, he ran and cried

Guests, Jove-kept Menelaus, two such men
 As are for form of high Saturnus' strain.
 Inform your pleasure, if we shall unclose
 Their horse from coach, or say they must dispose
 Their way to some such house, as may embrace
 Their known arrival with more welcome grace?

He, angry answer'd Thou didst never show
 Thyself a fool Boethides, till now,
 But now as if turn'd child, a childish speech
 Vents thy vain spints. We ourselves now reach
 Our home by much spent hospitality
 Of other men nor know if Jove will try
 With other after wants our state again
 And therefore from our feast no more detain
 Those welcome guests, but take their steeds from
 coach,
 And with attendance guide in their approach.

Μαλ' ὅτι δ' Ἀρχοῦρες C. *ritum auspici rite* of which place the critics affirm that *sallaturus motu* no indicant *antori quo genere cantus sallaturi forent* The rapture of Eteoneus at sight of Telemachus and Pisistratus.

Th' entire delight it offers, but to make
Continual wishes, that a triple part
Of all it holds were wanting, so my heart
Were eas'd of sorrows, taken for their deaths
That fell at Troy, by their reviv'd breaths
And thus sit I here weeping, mourning still
Each least man lost, and sometimes make mine ill,
In paying just tears for their loss, my joy
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy
The pleasure soon admits satiety
But all these men's wants wet not so mine eye,
Though much they move me, as one sole man's miss,
For which my sleep and meat ev'n loathsome is
In his renew'd thought, since no Greek hath won
Grace for such labours as Laertes' son
Hath wrought and suffer'd, to himself nought else
But future sorrows forging, to me hells
For his long absence, since I cannot know
If life or death detain him, since such woe
For his love, old Laertes, his wise wife,
And poor young son sustains, whom new with life
He left as sireless " This speech grief to tears
(Pour'd from the son's lids on the earth) his ears,
Told of the father, did excite, who kept
His cheeks dry with his red weed as he wept,
His both hands us'd therein Atrides then
Began to know him, and did strife retain,
If he should let himself confess his sire,
Or with all fitting circumstance enquire

While this his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,
Like to the golden distaff deck'd Divine,
From her bed's high and odoriferous room,
Helen To whom, of an elaborate loom,
Adresta set a chair, Alcippe brought
A piece of tapestry of fine wool wrought,
Phylo a silver cabinet conferr'd,
Giv'n by Alcandra, nuptially endear'd
To lord Polybius, whose abode in Thebes
Th' Ægyptian city was, where wealth in heaps
His famous house held, out of which did go,

In gift t' Atrides, silver bath-tubs two,
Two tripods, and of fine gold talents ten.
His wife did likewise send to Helen then
Fair gifts, a distaff that of gold was wrought,
And that rich cabinet that Phylo brought,
Round, and with gold ribb'd, now of fine thread full
On which extended (crown'd with finest wool,
Of violet gloss) the golden distaff lay

She took her state-chair and a foot stool's stay
Had for her feet and of her husband thus
Ask'd to know all things Is it known to us,
King Menelaus, whom these men commend
Themselves for that our court now takes to friend?
I must affirm, be I deceiv'd or no,
I never yet saw man nor woman so
Like one another as this man is like
Ulysses' son. With admiration strike
His looks my thoughts, that they should carry now
Pow'r to persuade me thus, who did but know
When newly he was born, the form they bore.
But tis his father's grace, whom more and more
His grace resembles, that makes me retain
Thought that he now is like Telemachus, then
Left by his sire, when Greece did undertake
Troy's bold war for my impudency's sake.

He answer'd Now wife, what you think I know
The true cast of his father's eye doth show
In his eyes' order Both his head and hair
His hands and feet, his very father's are.
Of whom, so well remember'd, I should now
Acknowledge for me his continual flow
Of cares and perils, yet still patient.
But I should too much move him, that doth vent
Such bitter tears for that which hath been spoke,
Which, shunning soft show see how he would cloak,
And with his purple weed his weepings hide.

Then Nestor's son Pisistratus, replied
Great pastor of the people, kept of God!
He is Ulysses' son, but his abode
Not made before here, and he modest too,

Hath Nestor's bliss rais'd to as steep a state,
Both in his age to keep in peace his house,
And to have children wise and valorous
But let us not forget our rear feast thus
Let some give water here Telemachus !
The morning shall yield time to you and me
To do what fits, and reason mutually "

This said, the careful servant of the king,
Asphalion, pour'd on th' issue of the spring ,
And all to ready feast set ready hand
But Helen now on new device did stand,
Infusing straight a medicine to their wine,
That, drowning care and angers, did decline
All thought of ill Who drunk her cup could shed
All that day not a tear, no not if dead
That day his father or his mother were,
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest dear,
He should see murder'd then before his face.
Such useful medicines, only borne in grace
Of what was good, would Helen ever have
And this juice to her Polydamna gave
The wife of Thoon, an Ægyptian born,
Whose rich earth herbs of medicine do adorn
In great abundance Many healthful are,
And many baneful Ev'ry man is there
A good physician out of Nature's grace,
For all the nation sprung of Pæon's race

When Helen then her medicine had infus'd,
She bad pour wine to it, and this speech us'd

" Atrides, and these good men's sons, great Jove
Makes good and ill one after other move,
In all things earthly , for he can do all
The woes past, therefore, he so late let fall,
The comforts he affords us let us take ,
Feast, and, with fit discourses, merry make
Nor will I other use As then our blood
Griev'd for Ulysses, since he was so good,
Since he was good, let us delight to hear
How good he was, and what his suff'rings were ,
Though ev'ry fight, and ev'ry suff'ring deed,

Patient Ulysses underwent, exceed
 My woman's power to number or to name.
 But what he did, and suffer'd, when he came
 Amongst the Trojans, where ye Crecians all
 Took part with suffrance, I in part can call
 To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds
 Himself he mangled, and the Trojan bounds,
 Thrust thick with enemies, adventur'd on
 His royal shoulders having cast upon
 Base abject weeds, and enter'd like a slave.
 Then, beggar like, he did of all men crave
 And such a wretch was, as the whole Creek fleet
 Brought not besides. And thus through every street
 He crept discovering of no one man known.
 And yet through all this difference, I alone
 Smoked his true person, talk'd with him but he
 Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree
 Till I disclaim'd him quite and so (as mov'd
 With womanly remorse of one that prov'd
 So wretched an estate whate'er he were)
 Won him to take my house. And yet even there
 Till freely I to make him doubtless, swore
 A powerful oath, to let him reach the shore
 Of ships and tents before Troy understood,
 I could not force on him his proper good.
 But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then
 Confess'd, and told me all and, having slain
 A number of the Trojan guards, retir'd,
 And reach'd the fleet, for sleight and force admir'd.
 Their husbands' deaths by him the Trojan wives
 Shrick'd for but I made triumphs for their lives,
 For then my heart conceiv'd, that once again
 I should reach home and yet did still retain
 Woe for the slaughters Venus made for me,
 When both my husband, my Hermione
 And bridal room, she robb'd of so much right
 And drew me from my country with her sleight,
 Though nothing under heaven I here did need,
 That could my fancy or my beauty feed."

Her husband said, "Wife I what you please to tell

Is true at all parts, and becomes you well,
 And I myself, that now may say have seen
 The minds and manners of a world of men,
 And great heroes, measuring many a ground,
 Have never, by these eyes that light me, found
 One with a bosom so to be belov'd,
 As that in which th' accomplish'd spirit mov'd
 Of patient Ulysses What, brave man,
 He both did act, and suffer, when he wan
 The town of Ilion, in the brave-built horse,
 When all we chief states of the Grecian force
 Were hous'd together, bringing death and Fate
 Amongst the Trojans, you, wife, may relate,
 For you, at last, came to us, God, that would
 The Trojans' glory give, gave charge you should
 Approach the engine, and Deiphobus,
 The god-like, follow'd Thrice ye circled us
 With full survey of it, and often tried
 The hollow crafts that in it were implied *
 When all the voices of their wives in it
 You took on you with voice so like and fit,
 And ev'ry man by name so visited,
 That I, Ulysses, the king Diomed,
 (Set in the midst, and hearing how you call'd)
 Tydides, and myself (as half appall'd
 With your remorseful plaints) would passing fain
 Have broke our silence, rather than again
 Endure, respectless, their so moving cries
 But Ithacus our strongest phantasies
 Contain'd within us from the slenderest noise,
 And ev'ry man there sat without a voice
 Anticlus only would have answer'd thee,
 But his speech Ithacus incessantly
 With strong hand held in, till, Minerva's call
 Charging thee off, Ulysses sav'd us all "

Telemachus replied "Much greater is
 My grief, for hearing this high praise of his
 For all this doth not his sad death divert,

* Helen counterfeited the wives voices of those kings of Greece
 that were in the wood. calls their husbands

Nor can, though in him swell'd an iron heart
Prepare, and lead them, if you please to rest
Sleep, that we hear not, will content us best.

Then Argive Helen made her handmaid go,
And put fair bedding in the portico,
Lay purple blankets on, rugs warm and soft,
And cast an arras coverlet aloft.

They torches took, made haste, and made the
bed

When both the guests were to their lodgings led
Within a portico without the house.

Atides, and his large train-wearing spouse,
The excellent of women, for the way
In a retir'd retreat, together lay

The Morn arose the king rose, and put on
His royal weeds, his sharp sword hung upon
His ample shoulders, forth his chamber went,
And did the person of a God present

Telemachus accosts him, who begun
Speech of his journey's proposition

And what, my young Ulyssean hero,
Provok'd thee on the broad back of the sea,
To visit Lacedæmon the divine?
Speak truth, some public [good] or only thine?

"I come," said he, "to hear if any fame
Breath'd of my father to thy notice came.
My house is sack'd, my fat works of the field
Are all destroy'd my house doth nothing yield
But enemies, that kill my harmless sheep,
And sinewy oxen, nor will ever keep
Their steels without them. And these men are they
That woo my mother most inhumanly
Committing injury on injury
To thy knees therefore I am come, to attend
Relation of the sad and wretched end
My erring father felt, if witness'd by
Your own eyes, or the certain news that fly
From others' knowledges. For more than is
The usual heap of human miseries,
His mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then,

Without all ruth of what I can sustain,
The plain and simple truth of all you know
Let me beseech so much, if ever vow
Was made, and put in good effect to you,
At Troy, where suff'rance bred you so much smart,
Upon my father good Ulysses' part,
And quit it now to me (himself in youth)
Unfolding only the uncloséd truth "

He, deeply sighing, answer'd him "O shame,
That such poor vassals should affect the fame
To share the joys of such a worthy's bed !
As when a hind, her calves late farrowéd,
To give suck, enters the bold lion's den,
He roots of hills and herby vallies then
For food (there feeding) hunting , but at length
Returning to his cavern, gives his strength
The lives of both the mother and her brood
In deaths indecent , so the Wooers' blood
Must pay Ulysses' pow'rs as sharp an end
O would to Jove, Apollo, and thy friend
The wise Minerva, that thy father were
As once he was, when he his spirits did rear
Against Philomelides, in a fight
Perform'd in well-built Lesbos, where, down-right
He strook the earth with him, and gat a shout
Of all the Grecians ! O, if now full out
He were as then, and with the Wooers coped,
Short-liv'd they all were, and their nuptials hoped
Would prove as desp'rate But, for thy demand
Enforc'd with pray'rs, I'll let thee understand
The truth directly, nor decline a thought,
Much less deceive, or sooth thy search in ought ,
But what the old and still-true-spoken God,
That from the sea breathes oracles abroad,
Disclos'd to me, to thee I'll all impart,
Nor hide one word from thy solicitous heart.

I was in Ægypt, where a mighty time
The Gods detain'd me, though my natural clime
I never so desir'd, because their homes
I did not greet with perfect hecatombs

For they will put men evermore in mind,
How much their masterly commandments bind.

There is, besides, a certain island, call'd
Pharos, that with the high wav'd sea is wall'd,
Just against Egypt, and so much remote
As in a whole day with a fore-gale smote,
A hollow ship can sail. And this isle bears
A port most portly where sea passengers
Put in still for fresh water and away
To sea again. Yet here the Gods did stay
My fleet full twenty days the winds, that are
Masters at sea, no prosperous puff would spare
To put us off and all my victuals here
Had quite corrupted, as my men's minds were,
Had not a certain Goddess given regard,
And pitied me in an estate so hard
And 'twas Idothea, honour'd Proteus' seed,
That old sea-farer. Her mind I make bleed
With my compassion, when (walk'd all alone,
From all my soldiers, that were ever gone
About the isle on fishing with hooks bent
Hunger their bellies on her errand sent)
She came close to me, spake, and thus began

Of all men thou art the most foolish man I
Or slack in business, or stay'st here of choice,
And dost in all thy suffrances rejoice,
That thus long liv'st detain'd here and no end
Canst give thy tarrance? Thou dost much offend
The minds of all thy fellows.' I replied

Whoever thou art of the Deified,
I must affirm, that no way with my will
I make abode here but, it seems, some ill
The Gods, inhabiting broad heav'n, sustain
Against my getting off. Inform me then
For Godheads all things know what God is he
That stays my passage from the fishy sea?

Stranger said she, I'll tell thee true. There lives
An old sea-farer in these seas, that gives
A true solution of all secrets here,
Who deathless Proteus is, th' Egyptian peer

Who can the deeps of all the seas enquire,
Who Neptune's priest is, and, they say, the sire
That did beget me Him, if any way
Thou couldst inveigle, he would clear display
Thy course from hence, and how far off doth lie
Thy voyage's whole scope through Neptune's sky
Informing thee, O God-preserv'd, beside,
If thy desires would so be satisfied,
Whatever good or ill hath got event,
In all the time thy long and hard course spent,
Since thy departure from thy house ' This said ,
Again I answer'd ' Make the sleights display'd
Thy father useth, lest his foresight see,
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,
He flies the first place of his us'd abode
'Tis hard for man to countermine with God '

She straight replied ' I'll utter truth in all
When heav'n's supremest height the sun doth skall,
The old Sea-tell-truth leaves the deeps, and hides
Amidst a black storm, when the West Wind chides,
In caves still sleeping Round about him sleep
(With short feet swimming forth the foamy deep)
The sea-calves, lovely Halosydnes call'd,
From whom a noisome odour is exhal'd,
Got from the whirl-pools, on whose earth they lie
Here, when the morn illustrates all the sky,
I'll guide, and seat thee in the fittest place
For the performance thou hast now in chace
In mean time, reach thy fleet, and choose out three
Of best exploit, to go as aids to thee

But now I'll show thee all the old God's sleights
He first will number, and take all the sights
Of those his guard, that on the shore arrives
When having view'd, and told them forth by fives,
He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,
Like to a shepherd midst his flock of sheep
In his first sleep, call up your hardest cheer,
Vigour and violence, and hold him there,
In spite of all his strivings to be gone
He then will turn himself to ev'ry one

Of all things that in earth creep and respire,
In water swim, or hinc in heavenly fire
Yet still hold you him firm, and much the more
Press him from passing. But when as before
When sleep first bound his pow'r his form ye see
Then cease your force and th' old hero free,
And then demand, which heav'n born it may be
That so afflicts you, hind'ring your retreat,
And free sea passage to your native seat.

This said, she divid into the wavy seas,
And I my course did to my ship's address,
That on the sands stuck where arriv'd, we made
Our supper ready. Then th' ambrosian shade
Of night fell on us, and to sleep we fell.
Rosy Aurora rose we rose as well,
And three of them on whom I most relied,
For firm at every force, I choos'd, and hied
Straight to the many river serv'd seas
And all assistance ask'd the Deities.

Mean time Idothea the sea's broad breast
Embrac'd, and brought for me, and all my rest,
Four of the sea-calves' skins but newly slay'd,
To work a wile which she had fashioned
Upon her father. Then, within the sand
A covert digging, when these calves should land,
She sat expecting. We came close to her
She plac'd us orderly and made us wear
Each one his calf's skin. But we then must pass
A huge exploit. The sea-calves' savour was
So passing sour they still being bred at sea
It much afflicted us for who can please
To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?
But she preserves us, and to memory calls
A rare commodity she fetch'd to us
Ambrosia, that an air most odorous
Bears still about it, which she nointed round
Our either nostrils, and in it quite drown'd
The nasty whale smell. Then the great event
The whole morn's date, with spirits patient,
We lay expecting. When bright noon did flame,

Forth from the sea in shoals the sea-calves came,
And orderly, at last lay down and slept
Along the sands And then th' old Sea-God crept
From forth the deeps, and found his fat calves there,
Survey'd, and number'd, and came never near
The craft we us'd, but told us five for calves
His temples then dis-eas'd with sleep he salves,
And in rush'd we, with an abhorréd cry,
Cast all our hands about him manfully,
And then th' old Forger all his forms began
First was a lion with a mighty mane,
Then next a dragon, a pied panther then,
A vast boar next, and suddenly did strain
All into water Last he was a tree,
Curl'd all at top, and shot up to the sky

We, with resolv'd hearts, held him firmly still,
When th' old one (held too strait for all his skill
To extricate) gave words, and question'd me

'Which of the Gods, O Atreus' son,' said he,
'Advis'd and taught thy fortitude this sleight,
To take and hold me thus in my despite?'

'What asks thy wish now?' I replied 'Thou
know'st.

Why dost thou ask? What wiles are these thou
show'st?

I have within this isle been held for wind
A wondrous time, and can by no means find
An end to my retention It hath spent
The very heart in me Give thou then vent
To doubts thus bound in me, ye Gods know all,
Which of the Godheads doth so foully fall
On my addression home, to stay me here,
Avert me from my way, the fishy clear
Barr'd to my passage?' He replied 'Of force,
If to thy home thou wishest free recourse,
To Jove, and all the other Deities,
Thou must exhibit solemn sacrifice,
And then the black sea for thee shall be clear,
Till thy lov'd country's settled reach But where
Ask these rites thy performance? 'Tis a fate

To thee and thy affairs appropriate
 That thou shalt never see thy friends, nor tread
 Thy country's earth, nor see inhabited
 Thy so magnificent house, till thou make good
 Thy voyage back to the Egyptian flood,
 Whose waters fell from Jove, and there hast given
 To Jove, and all Gods housed in ample heav'n,
 Devoted hecatombs, and then free ways
 Shall open to thee, clear'd of all delays.

Thus told he and, methought, he brake my heart,
 In such a long and hard course to divert
 My hope for home, and charge my back retreat
 As far as Egypt. I made answer yet

Father thy charge I'll perfect but before
 Resolve me truly if their natural shore
 All those Greeks, and their ships, do safe enjoy
 That Nestor and myself left when from Troy
 We first rais'd sail? Or whether any died
 At sea a death unwish'd? Or satisfied,
 When war was past, by friends embrac'd, in peace
 Resign'd their spirits? He made answer Cease
 To ask so far It fits thee not to be
 So cunning in thine own calamity
 Nor seek to learn what learn'd thou shouldst forget.
 Men's knowledges have proper limits set,
 And should not prease into the mind of God.
 But will not long be, as my thoughts abide
 Before thou buy this curious skill with tears.
 Many of those, whose states so tempt thine ears,
 Are stoop'd by death, and many left alive
 One chief of which in strong hold doth survive
 Amidst the broad sea. Two, in their retreat,
 Are done to death I list not to repeat
 Who fell at Troy thyself was there in fight,
 But in return swift Ajax lost the light,
 In his long-oar'd ship. Neptune, yet, awhile
 Saft him unwrack'd, to the Gyrean isle,
 A mighty rock removing from his way
 And surely he had escap'd the fatal day
 In spite of Pallas, if to that foul deed

He in her fane did, (when he ravish'd
The Trojan prophetess) he had not here
Adjoin'd an impious boast, that he would bear,
Despite the Gods, his ship safe through the waves
Then rais'd against him These his impious braves
When Neptune heard, in his strong hand he took
His massy trident, and so soundly strook
The rock Gyræan, that in two it cleft,
Of which one fragment on the land he left,
The other fell into the troubled seas,
At which first rush'd Ajax Oiliades,
And split his ship, and then himself afloat
Swum on the rough waves of the world's vast mote,
Till having drunk a salt cup for his sin,
There perish'd he Thy brother yet did win
The wreath from death, while in the waves they strove,
Afflicted by the rev'rend wife of Jove
But when the steep mount of the Malian shore
He seem'd to reach, a most tempestuous blore,
Far to the fishy world that sighs so sore,
Straight ravish'd him again as far away,
As to th' extreme bounds where the Agrians stay,
Where first Thyestes dwelt, but then his son
Ægisthus Thyestiades liv'd This done,
When his return untouch'd appear'd again,
Back turn'd the Gods the wind, and set him then
Hard by his house Then, full of joy, he left
His ship, and close t' his country earth he cleft,
Kiss'd it, and wept for joy, pour'd tear on tear,
To set so wishedly his footing there
But see, a sentinel that all the year
Crafty Ægisthus in a watchtow'r set
To spy his landing, for reward as great
As two gold talents, all his pow'rs did call
To strict remembrance of his charge, and all
Discharg'd at first sight, which at first he cast
On Agamemnon, and with all his haste
Inform'd Ægisthus He an instant train
Laid for his slaughter Twenty chosen men
Of his plebeians he in ambush laid,

Have her men leading to the journeyed
 A feast, and forth will horse and chariot go
 He rode to meet him, but attendants
 Horrified we' come at his death's bidding
 With tears his eyes, as they the way lay
 Received him at a feast, and like a
 Saint at his manner gave him food and drink
 So one left of his train, not one
 Said to him, 'Woe to him who has
 All strewn together to the dust
 This and my wife's work with him, the
 Nation the last of the world, with the
 That all his work and art would have been
 When they first and last of him were there
 That all truth is my daughter, not of the
 No more, and tears were then O Athens

With cease, weeping, never with a word
 Use uttermost at a day, to his home
 And all unwater up in the murder's name
 Let torture taking him, thus, alone
 Or let Orestes that he's for ever
 Three in five years, and give him the
 Of such a dark world, and of the
 Of blood to him with a funeral feast

With these last words I finished my breath
 In which again a great voice, from below
 Of sitting comfort, as I was a man
 But, a brother I must ever remain
 Yet forth I went, and to him the return
 Of these I knew, but he had named a third,
 Held in the land, still with life in hand,
 Whom I knew, but he had named a third,
 And I must in turn like him answer

He is Lærtæ's son, whom I beheld
 In nymph Calypso's palace, who's impell'd
 His stay with her, and, since he could not see
 His country earth, he mourned here vainly
 For he had neither ship, instruct with oars,
 Nor men to fetch him from those stranger shores
 Where leave we him, and to thy self descend,

Whom not in Argos Fate nor Death shall end,
But the immortal ends of all the earth,
So rul'd by them that order death by birth,
The fields Elysian, Fate to thee will give,
Where Rhadamanthus rules, and where men live
A never-troubled life, where snow, nor show'rs,
Nor irksome Winter spends his fruitless pow'rs,
But from the ocean Zephyr still resumes
A constant breath, that all the fields perfumes
Which, since thou marriedst Helen, are thy hire,
And Jove himself is by her side thy sire'

This said, he div'd the deepsome wat'ry heaps,
I and my tried men took us to our ships,
And worlds of thoughts I varied with my steps

Arriv'd and shipp'd, the silent solemn night
And sleep bereft us of our visual light.
At morn, masts, sails, rear'd, we sat, left the shores,
And beat the foamy ocean with our oars

Again then we the Jove-fall'n flood did fetch,
As far as Ægypt, where we did beseech
The Gods with hecatombs, whose angers ceast,
I tomb'd my brother that I might be blest

All rites perform'd, all haste I made for home,
And all the prosp'rous winds about were come,
I had the passport now of ev'ry God,
And here clos'd all these labours' period

Here stay then till th' eleventh or twelfth day's light,
And I'll dismiss thee well, gifts exquisite
Preparing for thee, chariot, horses three,
A cup of curious frame to serve for thee
To serve th' immortal Gods with sacrifice,
Mindful of me while all suns light thy skies "

He answer'd "Stay me not too long time here,
Though I could sit attending all the year
Nor should my house, nor parents, with desire,
Take my affections from you, so on fire
With love to hear you are my thoughts, but so
My Pylia friends I shall afflict with woe
Who mourn ev'n this stay Whatsoever be
The gifts your grace is to bestow on me,

Vouchsafe them such as I may bear and save
For your sake ever Horse, I list not have,
To keep in Ithaca, but leave them here,
To your soil's dainties, where the broad fields bear
Sweet cypers grass, where men-fed lote doth flow
Where wheat like spelt, and wheat itself doth grow
Where barley white, and spreading like a tree
But Ithaca hath nether ground to be,
For any length it comprehends, a race
To try a horse's speed, nor any place
To make him fat in fitter far to feed
A cliff-bred goat, than raise or please a steed.
Of all isles, Ithaca doth least provide
Or meads to feed a horse, or ways to ride.

He, smiling, said Of good blood art thou, son.
What speech, so young! What observation
Hast thou made of the world! I well am pleas'd
To change my gifts to thee, as being confess'd
Unfit indeed, my store is such I may
Of all my house-gifts then, that up I lay
For treasure there, I will bestow on thee
The fairest, and of greatest price to me.
I will bestow on thee a rich carv'd cup,
Of silver all, but all the brims wrought up
With finest gold it was the only thing
That the heroical Sidonian king
Presented to me, when we were to part
At his receipt of me, and twas the art
Of that great Artist that of heav'n is free
And yet ev'n this will I bestow on thee.

This speech thus ended, guests came, and did bring
Muttons, for presents, to the God-like king,
And spirit-prompting wine, that strenuous makes.
Their riband wreath'd wives brought fruit and cakes.

Thus in this house did these their feast apply
And in Ulysses' house activity
The Wooers practis'd tossing of the spear
The stone, and hurling thus delighted, where
They exercis'd such insolence before,
Ev'n in the court that wealthy pavements wore

Antinous did still their strifes decide,
And he that was in person deified
Eurymachus, both ring-leaders of all,
For in their virtues they were principal

These by Noemon, son to Phronius,
Were sided now, who made the question thus

"Antinous! Does any friend here know,
When this Telemachus returns, or no,
From sandy Pylos? He made bold to take
My ship with him, of which, I now should make
Fit use myself, and sail in her as far
As spacious Elis, where of mine there are
Twelve delicate mares, and under their sides go
Laborious mules, that yet did never know
The yoke, nor labour, some of which should bear
The taming now, if I could fetch them there"

This speech the rest admir'd, nor dream'd that he
Neleïan Pylos ever thought to see,
But was at field about his flocks' survey,
Or thought his herdsmen held him so away
Eupitheus son, Antinous, then replied
"When went he, or with what train dignified?
Of his selected Ithacensian youth?
Prest men, or bond men, were they? Tell the truth
Could he effect this? Let me truly know
To gain thy vessel did he violence show,
And us'd her 'gainst thy will? or had her free,
When fitting question he had made with thee?"

Noemon answer'd "I did freely give
My vessel to him Who deserves to live
That would do other, when such men as he
Did in distress ask? He should churlish be
That would deny him Of our youth the best
Amongst the people, to the interest
His charge did challenge in them, giving way,
With all the tribute all their pow'rs could pay
I heir captain, as he took the ship, I knew,
Who Mentor was, or God A Deity's shew
Mask'd in his likeness But, to think 'twas he,
I much admire, for I did clearly see,

But yester morning, God-like Mentor here
Yet th' other ev'ning he took shipping there,
And went for Pylos. Thus went he for home,
And left the rest with envy overcome
Who sat, and pastime left. Eupitheus son,
Sad, and with rage his entrails overrun
His eyes like flames, thus interpos'd his speech
Strange thing! An action of how proud a reach
Is here committed by Telemachus!
A boy a child, and we, a sort of us,
Vow'd gaunst his voyage, yet admit it thus!
With ship and choice youth of our people too!
But let him on, and all his mischief do,
Jove shall convert upon himself his pow'rs,
Before their ill presum'd he brings on ours.
Provide me then a ship, and twenty men
To give her manage, that, against again
He turns for home, on th' Ithacensian seas,
Or cliffy Samian, I may interpretase,
Way-lay and take him, and make all his craft
Sail with his ruin for his father's saft.

This all applauded, and gave charge to do,
Rose, and to greet Ulysses' house did go.
But long time past not, ere Penelope
Had notice of their far fetch'd treachery
Medon the herald told her who had heard
Without the hall how they within conferr'd,
And hasted straight to tell it to the queen,
Who, from the entry having Medon seen,
Prevents him thus "Now herald, what affair
Intend the famous Wooers, in your repair?
To tell Ulysses maids that they must cease
From doing our work, and their banquets dress?
I would to heav'n, that, leaving wooing me,
Not ever troubling other company
Here might the last feast be, and most extreme,
That ever any shall address for them.
They never meet but to consent in spoil,
And reap the free fruits of another's toil.
O did they never when they children were,

What to their fathers was Ulysses, hear?
Who never did 'gainst any one proceed
With unjust usage, or in word or deed?
'Tis yet with other kings another right,
One to pursue with love, another spite,
He still yet just, nor would, though might, devour,
Nor to the worst did ever taste of pow'r
But their unrul'd acts show their minds' estate
Good turns receiv'd once, thanks grow out of date "

Medon, the learn'd in wisdom, answer'd her
" I wish, O queen, that their ingratitude were
Their worst ill towards you , but worse by far,
And much more deadly, their endeavours are,
Which Jove will fail them in Telemachus
Their purpose is, as he returns to us,
To give their sharp steels in a cruel death ,
Who now is gone to learn, if fame can breathe
News of his sire, and will the Pylia shore,
And sacred Sparta, in his search explore "

This news dissolv'd to her both knees and heart,
Long silence held her ere one word would part,
Her eyes stood full of tears, her small soft voice
All late use lost , that yet at last had choice
Of wonted words, which briefly thus she us'd

" Why left my son his mother? Why refus'd
His wit the solid shore, to try the seas,
And put in ships the trust of his distress,
That are at sea to men unbridled horse,
And run, past rule, their far-engag'd course,
Amidst a moisture past all mean unstead?
No need compell'd this Did he it, afraid
To live and leave posterity his name? "

" I know not," he replied, " if th' humour came
From current of his own instinct, or flow'd
From others' instigations , but he vow'd
Attempt to Pylos, or to see descried
His sire's return, or know what death he died "

This said, he took him to Ulysses' house
After the Wooers , the Ulyssean spouse,
Run through with woes, let Torture seize her mind,

Nor in her choice of state chairs stood inclin'd
To take her seat, but th' abject threshold chose
Of her fair chamber for her loath'd repose,
And mourn'd most wretch like. Round about her fell
Her handmaids, join'd in a continue yell
From ev'ry corner of the palace, all
Of all degrees tun'd to her comfort's fall
Their own dejections to whom her complaint
She thus enforc'd "The Gods, beyond constraint
Of any measure, urge these tears on me
Nor was there ever dame of my degree
So past degree griev'd. First, a lord so good,
That had such hardy spirits in his blood,
That all the virtues was adorn'd withall,
That all the Greeks did their superior call,
To part with thus, and lose! And now a son,
So worthily belov'd, a course to run
Beyond my knowledge whom rude tempests have
Made far from home his most inglorious grave!
Unhappy wenches, that no one of all
(Though in the reach of ev'ry one must fall
His taking ship) sustain'd the careful mind,
To call me from my bed, who this design'd
And most vow'd course in him had either stay'd,
How much soever hasted, or dead laid
He should have left me. Many a man I have,
That would have call'd old Dolus my slave,
(That keeps my orchard, whom my father gave
At my departure) to have run, and told
Laertes this to try if he could hold
From running through the people, and from tears,
In telling them of these vow'd murderers
That both divine Ulysses' hope, and his,
Resolv'd to end in their conspiracies."

His nurse then, Euryclea, made reply

Dear sov'reign, let me with your own hands die,
Or cast me off here, I'll not keep from thee
One word of what I know. He trusted me
With all his purpose, and I gave him all
The bread and wine for which he pleas'd to call.

But then a mighty oath he made me swear,
 Not to report it to your royal ear
 Before the twelfth day either should appear,
 Or you should ask me when you heard him gone
 Impair not then your beauties with your moan,
 But wash, and put untear-stain'd garments on,
 Ascend your chamber with your ladies here,
 And pray the seed of goat-nurs'd Jupiter,
 Divine Athena, to preserve your son,
 And she will save him from confusion
 Th' old king, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd
 For his grave counsels, you perhaps may find
 Unfit affected, for his age's sake
 But heav'n-kings wax not old, and therefore make
 Fit pray'rs to them, for my thoughts never will
 Believe the heav'nly Pow'rs conceit so ill
 The seed of righteous Arceiades,
 To end it utterly, but still will please
 In some place evermore some one of them
 To save, and deck him with a diadem,
 Give him possession of erected tow'rs,
 And far-stretch'd fields, crown'd all of fruits and
 flow'r's "

This eas'd her heart, and dried her humorous eyes,
 When having wash'd, and weeds of sacrifice
 Pure, and unstain'd with her distrustful tears,
 Put on, with all her women-ministers
 Up to a chamber of most height she rose,
 And cakes of salt and barley did impose
 Within a wicker basket, all which broke
 In decent order, thus she did invoke

"Great Virgin of the goat-preserv'd God,
 If ever the inhabited abode
 Of wise Ulysses held the fatted thighs
 Of sheep and oxen, made thy sacrifice
 By his devotion, hear me, nor forget
 His pious services, but safe see set
 His dear son on these shores, and banish hence
 These Wooers past all mean in insolence "

This said, she shriek'd, and Pallas heard her pray'r

The Wooers broke with tumult all the air
 About the shady house and one of them,
 Whose pride his youth had made the more extreme,
 Said "Now the many wooer honour'd queen
 Will surely satiate her delayful spleen,
 And one of us in instant nuptials take.
 Poor dame, she dreams not, what design we make
 Upon the life and slaughter of her son

So said he but so said was not so done
 Whose arrogant spirit in a vaunt so vain
 Antinous chid, and said For shame, contain
 These braving speeches. Who can tell who hears?
 Are we not now in reach of others' ears?
 If our intentions please us, let us call
 Our spirits up to them, and let speeches fall.
 By watchful danger men must silent go
 What we resolve on, let's not say but do
 Thus said, he choos'd out twenty men, that bore
 Best reckoning with him, and to ship and shore
 All hasted, reach'd the ship, launch'd, rais'd the mast,
 Put sails in, and with leather loops made fast
 The oars sails hoisted, arms their men did bring,
 All giving speed and form to ev'rything
 Then to the high deeps their rigg'd vessel driven
 They supp'd, expecting the approaching even.

Mean space, Penelope her chamber kept
 And bed, and neither eat, nor drank, nor slept,
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameless son,
 Still in contention, if he should be done
 To death, or scape the impious Wooers' design
 Look how a lion, whom men-troops combine
 To hunt, and close him in a crafty ring,
 Much varied thought conceives, and fear doth sting
 For urgent danger so far'd she, till sleep
 All juncture of her joints and nerves did steep
 In his dissolving humour When, at rest,
 Pallas her favours varied, when addrest
 An idol, that Iphthima did present
 In structure of her ev'ry lineament,*

Δίπας μέμβρανῶν structure

Great-soul'd Icarus' daughter, whom for spouse
 Eumelus took, that kept in Pheris' house
 This to divine Ulysses' house she sent,
 To try her best mean how she might content
 Mournful Penelope, and make relent
 The strict addiction in her to deplore
 This idol, like a worm, that less or more *
 Contracts or strains her, did itself convey,
 Beyond the wards or windings of the key,
 Into the chamber, and, above her head
 Her seat assuming, thus she comforted
 Distress'd Penelope "Doth sleep thus seize
 Thy pow'rs, affected with so much dis ease?
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not see
 Thy tears nor griefs, in any least degree,
 Sustain'd with cause, for they will guard thy son
 Safe to his wish'd and native mansion
 Since he is no offender of their states,
 And they to such are firmer than their fates "

The wise Penelope receiv'd her thus,
 Bound with a slumber most delicious,
 And in the port of dreams "O sister, why
 Repair you hither, since so far off lie
 Your house and household? You were never here
 Before this hour, and would you now give cheer
 To my so many woes and miseries,
 Affecting fitly all the faculties
 My soul and mind hold, having lost before
 A husband, that of all the virtues bore
 The palm amongst the Greeks, and whose renown
 So ample was that Fame the sound hath blown
 Through Greece and Argos to her very heart?
 And now again, a son, that did convert
 My whole pow'rs to his love, by ship is gone,
 A tender plant, that yet was never grown
 To labour's taste, nor the commerce of men,
 For whom more than my husband I complain,
 And lest he should at any suffrance touch

* Παρὰ κληῖδος ἰμάντρα ἱμάς, *affectus curculionis significat quod longior et gracilior evaserit*

(Or in the sea, or by the men so much
Estrang'd to him that must his consorts be)
Fear and chill tremblings shake each joint of me.
Besides, his danger sets on foes profess'd
To way-lay his return, that have address'd
Plots for his death." The scarce-discern'd Dream,
Said 'Be of comfort, nor fears so extreme
Let thus dismay thee thou hast such a mate
Attending thee, as some at any rate
Would wish to purchase, for her pow'r is great
Minerva pities thy delights' defeat,
Whose grace hath sent me to foretell thee these.

"If thou, said she, "be of the Goddesses,
And heardst her tell thee these, thou mayst as well
From her tell all things else. Deign then to tell,
If yet the man to all misfortunes born,
My husband, lives, and sees the sun adorn
The darksome earth, or hides his wretched head
In Pluto's house, and lives amongst the dead?

"I will not, she replied, my breath exhale
In one continued and perpetual tale,
Lives he or dies he. 'Tis a filthy use,
To be in vain and idle speech profuse.
Thus said, she, through the key-hole of the door
Vanish'd again into the open blore.
Icanus' daughter started from her sleep,
And Joy's fresh humour her lov'd breast did steep,
When now so clear in that first watch of night,
She saw the seen Dream vanish from her sight.

The Wooers' ship the sea's moist waves did ply
And thought the prince a haughty death should die.
There lies a certain island in the sea,
Twixt rocky Samos and rough Ithaca,
That cliffy is itself, and nothing great,
Yet holds convenient havens that two ways let
Ships in and out, call'd Astens and there
The Wooers hop'd to make their massacre.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

A SECOND Court on Jove attends ,
Who Hermes to Calypso sends,
Commanding her to clear the ways
Ulysses sought , and she obeys
When Neptune saw Ulysses free,
And so in safety plough the sea,
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the waves,
And splits his ship Leucothea saves
His person yet, as being a Dame
Whose Godhead govern'd in the frame
Of those seas' tempers But the mean,
By which she curbs dread Neptune's spleen,
Is made a jewel, which she takes
From off her head, and that she makes
Ulysses on his bosom wear
About his neck she ties it there,
And when he is with waves beset,
Bids wear it as an amulet,
Commanding him, that not before
He touch'd upon Phæacia's shore,
He should not part with it, but then
Return it to the sea again,
And cast it from him He performs ,
Yet, after this, bides bitter storms,
And in the rocks sees death engrav'd,
But on Phæacia's shore is sav'd

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

E Ulysses builds
 A ship , and gains
 The glassy fields ,
 Pays Neptune pains

AURORA rose from high-born Tithon's bed,
That men and Gods might be illustrated,
And then the Deities sat Imperial Jove,
That makes the horrid murmur beat above,

Took place past all, whose height for ever springs,
And from whom flowers th' eternal pow'r of things.

Then Pallas, mindful of Ulysses, told
The many cares that in Calypso's hold
He still sustain'd, when he had felt before
So much affliction, and such dangers more.

O Father said she, and ye Ever-blest,
Give never king hereafter interest
In any aid of yours, by serving you,
By being gentle, human, just, but grow
Rude, and for ever scornful of your rights,
All justice ord'ring by their appetites,
Since he, that rul'd as it in right behov'd,
That all his subjects as his children lov'd,
Finds you so thoughtless of him and his birth.
Thus men begin to say ye rule in earth,
And grudge at what ye let him undergo
Who yet the least part of his suffrance know
Thralld in an island, shipwreck'd in his tears,
And, in the fancies that Calypso bears,
Bound from his birthright, all his shipping gone,
And of his soldiers not retaining one.
And now his most lov'd son's life doth inflame
Their slaughterous envies since his father's fame
He puts in pursuit, and is gone as far
As sacred Pylos, and the singular
Dame-breeding Sparta. Thus, with this reply
The Cloud-assembler answer'd "What words fly
Thine own remembrance, daughter? Hast not thou
The counsel giv'n thyself that told thee how
Ulysses shall with his return address
His Wooers wrong? And, for the safe access
His son shall make to his innative port,
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort
As thy wit serves thee it obeys thy pow'rs
And in their ship return the speedless Wooers.

Then turn'd he to his issue Mercury
And said Thou hast made good our embassy
To th' other Statists, to the Nymph then now
On whose fair head a tuft of gold doth grow

Bear our true-spoken counsel, for retreat
 Of patient Ulysses, who shall get
 No aid from us, nor any mortal man,
 But in a patch'd-up skiff (built as he can,*
 And suffering woes enough) the twentieth day
 At fruitful Scheria let him breathe his way,
 With the Phæacians, that half Deities live,
 Who like a God will honour him, and give
 His wisdom clothes, and ship, and brass, and gold,
 More than for gain of Troy he ever told,
 Where, at the whole division of the prey,
 If he a saver were, or got away
 Without a wound, if he should grudge, 'twas well
 But th' end shall crown all, therefore Fate will deal
 So well with him, to let him land, and see
 His native earth, friends, house, and family "

Thus charg'd he, nor Argicides denied,
 But to his feet his fair wing'd shoes he tied,
 Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
 Put either sea, or the unmeasur'd land,
 With pace as speedy as a puff of wind
 Then up his rod went, with which he declin'd
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleas'd,
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseas'd

This took, he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
 Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
 Kiss'd as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
 As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
 Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas
 Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness,
 But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
 Up from the blue sea to the continent,
 And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
 Whom he within found, without seldom seen
 A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
 The matter precious, and divine the frame,
 Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
 That breath'd an odour round about the isle
 Herself was seated in an inner room,

* 'Επὶ σχεδίου πολυδέσμου, *in rate multis vinculis ligatus*

Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars, crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread
All fowls martial none roosted there,
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another pour'd
Their silver streams and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue-violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be over joy'd
And so stood Hermes' ravish'd pow'r employ'd.

But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
Sever'd in dwellings) but he could not see
Ulysses there within without was he,
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort. Plac'd here in her throne,
That beams cast up to admiration,
Divine Calypso question'd Hermes thus

"For what cause, dear and much-esteem'd by us,
Thou golden rod-adorn'd Mercury
Arriv'st thou here? Thou hast not us'd to apply
Thy passage this way Say whatever be
Thy heart's desire, my mind commands it thee,
If in my means it lie, or pow'r of fact.
But first, what hospitable rites exact,
Come yet more near and take. Thus said, she set
A table forth, and furnish'd it with meat,
Such as the Gods taste and serv'd in with it

Vermilion nectar When with banquet fit
He had confirm'd his spirits, he thus exprest
His cause of coming "Thou hast made request,
Goddess of Goddesses, to understand
My cause of touch here , which thou shalt command,
And know with truth Jove caus'd my course to thee
Against my will, for who would willingly
Lackey along so vast a lake of brine,
Near to no city that the Pow'rs divine
Receives with solemn rites and hecatombs?
But Jove's will ever all law overcomes,
No other God can cross or make it void ,
And he affirms, that one the most annoy'd
With woes and toils of all those men that fought
For Priam's city, and to end hath brought
Nine years in the contention, is with thee
For in the tenth year, when roy victory
Was won to give the Greeks the spoil of Troy,
Return they did profess, but not enjoy,
Since Pallas they incens'd, and she the waves
By all the winds' pow'r, that blew ope their graves
And there they rested Only this poor one
This coast both winds and waves have cast upon ,
Whom now forthwith he wills thee to dismiss,
Affirming that th' unalter'd Destinies
Not only have decreed he shall not die
Apart his friends, but of necessity
Enjoy their sights before those fatal hours,
His country earth reach, and erected tow'rs "

 This struck a love-check'd horror through her
 pow'rs,

When, naming him, she this reply did give
"Insatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,
In all things you affect , which still converts
Your pow'rs to envies It afflicts your hearts,
That any Goddess should, as you obtain
The use of earthly dames, enjoy the men,
And most in open marriage So ye far'd,
When the delicious-finger'd Morning shar'd
Orion's bed , you easy-living States

Could never satisfy your emulous hates,
Till in Ortygia the precise liv'd Dame,
Gold thron'd Diana, on him rudely came,
And with her swift shafts slew him. And such pains,
When rich-hair'd Ceres pleas'd to give the reins
To her affections, and the grace did yield
Of love and bed, amidst a three-cropp'd field,
To her Iasion, he paid angry Jove,
Who lost no long time notice of their love,
But with a glowing lightning was his death.
And now your envies labour underneath
A mortal's choice of mine whose life I took
To lib'ral safety when his ship Jove strook,
With red-hot flashes, piece meal in the seas,
And all his friends and soldiers succourless
Perish'd but he. Him, cast upon this coast
With blasts and billows, I, in life giv'n lost,
Preserv'd alone, lov'd, nourish'd, and did vow
To make him deathless, and yet never grow
Crook'd, or worn with age, his whole life long.
But since no reason may be made so strong
To strive with Jove's will, or to make it vain,
No not if all the other Gods should strain
Their pow'rs against it, let his will be law
So he afford him fit means to withdraw
As he commands him, to the raging main.
But means from me he never shall obtain,
For my means yield nor men nor ship, nor oars,
To set him off from my so envied shores.
But if my counsel and good will can aid
His safe pass home, my best shall be assay'd.

Vouchsafe it so, said heav'n's ambassador
And deign it quickly By all means abhor
T' incense Jove's wrath against thee, that with grace
He may hereafter all thy wish embrace.

Thus took the Argus-killing God his wings.
And since the rev'rend Nymph these awful things
Receiv'd from Jove, she to Ulysses went
Whom she ashore found, drown'd in discontent,
His eyes kept never dry he did so mourn,

And waste his dear age for his wish'd return ,
 Which still without the cave he us'd to do,
 Because he could not please the Goddess so,
 At night yet, forc'd, together took their rest,
 The willing Goddess and th' unwilling Guest ,
 But he all day in rocks, and on the shore,
 The vex'd sea view'd, and did his fate deplore
 Him, now, the Goddess coming near bespake

“Unhappy man, no more discomfort take
 For my constraint of thee, nor waste thine age,
 I now will passing freely disengage
 Thy irksome stay here Come then, fell thee wood,
 And build a ship, to save thee from the flood
 I'll furnish thee with fresh wave, bread, and wine
 Ruddy and sweet, that will the piner pine,*
 Put garments on thee, give the winds foreright,
 That ev'ry way thy home-bent appetite
 May safe attain to it , if so it please
 At all parts all the heav'n-hous'd Deities,
 That more in pow'r are, more in skill, than I,
 And more can judge what fits humanity ”

He stood amaz'd at this strange change in her,
 And said “O Goddess ! Thy intents prefer
 Some other project than my parting hence,
 Commanding things of too high consequence
 For my performance, that myself should build
 A ship of pow'r, my home-assays to shield
 Against the great sea of such dread to pass ,
 Which not the best-built ship that ever was
 Will pass exulting, when such winds, as Jove
 Can thunder up, their trims and tacklings prove
 But could I build one, I would ne'er aboard,
 Thy will oppos'd, nor, won, without thy word,
 Giv'n in the great oath of the Gods to me,
 Not to beguile me in the least degree ”

The Goddess smil'd, held hard his hand, and said
 “O y' are a shrewd one, and so habited
 In taking heed thou know'st not what it is
 To be unwary, nor use words amiss

* *The piner*—Hunger

How hast thou charm'd me, were I ne'er so sly !
Let earth know then, and heav'n, so broad, so high,
And th' under-sunk waves of th' infernal stream,
(Which is an oath, as terribly supreme,
As any God swears) that I had no thought
But stood with what I spake, nor would have wrought,
Nor counsell'd, any act against thy good
But ever diligently weigh'd, and stood
On those points in persuading thee, that I
Would use myself in such extremity
For my mind simple is, and innocent,
Not giv'n by cruel sleights to circumvent,
Nor bear I in my breast a heart of steel,
But with the sufferer willing suff'rance feel.
This said, the Grace of Goddesses led home,
He trac'd her steps and, to the cavern come,
In that rich throne, whence Mercury arose,
He sat. The Nymph herself did then appose,
For food and bev'rage, to him all best meat
And drink, that mortals use to taste and eat.
Then sat she opposite, and for her feast
Was nectar and ambrosia addrest
By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,
Did freely fall to. Having sily far'd,
The Nymph Calypso this discourse began
Jove-bred Ulysses ! Many witted man !
Sull is thy home so wish'd ? So soon, away ?
Be still of cheer for all the worst I say
But, if thy soul knew what a sum of woes,
For thee to cast up, thy stern Fates impose,
Ere to thy country earth thy hopes attain,
Undoubtedly thy choice would here remain,
Keep house with me, and be a liver ever
Which, methinks, should thy house and thee dis sever
Though for thy wife there thou art set on fire,
And all thy days are spent in her desire
And though it be no boast in me to say
In form and mind I match her ev'ry way
Nor can it fit a mortal dame's compare,
T' affect those terms with us that deathless are.

The great-in-counsels made her this reply
"Renown'd, and to be rev'renc'd, Deity !
Let it not move thee, that so much I vow
My comforts to my wife , though well I know
All cause myself why wise Penelope
In wit is far inferior to thee,
In feature, stature, all the parts of show,
She being a mortal, an immortal thou,
Old ever growing, and yet never old
Yet her desire shall all my days see told,
Adding the sight of my returning day,
And natural home If any God shall lay
His hand upon me as I pass the seas,
I'll bear the worst of what his hand shall please,
As having giv'n me such a mind as shall
The more still rise the more his hand lets fall
In wars and waves my sufferings were not small
I now have suffer'd much, as much before,
Hereafter let as much result, and more "

This said, the sun set, and earth shadows gave ,
When these two (in an in-room of the cave,
Left to themselves) left love no rites undone
The early Morn up, up he rose, put on
His in and out weed She herself enchaces
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Graces,
Ample, and pleated thick like fishy scales ,
A golden girdle then her waist impales ,
Her head a veil decks , and abroad they come
And now began Ulysses to go home

A great axe first she gave, that two ways cut,
In which a fair well-polish'd helm was put,
That from an olive bough receiv'd his frame
A plainer then Then led she, till they came
To lofty woods that did the isle confine
The fir-tree, poplar, and heav'n-scaling pine,
Had there their offspring Of which, those that were
Of driest matter, and grew longest there,
He choos'd for lighter sail This place thus shown,
The Nymph turn'd home He fell to felling down,
And twenty trees he stoop'd in little space,

Plam'd, used his plumb, did all with artful grace.
 In mean time did Calypso wimbles bring
 He bor'd, clos'd, nail'd, and order'd ev'ry thing,
 And look how much a ship-wright will allow
 A ship of burden (one that best doth know
 What fits his art) so large a keel he cast,
 Wrought up her decks, and hatches, side boards, mast,
 With willow watlings arm'd her to resist
 The billows' outrage, added all she miss'd,
 Sail-yards, and stern for guide. The Nymph then
 brought

Linen for sails, which with dispatch he wrought,
 Gables, and halsters, tacklings. All the frame
 In four days' space to full perfection came.*
 The fifth day they dismiss'd him from the shore,
 Weeds neat, and odorous, gave him, victuals store,
 Wine, strong waters, and a prosperous wind,
 To which, Ulysses, fit to-be-divin'd,
 His sails expos'd, and hois'd. Off he gat
 And cheerful was he. At the stern he sat,
 And steer'd right artfully. Nor sleep could seize
 His eye-lids. He beheld the Pleiades
 The Bear, surnam'd the Wain, that round doth move
 About Orion, and keeps still above
 The billowy ocean the slow setting star
 Bootes call'd, by some the Waggoner

Calypso warn'd him he his course should steer
 Still to his left hand. Seventeen days did clear
 The cloudy night's command in his moist way
 And by the eighteenth light he might display
 The shady hills of the Phreacian shore,
 For which, as to his next abode, he bore.
 The country did a pretty figure yield,
 And look'd from off the dark seas like a shield.

Imperious Neptune, making his retreat
 From th' Æthiopian earth, and taking seat

This four day days work (you will say) is too much for one man and I'my affirma. that Hiero (a king of Sicily) in five-and-forty days built two hundred and twenty ships, rigged them and put t sen with them.

Upon the mountains of the Solymi,
 From thence, far off discov'ring, did descry
 Ulysses his fields ploughing All on fire
 The sight straight set his heart, and made desire
 Of wreak run over, it did boil so high
 When, his head nodding, "O impiety,"
 He cried out, "now the Gods' inconstancy
 Is most apparent, alt'ring their designs
 Since I the Æthiops saw, and here confines
 To this Ulysses' fate his misery
 The great mark, on which all his hopes rely,
 Lies in Phæacia But I hope he shall
 Feel woe at height, ere that dead calm befall "
 This said, he, begging, gather'd clouds from land,*
 Frighted the seas up, snatch'd into his hand
 His horrid trident, and aloft did toss,
 Of all the winds, all storms he could engross,
 All earth took into sea with clouds, grim Night
 Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of light,
 The East and South winds jostled in the air,
 The violent Zephyr, and North making-fair,
 Roll'd up the waves before them And then bent
 Ulysses' knees, then all his spirit was spent
 In which despair, he thus spake "Woe is me !
 What was I born to, man of misery !
 Fear tells me now, that, all the Goddess said,
 Truth's self will author, that Fate would be paid
 Grief's whole sum due from me, at sea, before
 I reach'd the dear touch of my country's shore
 With what clouds Jove heav'n's heighten'd forehead
 binds !

How tyrannize the wraths of all the winds !
 How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
 And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps !
 Thus dreadful is the presence of our death
 Thrice four times blest were they that sunk beneath
 Their fates at Troy, and did to nought contend
 But to renown Atrides with their end !
 I would to God, my hour of death and fate

* Συναγελω—*Mendicando colligo*

That day had held the pow'r to terminate,
When show'rs of darts my life bore undepress'd
About divine *Æacides* deceas'd !
Then had I been allotted to have died,
By all the Greeks with fun'rals glorified,
(Whence death, encouraging good life, had grown)
Where now I die, by no man mourn'd nor known.

This spoke, a huge wave took him by the head,
And hurl'd him o'er board ship and all it laid
Inverted quite amidst the waves, but he
Far off from her sprawl'd, strow'd about the sea,
His stern still holding broken off, his mast
Burst in the midst, so horrible a blast
Of mix'd winds struck it. Sails and sail-yards fell
Amongst the billows and himself did dwell
A long time under water nor could get
In haste his head out, wave with wave so met
In his depression and his garments too
Giv'n by *Calypso*, gave him much to do,
Hind'ring his swimming yet he left not so
His drench'd vessel, for the overthrow
Of her nor him but gat at length again,
Wrestling with *Neptune*, hold of her and then
Sat in her bulk, insulting over death
Which, with the salt stream prest to stop his breath,
He scap'd, and gave the sea again to give
To other men. His ship so striv'd to live,
Floating at random, cuff'd from wave to wave.
As you have seen the North wind when he drave
In autumnu heaps of thorn-fed grasshoppers
Hither and thither one heap this way bears,
Another that, and makes them often meet
In his confus'd gales so *Ulysses* fleet
The winds hurl'd up and down now *Boreas*
Toss'd it to *Notus*, *Notus* gave it pass
To *Eurus*, *Eurus* *Zephyr* made pursue
The horrid tennis. This sport call'd the view
Of *Cadmus* daughter with the narrow heel,
Ino *Leucothea*, that first did feel
A mortal dame's desires, and had a tongue,

But now had th' honour to be nam'd among
The marine Godheads She with pity saw
Ulysses justled thus from flaw to flaw,
And, like a cormorant in form and flight,
Rose from a whirl-pool, on the ship did light,
And thus bespake him "Why is Neptune thus
In thy pursuit extremely furious,
Oppressing thee with such a world of ill,
Ev'n to thy death? He must not serve his will,
Though 'tis his study Let me then advise
As my thoughts serve , thou shalt not be unwise
To leave thy weeds and ship to the commands
Of these rude winds, and work out with thy hands
Pass to Phæacia, where thy austere Fate
Is to pursue thee with no more such hate
Take here this tablet, with this riband strung,
And see it still about thy bosom hung ,
By whose eternal virtue never fear
To suffer thus again, nor perish here
But when thou touchest with thy hand the shore,
Then take it from thy neck, nor wear it more,
But cast it far off from the continent,
And then thy person far ashore present.

Thus gave she him the tablet , and again,
Turn'd to a cormorant, div'd, past sight, the main

Patient Ulysses sigh'd at this, and stuck
In the conceit of such fair-spoken luck,
And said "Alas ! I must suspect ev'n this,
Lest any other of the Deities
Add sleight to Neptune's force, to counsel me
To leave my vessel, and so far off see
The shore I aim at. Not with thoughts too clear
Will I obey her, but to me appear
These counsels best As long as I perceive
My ship not quite dissolv'd, I will not leave
The help she may afford me, but abide,
And suffer all woes till the worst be tried
When she is split, I'll swim No miracle can,
Past near and clear means, move a knowing man "

While this discourse employ'd him, Neptune rais'd

A huge, a high, and horrid sea, that seiz'd
Him and his ship, and toss'd them through the lake.
As when the violent winds together take
Heaps of dry chaff, and hurl them ev'ry way
So his long wood stack Neptune strook astray

Then did Ulysses mount on rib, perforce,
Like to a rider of a running horse,
To stay himself a time, while he might shift
His drench'd weeds, that were Calypso's gift.
When putting straight Leucothea's amulet
About his neck, he all his forces set
To swim, and cast him prostrate to the seas.
When powerful Neptune saw the ruthless prease
Of perils siege him thus, he mov'd his head,
And thus betwixt him and his heart he said

So now feel ill's enow and struggle so,
Till to your Jove-lov'd islanders you row
But *my mind* says, you will not so avoid
This last task too, but be with suffrance cloy'd.

This said, his rich mand horse he mov'd, and
reach'd

His house at Ægas. But Minerva fetch'd
The winds from sea, and all their ways but one
Bar'd to their passage the bleak North alone
She set to blow the rest she charg'd to keep
Their rages in, and bind themselves in sleep.
But Boreas still flew high to break the seas,
Till Jove-bred Ithacus the more with ease
The navigation-skill'd Phæacian states
Might make his refuge, Death and angry Fates
At length escaping. Two nights, yet, and days
He spent in wrasting with the sable seas
In which space, often did his heart propose
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,
And threw the third light from her orient hair
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry,
Rais'd by the high seas, clear and land was nigh.
And then, look how to good sons that esteem
Their father's life dear, (after pains extreme,

Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long
Down to his bed, and with affections strong
Wasted his body, made his life his load,
As being inflicted by some angry God)
When on their pray'rs they see descend at length
Health from the heav'ns, clad all in spirit and
strength,

The sight is precious, so, since here should end
Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend
Health to his country, held to him his sire
And on which long for him disease did tire,
And then, besides, for his own sake to see
The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,
As those good sons for their recover'd sire
Then labour'd feet and all parts to aspire
To that wish'd continent, which when as near
He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,
He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks,
Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,
That belch'd upon the firm land weeds and foam,
With which were all things hid there, where no room
Of fit capacity was for any port,
Nor from the sea for any man's resort,
The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were
"O," said Ulysses then, "now Jupiter
Hath giv'n me sight of an unhop'd for shore,
Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore
Of rest yet no place shows the slend'rest prints,
The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,
Against which ev'ry way the waves so flock,
And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,
So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand
Is there for any tired foot to stand,
Nor fly his death-fast-following miseries,
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,
Worse than vain rend'ring all his landing strife
And should I swim to seek a hav'n elsewhere,
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear
I shall be taken with a gale again,

And cast a huge way off into the main
And there the great Earth shaker (having seen
My so near landing, and again his spleen
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,
(Of which a horrid number here about
His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.
I well have prov'd, with what malignity
He treads my steps. While this discourse he held,
A curs'd surge gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body which it gash'd and tore,
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,
That never fail'd, and bade him no more swim
Stall off and on, but boldly force the shore,
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore
Which he with both hands sigh'd and clasp'd, till past
The billow's rage was when scap'd, back so fast
The rock repuls'd it, that it rest his hold,
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come
For shelter gainst the storms that beat on her
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones,
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones
So he forc'd hither by the sharper ill,
Shunning the smoother where he best hop'd, still
The worst succeeded for the cruel friend,
To which he cling'd for succour off did rend
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore
That off he fell, and could sustain no more.
Quite under water fell he and, past fate,
Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state
He held in life, if still the grey-eyed Maid
His wisdom prompting, he had not assay'd
Another course, and ceas'd to attempt that shore,
Swimming and casting round his eye to explore
Some other shelter Then the mouth he found
Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crown'd
With most apt succours rocks so smooth they seem'd

Polish'd of purpose, land that quite redeem'd
 With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores
 "King of this river, hear! Whatever name
 Makes thee invok'd, to thee I humbly frame
 My flight from Neptune's furies Rev'rend is
 To all the ever-living Deities
 What erring man soever seeks their aid
 To thy both flood and knees a man dismay'd
 With varied suff'rance sues Yield then some rest
 To him that is thy suppliant profest"
 This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead heard
 Her current straight stay'd, and her thick wave
 clear'd

Before him, smooth'd her waters, and, just where
 He pray'd half-drown'd, entirely sav'd him there
 Then forth he came, his both knees falt'ring, both
 His strong hands hanging down, and all with froth
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing, voice and breath
 Spent to all use, and down he sunk to death
 The sea had soak'd his heart through, all his veins
 His toils had rack'd t' a labouring woman's pains *
 Dead weary was he But when breath did find
 A pass reciprocal, and in his mind
 His spirit was recollected, up he rose,
 And from his neck did th' amulet unloose,
 That Ino gave him, which he hurl'd from him
 To sea. It sounding fell, and back did swim
 With th' ebbing waters, till it straight arriv'd
 Where Ino's fair hand it again receiv'd
 Then kiss'd he th' humble earth, and on he goes,
 Till bulrushes show'd place for his repose,
 Where laid, he sigh'd, and thus said to his soul
 "O me, what strange perplexities control
 The whole skill of thy pow'rs in this event!
 What feel I? If till care-nurse night be spent
 I watch amidst the flood, the sea's chill breath,
 And vegetant dews, I fear will be my death,
 So low brought with my labours Towards day

* "Ἰδέε of ὠδίνω à partu dolco

A passing sharp air ever breathes at sea.
 If I the pitch of this next mountain scale,
 And shady wood, and in some thicket fall
 Into the hands of Sleep, though there the cold
 May well be check'd, and healthful slumbers hold
 Her sweet hand on my pow'r, all care allay'd,
 Yet there will beasts devour me. Best appaid
 Doth that course make me yet for there, some
strife,

Strength, and my spint, may make me make for
life

Which, though impair'd, may yet be fresh applied,
 Where peril possible of escape is tried.
 But he that fights with heav'n, or with the sea,
 To indiscretion adds impiety

Thus to the woods he hasted which he found
 Not far from sea, but on far seeing ground,
 Where two twin underwoods he enter'd on,
 With olive-trees and oil-trees overgrown
 Through which the moist force of the loud voiced
wind

Did never beat, nor ever Phoebus shined,
 Nor show'r beat through, they grew so one in one,
 And had, by turns, their pow'r to exclude the sun
 Here enter'd our Ulysses and a bed
 Of leaves huge, and of huge abundance, spread
 With all his speed. Large he made it, for there
 For two or three men ample cov'ings were,
 Such as might shield them from the winter's worst,
 Though steel it breathed, and blew as it would burst.*

Patient Ulysses joy'd, that ever day
 Show'd such a shelter In the midst he lay
 Store of leaves heaping high on ev'ry side.
 And as in some out field a man doth hide
 A kindled brand, to keep the seed of fire,
 No neighbour dwelling near and his desire
 Serv'd with self store, he else would ask of none,
 But of his fore-spent sparks rakes th' ashes on

A metaphorical hyperbole, expressing the winter's extremity of sharpness.

So this out-place Ulysses thus receives,
And thus nakt'd virtue's seed lies hid in leaves
Yet Pallas made him sleep as soon as men
Whom deities all their flatt'ries deign,
And all that all his labours could comprise
Quickly concluded in his closed eyes

FINIS LIBRI QUINTI HOM ODYSS

THE SIXTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

MINERVA in a vision stands
Before Nausicaa and commands
She to the flood her weeds should bear
For now her nuptial day was near
Nausicaa her charge obeys
And then with other virgins plays.
Their sports make walk'd Ulysses rise,
Walk to them and beseech supplies
Of food and clothes. His naked sight
Puts th' other maids, afraid to flight
Nausicaa only boldly stays
And gladly his desire obeys.
He, furnish'd with her favours shown,
Attends her and the rest to town.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Σίφρ. Here olive leaves
To hide shame began
The world receives
The naked man.

THE much-sustaining, patient, heav'nly man,
Whom Toil and Sleep had worn so weak and wan *
Thus won his rest. In mean space Pallas went
To the Phaeacian city and descent
That first did broad Hypena's lands divide,
Near the vast Cyclops, men of monstrous pride,
That prey'd on those Hyperians, since they were
Of greater pow'r and therefore longer there
Divine Nautilous dwelt not, but arose,
And did for Scheria all his pow'rs dispose,
Far from ingenious art inventing men
But there did he erect a city then,
First drew a wall round, then he houses builds,

*Τὴν καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀφαιρῶν. Σοῦν ἐν λαβρῇ Νίχτῃ.
Sleep (ἀναψυχῆς) for the want of sleep.*

And then a temple to the Gods, the fields
 Lastly dividing But he, stoop'd by Fate,
 Div'd to th' infernals, and Alcinous sate
 In his command, a man the Gods did teach
 Commanding counsels His house held the reach
 Of grey Minerva's project, to provide
 That great-soul'd Ithacus might be supplied
 With all things fitting his return She went
 Up to the chamber, where the fair descent
 Of great Alcinous slept, a maid, whose parts
 In wit and beauty wore divine deserts
 Well-deck'd her chamber was, of which the door
 Did seem to lighten, such a gloss it bore
 Betwixt the posts, and now flew ope to find
 The Goddess entry Like a puft of wind
 She reach'd the virgin bed, near which there lay
 Two maids, to whom the Graces did convey
 Figure and manners But above the head
 *Of bright Nausicaa did Pallas tread
 The subtle air, and put the person on
 Of Dymas' daughter, from comparison
 Exempt in business naval Like his seed
 Minerva look'd now, whom one year did breed *
 With bright Nausicaa, and who had gain'd
 Grace in her love, yet on her thus complain'd
 "Nausicaa! Why bred thy mother one
 So negligent in rites so stood upon
 By other virgins? Thy fair garments lie
 Neglected by thee, yet thy nuptials nigh,
 When rich in all attire both thou shouldst be,
 And garments give to others honouring thee,
 That lead thee to the temple Thy good name
 Grows amongst men for these things, they inflame
 Father and rev'rend mother with delight
 Come, when the Day takes any wink from Night,
 Let's to the river, and repurify
 Thy wedding garments My society
 Shall freely serve thee for thy speedier aid,
 Because thou shalt no more stand on the maid

* Intending Dymas daughter

The best of all Phœacia woo thy grace,
 Where thou wert bred, and ow'st thyself a race.
 Up, and stir up to thee thy honour'd sire,
 To give thee mules and coach, thee and thy tire,
 Veils, girdles, mantles, early to the flood
 To bear in state. It suits thy high born blood,
 And far more fits thee, than to foot so far
 For far from town thou know'st the bath-founts are.

This said, away blue-eyed Minerva went
 Up to Olympus, the firm continent
 That bears in endless being the Deified kind,
 That's neither sous'd with show'rs, nor shook with
 wind,

Nor chill'd with snow but where Serenity flies
 Exempt from clouds, and ever beamy skies
 Circle the glittering hill, and all their days
 Give the delights of blessed Denty praise.
 And hither Pallas flew and left the maid,
 When she had all that might excite her sad.
 Straight rose the lovely Morn, that up did raise
 Fair veild Nausica, whose dream her praise
 To admiration took who no time spent
 To give the rapture of her vision vent
 To her lov'd parents, whom she found within.
 Her mother set at fire, who had to spin
 A rock, whose tincture with sea purple shind
 Her maids about her But she chanc'd to find
 Her father going abroad, to council call'd
 By his grave Senate. And to him exhal'd
 Her smother'd bosom was "Lov'd sire, said she,*
 "Will you not now command a coach for me,
 Stately and complete, fit for me to bear

This familiar and near wanton carriage of Nausicaa to her father joined with that virgin modesty expressed in her sister is much praised by the gravest of Homer's expositors with her father's loving allowance of it, knowing her shamefastness and judgment would not let her exceed in any part. Which note is here inserted not as if this were more worthy the observation than other every where strewed flowers of precept, but because this more generally pleasing subject may perhaps find more fitness for the stay of most readers.

To wash at flood the weeds I cannot wear
 Before repurified? Yourself it fits
 'To wear fair weeds, as ev'ry man that sits
 In place of council And five sons you have,
 'Two wed, three bachelors, that must be brave
 In ev'ry day's shift, that they may go dance,
 For these three last with these things must advance
 Their states in marriage, and who else but I,
 Their sister, should their daneing rites supply?"

This gen'ral cause she shew'd, and would not name
 Her mind of nuptials to her sire, for shame
 He understood her yet, and thus replied
 "Daughter! nor these, nor any grace beside,
 I either will deny thee, or defer,
 Mules, nor a coach, of state and circular,
 Fitting at all parts Go, my servants shall
 Serves thy desires, and thy command in all"

The servants then commanded soon obey'd,
 Fetch'd coach, and mules join'd in it Then the
 Maid

Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid
 All up in coach, in which her mother plac'd
 A maund of victuals, varied well in taste,
 And other junkets Wine she likewise fill'd
 Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd
 Sweet and moist oil into a golden cruse,
 Both for her daughter's, and her handmaid's, use,
 To soften their bright bodies, when they rose
 Cleans'd from their cold baths Up to coach then
 goes

Th' observ'd Maid, takes both the scourge and reins,
 And to her side her handmaid straight attains
 Nor these alone, but other virgins, grac'd
 The nuptial chariot The whole bevy plac'd,
 Nausicaa scourg'd to make the coach-mules run,
 That neigh'd, and pac'd their usual speed, and soon
 Both maids and weeds brought to the river-side,
 Where baths for all the year their use supplied,
 Whose waters were so pure they would not stain,
 But still ran fair forth, and did more remain

Apt to purge stains, for that purg'd stain within,
Which by the water's pure store was not seen.

These, here arriv'd, the mules uncoach'd, and drave
Up to the gulfy river's shore, that gave
Sweet grass to them. The maids from coach then
took

Their clothes, and steep'd them in the sable brook
Then put them into springs, and trod them clean
With cleanly feet adventuring wagers then
Who should have soonest and most cleanly done.
When having thoroughly cleans'd, they spread them
on

The flood's shore, all in order And then, where
The waves the pebbles wash'd, and ground was clear
They bath'd themselves, and all with glitt'ring oil
Smooth'd their white skins refreshing then their toil
With pleasant dinner by the river side
Yet still watch'd when the sun their clothes had dried.
Till which time, having din'd, Nausicaa
With other virgins did at stool-ball play
Their shoulder reaching head-tires laying by
Nausicaa, with the wrists of ivory
The liking stroke struck, singing first a song,
As custom order'd, and amidst the throng
Made such a show and so past all was seen,
As when the chaste-born, arrow-loving, Queen,
Along the mountains gliding, either over
Spartan Taygetus, whose tops far discover
Or Eurymanthus, in the wild boar's chase,
Or swift hov'd hart, and with her Jove's fair race,
The field Nymphs, sporting amongst whom, to see
How far Diana had priority,
Though all were fair for fairness yet of all,
As both by head and forehead being more tall,
Latona triumph'd, since the dullest sight
Might eas'ly judge whom her pains brought to light
Nausicaa so, whom never husband tam'd,
Above them all in all the beauties flam'd.
But when they now made homewards, and array'd,
Ord'ring their weeds disorder'd as they play'd,

Mules and coach ready, then Minerva thought
 What means to wake Ulysses might be wrought,
 That he might see this lovely-sighted maid,
 Whom she intended should become his aid,
 Bring him to town, and his return advance
 Her mean was this, though thought a stool-ball
 chance *

The queen now, for the upstroke, struck the ball
 Quite wide off th' other maids, and made it fall
 Amidst the whirlpools At which out shriek'd all,
 And with the shriek did wise Ulysses wake,
 Who, sitting up, was doubtful who should make
 That sudden outcry, and in mind thus striv'd
 "On what a people am I now arriv'd?
 At civil hospitable men, that fear
 The Gods? Or dwell injurious mortals here?
 Unjust, and churlish? Like the female cry
 Of youth it sounds What are they? Nymphs bred
 high

On tops of hills, or in the founts of floods,
 In herby marshes, or in leafy woods?
 Or are they high-spoke men I now am near?
 I'll prove, and see" With this, the wary peer
 Crept forth the thicket, and an olive bough
 Broke with his broad hand, which he did bestow
 In covert of his nakedness, and then
 Put hasty head out. Look how from his den
 A mountain lion looks, that, all embrued
 With drops of trees, and weather-beaten-hued,
 Bold of his strength, goes on, and in his eye
 A burning furnace glows, all bent to prey
 On sheep, or oxen, or the upland hart,
 His belly charging him, and he must part
 Stakes with the herdsman in his beasts' attempt,
 Ev'n where from rape their strengths are most
 exempt,
 So wet, so weather-beat, so stung with need,

* The piety and wisdom of the Poet was such, that (agreeing with the Sacred Letter) not the least of things he makes come to pass *sine Numinis providentiâ* As Spondanus well notes of him

Ev'n to the home fields of the country a breed
Ulysses was to force forth his access,
Though merely naked and his sight did press
The eyes of soft-hair'd virgins. Horrid was
His rough appearance to them the hard pass
He had at sea stuck by him. All in flight
The virgins scatter'd, frighted with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled but she fast stood,
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear compress.
And still she stood him, as resolv'd to know
What man he was, or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom if her virgin knee
He should be bold, but kneeling, to embrace,
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest supplicance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought, to be worth his own,
In weighing both well to keep still aloof
And give with soft words his desires their proof
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty
This fair andild speech then shew'd this was he
"Let me beseech, O queen, this truth of thee,
Are you of mortal, or the defied, race?
If of the Gods, that th ample heav'n's embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present,
In grace of ev'ry God like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th address
You promise of her very perfectness.
If sprung of humans, that inhabit earth,
Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth,
Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
Must, ev'n to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
To see, so like the first trim of a tree,

Your form adorn a dance But most blest he,
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
And deck his house with your commanding merit
I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
Nor man, nor woman, I did ever see,
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
My eyes, and apprehensive faculties
Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
Arriv'd, that render'd me most wretched then,
Now making me thus naked) I beheld
The burthen of a palm, whose issue swell'd
About Apollo's fane, and that put on
A grace like thee, for Earth had never none
Of all her sylvan issue so adorn'd
Into amaze my very soul was turn'd,
To give it observation, as now thee
To view, O virgin, a stupidity
Past admiration strikes me, join'd with fear
To do a suppliant's due, and press so near,
As to embrace thy knees Nor is it strange,
For one of fresh and firmest spirit would change
T' embrace so bright an object. But, for me,
A cruel habit of calamity
Prepar'd the strong impression thou hast made,
For this last day did fly night's twentieth shade
Since I, at length, escap'd the sable seas,
When in the mean time th' unrelenting prease
Of waves and stern storms toss'd me up and down,
From th' isle Ogygia And now God hath thrown
My wrack on this shore, that perhaps I may
My mis'ries vary here, for yet their stay,
I fear, Heav'n hath not order'd, though, before
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store
O queen, deign pity then, since first to you
My fate importunes my distress to vow
No other dame, nor man, that this Earth own,
And neighbour city, I have seen or known
The town then show me, give my nakedness

Some shroud to shelter it, if to these seas
 Linen or woollen you have brought to cleanse.
 God give you, in requital all th' amends
 Your heart can wish, a husband, family
 And good agreement. Nought beneath the sky
 More sweet, more worthy is, than firm consent
 Of man and wife in household government.
 It joys their wishers well, their enemies wounds,
 But to themselves the special good redounds.

She answer'd "Stranger! I discern in thee
 Nor sloth, nor folly reigns and yet I see
 Th' art poor and wretched. In which I conclude,
 That industry nor wisdom make endued
 Men with those gifts that make them best to th'
 eye

Jove only orders man's felicity
 To good and bad his pleasure fashions still
 The whole proportion of their good and ill.
 And he, perhaps, hath form'd this plight in thee,
 Of which thou must be patient, as he free.
 But after all thy wand'ring, since thy way
 Both to our earth, and near our city lay
 As being expos'd to our cares to relieve,
 Weeds, and what else a human hand should give
 To one so suppliant and tam'd with woe,
 Thou shalt not want. Our city I will show
 And tell our people's name. This neighbour town,
 And all this kingdom, the Phæacians own.
 And (since thou seem'dst so fain to know my
 birth,

And mad'st a question, if of heav'n or earth,)
 This earth hath bred me and my father's name
 Alcinous is, that in the pow'r and frame
 Of this isle's rule is supereminent.

Thus, passing him, she to the virgins went,
 And said "Give stay both to your feet and
 fright.

Why thus disperse ye for a man's mere sight?
 Esteem you him a Cyclop, that long since
 Made use to prey upon our citizens?

This man no moist man is, (nor wat'rish thing,¹
 That's ever flitting, ever ravishing
 All it can compass, and, like it, doth range
 In rape of women, never stay'd in change)
 This man is truly manly, wise, and stay'd,²
 In soul more rich the more to sense decay'd,
 Who nor will do, nor suffer to be done,
 Acts lewd and abject, nor can such a one
 Greet the Phæacians with a mind envious,
 Dear to the Gods they are, and he is pious,
 Besides, divided from the world we are,
 The out-part of it, billows circular
 The sea revolving round about our shore,
 Nor is there any man that enters more
 Than our own countrymen, with what is brought
 From other countries This man, minding nought
 But his relief, a poor unhappy wretch,
 Wrack'd here, and hath no other land to fetch,
 Him now we must provide for From Jove come³
 All strangers, and the needy of a home,
 Who any gift, though ne'er so small it be,
 Esteem as great, and take it gratefully
 And therefore, virgins, give the stranger food,
 And wine, and see ye bathe him in the flood,
 Near to some shore to shelter most inclin'd
To cold-bath-bathers hurtful is the wind,
 Not only rugged making th' outward skin,
 But by his thin pow'rs pierceth parts within

¹ Διερός βροτός *Cui vitalis vel sensualis humiditas inest*
 βροτός à βέω, ut dicatur quasi βροτός, ἢ ὁ ἐν βροτῇ ὢν, quod nihil
 sit magis fluxum quam homo

² Ἀνὴρ virili animo præditus, fortis, magnanimus Nor are
 those affirmed to be men, qui servile quidpiam et abjectum faciunt,
 vel, facere sustinent according to this of Herodotus in Polym
 πολλοὶ μὲν ἀνθρώποι εἶσι, ὀλίγοι δὲ ἄνδρες Many men s foris
 sustin, but few are men

³ According to another translator

*Ab Jove nam supplex pauper procedit et hospes,
 Res brevis, at chara est, magni quoque muneris instar*

Which I cite to show his good when he keeps him to the original,
 and near in any degree expounds it

This said, their flight in a return they set,
 And did Ulysses with all grace entreat,
 Show'd him a shore, wind-proof, and full of shade,
 By him a shirt and nether mantle laid,
 A golden jug of liquid oil did add,
 Bad wash, and all things as Nausicaa bad.

Divine Ulysses would not use their aid
 But thus bespake them Ev'ry lovely maid,
 Let me entreat to stand a little by *
 That I, alone, the fresh flood may apply
 To cleanse my bosom of the sea wrought brine,
 And then use oil, which long time did not shine
 On my poor shoulders. I'll not wash in sight
 Of fair har'd maidens. I should blush outright,
 To bathe all-bare by such a virgin light.

They mov'd, and mus'd a man had so much grace,
 And told their mistress what a man he was.

He cleans'd his broad soild shoulders, back, and
 head
 Yet never tam'd, but now had foam and weed
 Knit in the fair curls. Which dissolv'd, and he
 Slick'd all with sweet oil, the sweet charity
 The untouch'd virgin show'd in his attire
 He cloth'd him with. Then Pallas put a fire,
 More than before, into his sparkling eyes,
 His late soil set off with his soon fresh guise.
 His locks, cleans'd, curl'd the more, and match'd, in
 pow'r

To please an eye, the hyacinthian flow'r
 And as a workman, that can well combine
 Silver and gold, and make both strive to shine,
 As being by Vulcan, and Minerva too,
 Taught how far either may be urg'd to go
 In strife of eminence, when work sets forth

He taught their youths modesty by his aged judgment. As
receiving the customs of minks then used to that entertainment
 of men, notwithstanding the modesty of that age, could not be
 corrupted inwardly for those outward kind observations of guests
 and strangers and was therefore privileged. It is easy to void
 show and those, that most curiously void the outward con-
 struction are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.

A worthy soul to bodies of such worth,
 No thought reproving th' aet, in any place,
 Nor Art no debt to Nature's liveliest grace,
 So Pallas wrought in him a grace as great
 From head to shoulders, and ashore did seat
 His goodly presenee To which such a guise
 He show'd in going, that it ravish'd eyes
 All which continued, as he sat apart,
 Nausicaa's eye struck wonder through her heart,
 Who thus bespake her consorts "Hear me, you
 Fair-wristed virgins! This rare man, I know,
 Treads not our country-earth, against the will
 Of some God thron'd on th' Olympian hill
 He show'd to me, till now, not worth the note,
 But now he looks as he had godhead got
 I would to heav'n my husband were no worse,
 And would be call'd no better, but the course
 Of other husbands pleas'd to dwell out here
 Observe and serve him with our utmost cheer"

She said, they heard and did He drunk and eat
 Like to a harpy, having touch'd no meat
 A long before time But Nausicaa now
 Thought of the more grace she did lately vow,
 Had horse to chariot join'd, and up she rose,
 Up cheer'd her guest, and said "Guest, now dispose
 Yourself for town, that I may let you see
 My father's court, where all the peers will be
 Of our Phæacian state At all parts, then,
 Observe to whom and what place y' are t' attain,
 Though I need usher you with no advice,
 Since I suppose you absolutely wise
 While we the fields pass, and men's labours there,
 So long, in these maids' guides, directly bear
 Upon my chariot (I must go before
 For cause that after comes, to which this more
 Be my induction) you shall then soon end
 Your way to town, whose tow'rs you see ascend*
 To such a steepness On whose either side

* The city's description so far forth as may in part induce her
 promised reason why she took not Ulysses to coach with her

A fair port stands, to which is nothing wide
An entrers passage on whose both hands ride
Ships in fair harbours which once past, you win
The goodly market place (that circles in
A fane to Neptune, built of curious stone,
And passing ample) where munition,
Gables, and masts, men make, and polish'd oars,
For the Phœacians are not conquerors
By bows nor quivers oars, masts, ships they are
With which they plough the sea, and wage their war
And now the cause comes why I lead the way
Not taking you to coach The men that sway
In work of those tools that so fit our state,
Are rude mechanicals, that rare and late
Work in the market-place and those are they
Whose bitter tongues I shun, who straight would say
(For these vile vulgars are extremely proud,
And foully languag'd) What is he, allow'd
To coach it with Nausicaa, so large set,
And fairly fashion'd? Where were these two met?
He shall be sure her husband. She hath been
Gadding in some place, and, of foreign men
Fitting her fancy kindly brought him home
In her own ship. He must, of force, be come
From some far region we have no such man.
It may be, praying hard, when her heart ran
On some wish'd husband, out of heav'n some God
Dropp'd in her lap, and there lies she at road
Her complete life time. But, in sooth, if she,
Ranging abroad, a husband, such as he
Whom now we saw laid hand on, she was wise,
For none of all our nobles are of prize
Enough for her, he must beyond sea come,
That wins her high mind, and will have her home.
Of our peers many have importun'd her,
Yet she will none. Thus these folks will confer
Behind my back or meeting, to my face
The foul mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.
And this would be reproaches to my fame,
For ev'n myself just anger would inflame,

For if she once be woth to wish you well,
Your hope may instantly your passport seal,
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,
Fair house, and all to which your heart contends.

Thus said, she us'd her shining scourge, and lash'd
Her mules, that soon the shore left where she wash'd
And, knowing well the way their pace was fleet,
And thick they gather'd up their nimble feet.
Which yet she temper'd so, and us'd her scourge¹
With so much skill, as not to over urge
The foot behind, and make them straggle so
From close society Firm together go
Ulysses and her maids. And now the sun
Sunk to the waters, when they all had won
The never fell'd, and sound-exciting, wood,
Sacred to Pallas where the god like good
Ulysses rested, and to Pallas pray'd

Hear me, of goat kept Jove th unconquer'd
Maid!²

Now throughly hear me, since, in all the time
Of all my wrack, my pray'rs could never climb
Thy far-off ears when noiseful Neptune toss'd
Upon his wat'ry bristles my emboss'd
And rock-torn body Hear yet now and deign
I may of the Phæacian state obtain
Pity and grace. Thus pray'd he, and she heard,
By no means yet, expos'd to sight, appear'd,
For fear t offend her uncle, the supreme
Of all the Sea-Gods, whose wrath still extreme
Stood to Ulysses, and would never cease,
Till with his country shore he crown'd his peace.

¹ Not without some little note of our omnissufficient Homer
general touch of the least fitness lying in his way may this courtly
discretion be describes in Nausicaa be observed If you please.

² More of our Poet's curious and sweet plety

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

NAUSICAA arrives at town ,
And then Ulysses He makes known
His suit to Arete , who view
Takes of his vesture which she knew,
And asks him from whose hands it came.
He tells, with all the hapless frame
Of his affairs in all the while
Since he forsook Calypso's isle.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Ητα The honour d minds,
 And welcome things,
Ulysses finds
 In Scheria's kings

THUS pray'd the wise and God-observing man
The Maid, by free force of her palfreys, wan
Access to town, and the renown'd court
Reach'd of her father , where, within the port,
She stay'd her coach, and round about her came
Her brothers, made as of immortal frame,
Who yet disdain'd not, for her love, mean deeds,
But took from coach her mules, brought in her weeds *
And she ascends her chamber , where purvey'd
A quick fire was by her old chamber-maid,
Eurymedusa, th' Apeæan born,
And brought by sea from Apera t' adorn
The court of great Alcinous, because
He gave to all the blest Phæacians laws,
And, like a heav'n-born pow'r in speech, acquir'd
The people's ears To one then so admir'd,
Eurymedusa was esteem'd no worse

* *Hæc fuit illius sæculi simplicitas nam vel fraternus quoque amor tantus fuit, ut libenter hanc redeuntē charissimæ sorori opæram præstulerint Spond*

Than worth the gift yet now grown old, was nurse
To ivory-arm'd Nausicaa, gave heat
To all her fires, and dress'd her privy meat.

Then rose Ulysses, and made way to town
Which ere he reach'd, a mighty mist was thrown
By Pallas round about him, in her care,
Lest, in the sway of envies popular,
Some proud Phæacian might foul language pass,
Jostle him up, and ask him what he was.

Ent'ring the lovely town yet, through the cloud
Pallas appear'd, and like a young wench show'd
Bearing a pitcher, stood before him so
As if objected purposely to know

What there he needed whom he question'd thus

"Know you not, daughter where Alcinous,
That rules this town dwells? I a poor distrest
Mere stranger here, know none I may request
To make this court known to me. She replied

"Strange father I will see you satisfied
In that request. My father dwells just by
The house you seek for but go silently
Nor ask, nor speak to any other I
Shall be enough to show your way The men
That here inhabit do not entertain
With ready kindness strangers, of what worth
Or state soever nor have taken forth
Lessons of civil usage or respect
To men beyond them. They upon their pow'rs
Of swift ships building, top the wat'ry towers,
And Jove hath giv'n them ships, for sail so wrought,
They cut a feather and command a thought. *

This said, she usher'd him, and after he
Trode in the swift steps of the Deity
The free sail'd seamen could not get a sight
Of our Ulysses yet, though he forthright
Both by their houses and their persons past,
Pallas about him such a darkness cast
By her divine pow'r and her rev'rend care,

*Nec ex his uerba propter ipsa, nec velociter velati
per atque coritatio.*

She would not give the town-born cause to stare.

He wonder'd, as he past, to see the ports,
The shipping in them, and for all resorts
The goodly market-steads, and aisles beside
For the heroes, walls so large and wide,
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall,
It would with wonder any eye appall

At last they reach'd the court, and Pallas said
"Now, honour'd stranger, I will see obey'd
Your will, to show our ruler's house, 'tis here,
Where you shall find kings celebrating cheer
Enter amongst them, nor admit a fear

*More bold a man is, he prevails the more,
Though man nor place he ever saw before*

You first shall find the queen in court, whose name
Is Arete, of parents born the same

That was the king her spouse, their pedigree¹

I can report. The great Earth-shaker, he

Of Peribœa (that her sex out-shone,

And youngest daughter was t' Eurymedon,

Who of th' unmeasur'd-minded giants sway'd

Th' imperial sceptre, and the pride allay'd

Of men so impious with cold death, and died

Himself soon after) got the magnified

In mind, Nausithous, whom the kingdom's state

First held in supreme rule Nausithous gat

Rhexenor, and Alcinous, now king

Rhexenor (whose seed did no male fruit spring,

And whom the silver-bow-grac'd Phœbus slew

Young in the court) his shed blood did renew

In only Arete, who now is spouse

To him that rules the kingdom in this house,

And is her uncle king Alcinous,

Who honours her past equal She may boast

More honour of him than the honour'd most²

¹ For the more perspicuity of this pedigree, I have here set down the diagram, as Spondanus hath it Neptune begat Nausithous of Peribœa. By Nausithous, Rhexenor, Alcinous, were begot By Rhexenor, Arete the wife of her uncle Alcinous

² The honour of Arete (or virtue) alleg

Of any wife in earth can of her lord,
 How many more soever realms afford,
 That keep house under husbands. Yet no more
 Her husband honours her than her blest store
 Of gracious children. All the city cast
 Eyes on her as a Goddess, and give taste
 Of their affections to her in their prayers,
 Still as she decks the street for all affairs
 Wrapt in contention, she dissolves to men.
 Whom she affects, she wants no mind to design
 Goodness enough. If her heart stand inclin'd
 To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find,
 Your friends, your longing family and all
 That can within your most affections fall.

This said, away the grey-eyed Goddess flew
 Along th' untam'd sea, left the lovely hue
 Scheria presented, out-flew Marathon,
 And ample-streeted Athens lighted on
 Where to the house, that casts so thick a shade,*
 Of Erechthēus she ingresson made.

Ulysses to the lofty builded court
 Of king Alcous made bold resort
 Yet in his heart cast many a thought, before
 The brazen pavement of the rich court bore
 His enter'd person. Like heav'n's two main lights
 The rooms illustrated both days and nights.
 On ev'ry side stood firm a wall of brass,
 Ev'n from the threshold to the inmost pass,
 Which bore a roof up that all-sapphire was.
 The brazen thresholds both sides did enfold
 Silver pilasters, hung with gates of gold
 Whose portal was of silver over which
 A golden cornice did the front enrich.
 On each side, dogs, of gold and silver fram'd,
 The house's guard stood which the Deity lam'd
 With knowing inwards had inspir'd, and made
 That death nor age should their estates invade.

Along the wall stood ev'ry way a throne,
 From th' entry to the lobby ev'ry one

Casts so thick a shade—ταυρὸς σπινταί.

Cast over with a rich-wrought cloth of state
Beneath which the Phæacian princes sate
At wine and food, and feasted all the year
Youths forg'd of gold, at ev'ry table there,
Stood holding flaming torches, that, in night,
Gave through the house each honour'd guest his light

And, to encounter feast with housewif'ry,
In one room fifty women did apply
Their sev'ral tasks Some apple-colour'd corn
Ground in fair querns, and some did spindles turn,
Some work in looms, no hand least rest receives,
But all had motion apt as aspen leaves
And from the weeds they wove, so fast they laid,
And so thick thrust together thread by thread,
That th' oil, of which the wool had drunk his fill,
Did with his moisture in light dews distill

As much as the Phæacian men excell'd
All other countrymen in art to build
A swift-sail'd ship, so much the women there
For work of webs, past other women were
Past men, by Pallas' means, they understood
The grace of good works, and had wits as good

Without the hall, and close upon the gate,
A goodly orchard-ground was situate,
Of near ten acres, about which was led
A lofty quickset In it flourishéd
High and broad fruit trees, that pomegranates bore,
Sweet figs, pears, olives, and a number more
Most useful plants did there produce their store,
Whose fruits the hardest winter could not kill,
Nor hottest summer wither There was still
Fruit in his proper season all the year
Sweet Zephyr breath'd upon them blasts that were
Of varied tempers These he made to bear
Ripe fruits, these blossoms Pear grew after pear,
Apple succeeded apple, grape the grape,
Fig after fig came, time made never rape
Of any dainty there A spritely vine
Spread here his root, whose fruit a hot sunshine
Made ripe betimes, here grew another green

Here some were gath'ring, here some pressing, seen.
A large-allotted *sevr'al* each fruit had
And all th' adorn'd grounds their appearance made
In flow'r and fruit, at which the king did aim
To the precisest order he could claim

Two fountains grac'd the garden of which, one
Pour'd out a winding stream that over-run
The grounds for their use chiefly th' other went
Close by the lofty palace gate, and lent
The city his sweet benefit. And thus
The Gods the court deck'd of Alcinous.

Patient Ulysses stood a while at gaze,
But, having all observ'd, made instant pace
Into the court where all the peers he found,
And captains of Phæacia, with cups-crown'd
Offering to sharp-eyed Hermes, to whom last
They us'd to sacrifice, when sleep had cast
His inclination through their thoughts. But these
Ulysses pass'd, and forth went nor their eyes
Took note of him, for Pallas stopp'd the light
With mists about him, that, unstay'd, he might
First to Alcinous, and Arete,
Present his person and, of both them, she,
By Pallas' counsel, was to have the grace
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrace
He cast about her knee. And then off flew
The heav'nly air that hid him. When his view
With silence and with admiration strook
The court quite through but thus he silence broke
"Divine Rhexenor's offspring, Arete,
To thy most honour'd husband, and to thee,
A man whom many labours have distress'd
Is come for comfort, and to ev'ry guest.
To all whom heav'n vouchsafe delightful lives,
And after to your issue that survives
A good resignation of the goods ye leave,
With all the honour that yourselves receive
Amongst your people. Only this of me
Is the ambition that I may but see
(By your vouchsaf'd means, and betimes vouchsaf'd)

My country-earth , since I have long been left
To labours, and to errors, barr'd from end,
And far from benefit of any friend "

He said no more, but left them dumb with that,
Went to the hearth, and in the ashes sat,
Aside the fire At last their silence brake,
And Echineus, th' old heroe, spake ,
A man that all Phæacians pass'd in years,
And in persuasive eloquence all the peers,
Knew much, and us'd it well , and thus spake he

" Alcinous ! It shews not decently,
Nor doth your honour what you see admit,
That this your guest should thus abjectly sit,
His chair the earth, the hearth his cushion,
Ashes as if appos'd for food A throne,
Adorn'd with due rites, stands you more in hand
To see his person plac'd in, and command
That instantly your heralds fill-in wine,
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine
We may do sacrifice , for he is there,
Where these his rev'rend suppliants appear
Let what you have within be brought abroad,
To sup the stranger All these would have show'd
This fit respect to him, but that they stay
For your precedence, that should grace the way "

When this had added to the well-inclin'd
And sacred order of Alcinous' mind,
Then of the great-in-wit the hand he seis'd,
And from the ashes his fair person rais'd,
Advanc'd him to a well-adorn'd throne,
And from his seat rais'd his most lov'd son,
Laodamas, that next himself was set,
To give him place The handmaid then did get
An ewer of gold, with water fill'd, which plac'd
Upon a caldron, all with silver grac'd,
She pour'd out on their hands And then was spread
A table, which the butler set with bread,
As others serv'd with other food the board,
In all the choice the present could afford
Ulysses meat and wine took , and then thus

The king the herald call'd "Pontonous!
 Serve wine through all the house, that all may pay
 Rites to the Lightner who is still in way
 With humble suppliants, and them pursues
 With all benign and hospitable dues."

Pontonous gave act to all he will'd,
 And honey-sweetness-giving-minds wine fill'd,¹
 Disposing it in cups for all to drink.
 All having drunk what either's heart could think
Fit for due sacrifice, Alcinous said
 "Hear me, ye dukes that the Phæacians lead,
 And you our counsellors, that I may now
 Discharge the charge my mind suggests to you,
 For this our guest Feast past, and this night's sleep,
 Next morn, our senate summon'd, we will keep
 Justs, sacred to the Gods, and this our guest
 Receive in solemn court with fitting feast
 Then think of his return, that, under hand
 Of our deduction, his natural land
 (Without more toil or care, and with delight,
 And that soon giv'n him, how far hence distant
 Soever it can be) he may ascend
 And in the mean time without wrong attend,
 Or other want, fit means to that ascent.²
 What, after austere Fates shall make th' event
 Of his life's thread, now spanning, and began
 When his pain'd mother freed his root of man,
 He must endure in all kinds. If some God
 Perhaps abides with us in his abode,
 And other things will think upon than we,
 The Gods' wills stand, who ever yet were free
 Of their appearance to us, when to them
 We offer'd hecatombs of fit esteem,
 And would at least sit with us, ev'n where we
 Order'd our session. They would likewise be
 Encount'ers of us, when in way alone

¹ The word that bears this long epithet is translated only *dulce* which signifies more. *Μελιππονα σίωρ ελπιον. Vinum quod melle dulced ut animam perfundit et oblectat*

² Ascent to his country's shore.

About his fit affairs went any one
 Nor let them cloak themselves in any care
 To do us comfort, we as near them are,
 As are the Cyclops, or the impious race *
 Of earthy giants, that would heav'n outface "

Ulysses answer'd "Let some other doubt
 Employ your thoughts than what your words give out,
 Which intimate a kind of doubt that I
 Should shadow in this shape a Deity
 I bear no such least semblance, or in wit,
 Virtue, or person What may well besit
 One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know
 Bears up and down the burthen of the woe
 Appropriate to poor man, give that to me,
 Of whose moans I sit in the most degree,
 And might say more, sustaining griefs that all
 The Gods consent to, no one 'twixt their fall
 And my unptied shoulders letting down
 The least diversion Be the grace then shown,
 To let me taste your free-giv'n food in peace
Through greatest grief the belly must have ease,
Worse than an envious belly nothing is
 It will command his strict necessities,
 Of men most griev'd in body or in mind,
 That are in health, and will not give their kind
 A desp'rate wound When most with cause I grieve,
 It bids me still, Eat, man, and drink, and live,
 And this makes all forgot Whatever ill

* Eustathius will have this comparison of the Phæaciens with the Giants and Cyclops to proceed out of the inveterate virulency of Antinous to the Cyclops, who were cause (as is before said) of their remove from their country, and with great endeavour labours the approbation of it, but (under his perce) from the purpose for the sense of the Poet is clear that the Cyclops and Giants being in part the issue of the Gods and yet afterward their defiers (as Polyp hereafter dares profess) Antinous (out of bold and manly reason, even to the face of one that might have been a God, for the past manly appearance he made there) would tell him, and the rest in him, that if they graced those Cyclops with their open appearance, that, though descended from them, durst yet deny them, they might much more do them the honour of their open presence that adored them

I ever bear, it ever bids me fill.

But this ease is but forc'd, and will not last,
Till what the mind likes be as well embrac'd
And therefore let me wish you would partake
In your late purpose when the morn shall make
Her next appearance, deign me but the grace,
Unhappy man, that I may once embrace
My country-earth. Though I be still thrust at
By ancient ills, yet make me but see that.
And then let life go, when withal I see
My high-roof'd large house, lands, and family
This all approv'd and each will'd ev'ry one,
Since he hath said so fairly set him gone.

Feast past and sacrifice, to sleep all vow
Their eyes at either's house. Ulysses now
Was left here with Alcinous, and his Queen,
The all-lov'd Arete. The handmaids then
The vessel of the banquet took away
When Arete set eye on his array
Knew both his out and under weed, which she
Made with her maids and mus'd by what means he
Obtain'd their wearing which she made request
To know and wings gave to these speeches "Guest!
First let me ask, what, and from whence you are?
And then, who grac'd you with the weeds you wear?
Said you not lately you had err'd at seas,
And thence arriv'd here? Laertiades
To this thus answer'd 'Tis a pain, O Queen,
Still to be opening wounds wrought deep, and green,
Of which the Gods have open'd store in me
Yet your will must be serv'd. Far hence, at sea,
There lies an isle, that bears Ogygia's name,
Where Atlas' daughter the ingenious dame,
Fair-hair'd Calypso lives a Goddess grave,
And with whom men nor Gods society have
Yet I, past man unhappy liv'd alone,
By Heav'n's wrath forc'd, her house-companion.
For Jove had with a fervent lightning cleft
My ship in twain, and far at black sea left
Me and my soldiers all whose lives I lost.

I in mine arms the keel took, and was tost
Nine days together up from wave to wave
The tenth grim night, the angry Deities drave
Me and my wrack on th' isle, in which doth dwell
Dreadful Calypso, who exactly well
Receiv'd and nourish'd me, and promise made
To make me deathless, nor should age invade
My pow'rs with his deserts through all my days
All mov'd not me, and therefore, on her stays,
Sev'n years she made me lie, and there spent I
The long time, steeping in the misery
Of ceaseless tears the garments I did wear,
From her fair hand The eighth revolv'd year
(Or by her chang'd mind, or by charge of Jove)
She gave provok'd way to my wish'd remove,
And in a many-jointed ship, with wine
Dainty in savour, bread, and weeds divine,
Sign'd, with a harmless and sweet wind, my pass
Then sev'nteen days at sea I homeward was,
And by the eighteenth the dark hills appear'd
That your earth thrusts up Much my heart was
cheer'd,
Unhappy man, for that was but a beam,
To show I yet had agonies extreme
To put in suff'rance, which th' Earth-shaker sent,
Crossing my way with tempests violent,
Unmeasur'd seas up-lifting, nor would give
The billows leave to let my vessel live
The least time quiet, that ev'n sigh'd to bear
Their bitter outrage, which, at last, did tear
Her sides in pieces, set on by the winds
I yet through-swum the waves that your shore
binds,
Till wind and water threw me up to it,
When, coming forth, a ruthless billow smit
Against huge rocks, and an accessless shore,
My mangl'd body Back again I bore,
And swum till I was fall'n upon a flood,
Whose shores, methought, on good advantage stood
For my receipt, rock-free, and fenc'd from wind,

And this I put for gath'ring up my mind.
 Then the divine night came, and treading earth,
 Close by the flood that had from Jove her birth,
 Within a thicket I repos'd when round
 I ruffled up fall'n leaves in heap and found,
 Let fall from heav'n a sleep interminate.
 And here my heart, long time excruciate,
 Amongst the leaves I rested all that night,
 Ev'n till the morning and meridian light.
 The sun declining then, delightful sleep
 No longer laid my temples in his steep,
 But forth I went, and on the shore might see
 Your daughter's maids play Like a Dæty
 She shund above them and I pray'd to her
 And she in disposition did prefer
 Noblesse, and wisdom, no more low than might
 Become the goodness of a Goddess' height.
 Nor would you therefore hope, suppos'd distress
 As I was then, and old, to find the least
 Of any grace from her being younger far
With young folks Wisdom makes her commerce rare
 Yet she in all abundance did bestow
 Both wine, that makes the blood in humans grow *
 And food, and bath'd me in the flood, and gave
 The weeds to me which now ye see me have.
 Thus through my griefs I tell you, and 'tis true.

Alcinous answer'd Guest I my daughter knew
 Least of what most you give her nor became
 The course she took, to let with ev'ry dame
 Your person lackey nor hath with them brought
 Yourself home too which first you had besought."

O blame her not, said he, heroical lord,
 Nor let me hear against her worth a word.
 She faultless is, and wish'd I would have gone
 With all her women home, but I alone
 Would venture my receipt here, having fear
 And rev'rend awe of accidents that were
 Of likely issue both your wrath to move,
 And to inflame the common people's love

Attop' airon Vinum calfaciendi vinu habens

Of speaking ill, to which they soon give place
We men are all a most suspicious race"

"My guest," said he, "I use not to be stirr'd
To wrath too rashly, and where are preferr'd
To men's conceits things that may both ways fail,
The noblest ever should the most prevail
Would Jove our Father, Pallas, and the Sun,
That, were you still as now, and could but run
One fate with me, you would my daughter wed,
And be my son-in-law, still vow'd to lead
Your rest of life here! I a house would give,
And household goods, so freely you would live,
Confin'd with us But 'gainst your will shall none
Contain you here, since that were violence done
To Jove our Father For your passage home,
That you may well know we can overcome
So great a voyage, thus it shall succeed
To-morrow shall our men take all their heed,
While you securely sleep, to see the seas
In calmest temper, and, if that will please,
Show you your country and your house ere night,
Though far beyond Eubœa be that sight
And this Eubœa, as our subjects say
That have been there and seen, is far away,
Farthest from us of all the parts they know,
And made the trial when they help'd to row
The gold-lock'd Rhadamanth, to give him view
Of earth-born Tityus, whom their speeds did show
In that far-off Eubœa, the same day
They set from hence, and home made good their way
With ease again, and him they did convey
Which I report to you, to let you see
How swift my ships are, and how matchlessly
My young Phæacians with their oars prevail,
To beat the sea through, and assist a sail"

This cheer'd Ulysses, who in private pray'd
"I would to Jove our Father, what he said,
He could perform at all parts, he should then
Be glorified for ever, and I gain
My natural country" This discourse they had,

When fair-arm'd Arete her handmaids bad
A bed make in the portico, and ply
With clothes, the cov'ring tapestry
The blankets purple well-napp'd waistcoats too,
To wear for more warmth. What these had to do
They torches took and did. The bed purvey'd,
They mov'd Ulysses for his rest, and said

"Come guest, your bed is fit, now smme to rest.
Motion of sleep was gracious to their guest
Which now he took profoundly being laid
Within a loop-hole tow'r where was convey'd
The sounding portico. The King took rest
In a retir'd part of the house where drest
The Queen her self a bed, and trundlebed,
And by her lord repos'd her rev'rend head.

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE Peers of the Phæacian State
A Council call, to console
Ulysses with all means for home
The Council to a banquet come
Invited by the King Which done,
Assays for hurling of the stone
The youths make with the stranger-king
Demodocus, at feast, doth sing
The adultery of the God of Arms
With Her that rules in amorous charms,
And after sings the intercourse
Of acts about th' Epeian horse

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Θῆτα The council's frame
At fleet applied
In strifes of game
Ulysses tried

Now when the rosy-finger'd Morn arose,
The sacred pow'r Alcinous did dispose
Did likewise rise, and, like him, left his ease
The city-razer Laertiades
The Council at the navy was design'd,
To which Alcinous, with the sacred mind,
Came first of all On polish'd stones they sate,
Near to the navy To increase the state,
Minerva took the herald's form on her,
That serv'd Alcinous, studious to prefer
Ulysses' suit for home About the town
She made quick way, and fill'd with the renown
Of that design the ears of ev'ry man,
Proclaiming thus "Peers Phæacensian!
And Men of Council, all haste to the court,
To hear the stranger that made late resort

To King Alcinous, long time lost at sea,
And is in person like a Deity

This all their pow'rs set up, and spirit instill'd,
And straight the court and seats with men were fill'd.
The whole state wonder'd at Laertes' son,
When they beheld him. Pallas put him on
A supernatural and heav'nly dress,
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodliness
In breast and shoulders, that he might appear
Gracious, and grave, and reverend, and bear
A perfect hand on his performance there
In all the trials they resolv'd to impose.

All met, and gather'd in attention close,
Alcinous thus bespoke them Dukes, and lords,
Hear me digest my hearty thoughts in words.
This stranger here, whose travels sound my court,
I know not, nor can tell if his resort
From East or West comes but his suit is this
That to his country-earth we would dismiss
His hither-forc'd person, and doth bear
The mind to pass it under ev'ry peer
Whom I prepare, and stir up, making known
My free desire of his deduction.

Nor shall there ever any other man
That tries the goodness Phæacensian
In me, and my court's entertainment, stay
Mourning for passage, under least delay
Come then, a ship into the sacred seas,
New built, now launch we and from out our prease
Choose two-and-fifty youths, of all the best
To use an oar All which see straight imprest,
And in their oar-bound seats. Let others hie
Home to our court, commanding instantly
The solemn preparation of a feast,
In which provision may for any guest
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things
I give our youth. You, sceptre-bearing kings,
Consort me home, and help with grace to use
This guest of ours no one man shall refuse.

Some other of you haste, and call to us

The sacred singer, grave Demodocus,
To whom hath God giv'n song that can excite
The heart of whom he listeth with delight "
This said, he led The sceptre-bearers lent
Their free attendance, and with all speed went
The herald for the sacred man-in-song
Youths two-and-fifty, chosen from the throng,
Went, as was will'd, to the untam'd sea's shore,
Where come, they launch'd the ship, the mast it bore
Advanc'd, sails hois'd, ev'ry seat his oar
Gave with a leather thong The deep moist then
They further reach'd The dry streets flow'd with men,
That troop'd up to the king's capacious court,
Whose porticos were chok'd with the resort,
Whose walls were hung with men, young, old, thrust
there

In mighty concourse, for whose promis'd cheer
Alcinous slew twelve sheep, eight white-tooth'd swine,
Two crook-haunch'd beeves, which flay'd and dress'd,
divine

The show was of so many a jocund guest,
All set together at so set a feast
To whose accomplish'd state the herald then
The lovely singer led, who past all mean
The Muse affected, gave him good, and ill,
His eyes put out, but put in soul at will
His place was giv'n him in a chair all grac'd
With silver studs, and 'gainst a pillar plac'd,
Where, as the centre to the state, he rests,
And round about the circle of the guests
The herald on a pin above his head
His soundful harp hung, to whose height he led
His hand for taking of it down at will,
A board set by with food, and forth did fill
A bowl of wine, to drink at his desire
The rest then fell to feast, and, when the fire
Of appetite was quench'd, the Muse inflam'd
The sacred singer Of men highest fam'd
He sung the glories, and a poem penn'd,
That in applause did ample heav'n ascend

Whose subject was, the stern Contenti^on
 Betwixt Ulysses and great Thetis' son,
 As, at a banquet sacred to the Gods,
 In dreadful language they express'd their odds.
 When Agamemnon sat rejoic'd in soul
 To hear the Greek peers jar in terms so foul
 For augur Phœbus in presage had told
 The king of men (desirous to unfold
 The war's perplex'd end, and being therefore gone
 In heav'nly Pythia to the porch of stone,)
 That then the end of all griefs should begin
 Twixt Greece and Troy when Greece (with strife
 to win

That wish'd conclusion) in her kings should jar
 And plead, if force or wit must end the war

This brave Contenti^on did the poet sing,
 Expressing so the spleen of either king,
 That his large purple weed Ulysses held
 Before his face and eyes, since thence distill'd
 Tears uncontain'd which he obscur'd, in fear
 To let th' observing presence note a tear
 But, when his sacred song the mere divine
 Had giv'n an end, a goblet crown'd with wine
 Ulysses, drying his wet eyes, did seize,*
 And sacrific'd to those Gods that would please
 T' inspire the poet with a song so fit
 To do him honour and renown his wit.
 His tears then stay'd. But when again began,
 By all the kings' desires, the moving man,
 Again Ulysses could not choose but yield
 To that soft passion, which again, withheld,
 He kept so cunningly from sight, that none,
 Except Alcinous himself alone,
 Discern'd him mov'd so much. But he sat next,
 And heard him deeply sigh, which his pretext
 Could not keep hid from him. Yet he conceal'd
 His utterance of it, and would have it held
 From all the rest, brake off the song, and this

The continued piety of Ulysses through all places, times, and occasions.

Said to those oar-affecting peers of his
 "Princes, and peers ! We now are satiate
 With sacred song that fits a feast of state,
 With wine and food Now then to field, and try
 In all kinds our approv'd activity,
 That this our guest may give his friends to know,
 In his return, that we as little owe
 To fights and wrastlings, leaping, speed of race,
 As these our court-rites, and commend our grace
 In all to all superior " Forth he led,
 The peers and people troop'd up to their head
 Nor must Demodocus be left within,
 Whose harp the herald hung upon the pin,
 His hand in his took, and abroad he brought
 The heav'nly poet, out the same way wrought
 That did the princes, and what they would see
 With admiration, with his company
 They wish'd to honour To the place of game
 These throng'd, and after routs of other came,
 Of all sort, infinite Of youths that strove,
 Many and strong rose to their trial's love
 Up rose Acroneus, and Ocyalus,
 Elatreus, Prymneus, and Anchialus,*
 Nauteus, Eretmeus, Thoon, Proreus,
 Ponteus, and the strong Amphialus
 Son to Tectonides Polyneus
 Up rose to these the great Euryalus,
 In action like the Homicide of War
 Naubolides, that was for person far
 Past all the rest, but one he could not pass,
 Nor any thought improve, Laodamas
 Up Anabesineus then arose,
 And three sons of the Sceptre-state, and those
 Were Halus, the fore-prais'd Laodamas,
 And Clytoneus like a God in grace

* Since the Phæacians were not only dwellers by sea, but studious also of sea qualities, their names seem to usurp their faculties therein All consisting of sea-firing signification, except Laodamas As Acroneus, *summa seu extrema navis pars* Ocyalus, *velox in mari* Elatreus, or 'Ελατηρ, ἐλατήρος, *Remer*, etc

These first the foot-game tried, and from the lists
Took start together Up the dust in mists
They hurld about, as in their speed they flew
But Clytneus first of all the crew
A stich's length in any fallow field
Made good his pace when, where the judges yield
The prize and praise, his glorious speed arriv'd.
Next, for the boist'rous wrestling game they striv'd
At which Euryalus the rest outshone.
At leap Amphialus. At the hollow stone
Elatreus excell'd. At boffets, last,
Laodamas, the king's fair son, surpast.

When all had striv'd in these assays their fill,
Laodamas said Come friends, let's prove what skill
This stranger hath attain'd to in our sport.
Methinks, he must be of the active sort,
His calves, thighs, hands, and well-knit shoulders show
That Nature disposition did bestow
To fit with fact their form. Nor wants he prime.
But sour affliction, made a mate with time,
Makes time the more seen. Nor imagine I,
A worse thing to enforce debility
Than is the sea, though nature ne'er so strong
Knits one together Nor conceive you wrong,
Replied Euryalus, but prove his blood
With what you question^b In the midst then stood
Renown'd Laodamas, and prov'd him thus

Come, stranger father and assay with us
Your pow'rs in these contentions. If your show
Be answer'd with your worth, tis fit that you
Should know these conflicts. Nor doth glory stand
On any worth more, in a man's command,
Than to be strenuous both of foot and hand.
Come then, make proof with us, discharge your mind
Of discontentments for not far behind
Comes your deduction, ship is ready now *
And men, and all things.^a Why said he, dost
thou

The word is *ἀπομνήστις*, signifying *deductio quæ transvehendum curamus cum qui nobiscum aliquando est verctus*.

Mock me, Laodamas, and these strifes bind
My pow'rs to answer? I am more inclin'd
To cares than conflict Much sustain'd I have,
And still am suff'ring I come here to crave,
In your assemblies, means to be dismiss,
And pray both kings and subjects to assist "

Euryalus an open brawl began,
And said "I take you, sir, for no such man
As fits these honour'd strifes A number more
Strange men there are that I would choose before
To one that loves to lie aship-board much,
Or is the prince of sailors, or to such
As traffic far and near, and nothing mind
But freight, and passage, and a foreright wind,
Or to a victualler of a ship, or men
That set up all their pow'rs for rampant gain,
I can compare, or hold you like to be
But, for a wrastler, or of quality
Fit for contentions noble, you abhor
From worth of any such competitor "
Ulysses, frowning, answer'd "Stranger, far
Thy words are from the fashions regular
Of kind, or honour Thou art in thy guise
Like to a man that authors injuries *
I see, the Gods to all men give not all
Manly addiction, wisdom, words that fall,
Like dice, upon the square still Some man takes
Ill form from parents, but God often makes
That fault of form up with observ'd repair
Of pleasing speech, that makes him held for fair,
That makes him speak securely, makes him shine
In an assembly with a grace divine
Men take delight to see how ev'nly lie
His words asteep in honey modesty
Another, then, hath fashion like a God,
But in his language he is foul and broad
And such art thou A person fair is giv'n,
But nothing else is in thee sent from heav'n,
For in thee lurks a base and earthy soul,

* 'Αράσθαλος *damnorum magnorum auctor*

And t' hast compell'd me, with a speech most foul,
To be thus bitter I am not unseen
In these fair strifes, as thy words overween,
But in the first rank of the best I stand
At least I did, when youth and strength of hand
Made me thus confident, but now am worn
With woes and labours, as a human born
To bear all anguish. Suffer'd much I have.
The war of men and the inhuman war,
Have I driv'n through at all parts. But with all
My waste in suffrance, what yet may fall
In my performance, at these strifes I'll try
Thy speech hath mov'd, and made my wrath run
high.

This said, with robe and all, he grasp'd a stone,
A little graver than was ever thrown
By these Phæacians in their wrastling rout,
More firm, more massy which, turn'd round about,
He hurried from him with a hand so strong
It sung, and flew and over all the throng,
That at the others' marks stood, quite it went
Yet down fell all beneath it, fearing spent
The force that drove it flying from his hand,
As it a dart were, or a walking wand
And far past all the marks of all the rest
His wing stole way when Pallas straight imprest
A mark at fall of it, resembling then
One of the navy-giv'n Phæacian men,
And thus advanc'd Ulysses "One, though blind,
O stranger groping, may thy stone's fall find,
For not amidst the rout of marks it fell,
But far before all. Of thy worth think well,
And stand in all strifes. No Phæacian here
Thus bound can either better or come near
Ulysses joy'd to hear that one man yet
Us'd him benignly and would truth abet
In those contentions and then thus smooth
He took his speech down Reach me that now
youth,
You shall, and straight I think, have one such more,

And one beyond it too And now, whose eore
 Stands sound and great within him, since ye have
 Thus put my spleen up, come again and brave
 The guest ye tempted, with such gross disgrace,
 At wrastring, buffets, whirlbat, speed o' race,
 At all, or either, I except at none,
 But urge the whole state of you, only one,
 I will not challenge in my forced boast,
 And that's Laodamas, for he's mine host *
 And who will fight, or wrangle, with his friend?
 Unwise he is, and base, that will contend
 With him that feeds him in a foreign place,
 And takes all edge off from his own sought grace
 None else except I here, nor none despise,
 But wish to know, and prove his faculties,
 That dares appear now No strife ye can name
 Am I unskill'd in, reckon any game
 Of all that are, as many as there are
 In use with men For archery I dare
 Affirm myself not mean Of all a troop
 I'll make the first foe with mine arrow stoop,
 Though with me ne'er so many fellows bend
 Their bows at mark'd men, and affect their end
 Only was Philoctetes with his bow
 Still my superior, when we Greeks would show
 Our archery against our foes of Troy
 But all, that now by bread frail life enjoy,
 I far hold my inferiors Men of old,
 None now alive shall witness me so bold,
 To vaunt equality with, such men as these,
 Œchalián Eurytus, Hercules,
 Who with their bows durst with the Gods contend,
 And therefore caught Eurytus soon his end,
 Nor died at home, in age, a rev'rend man

* He names Laodamas only for all the other brothers, since in his exception, the others envies were curbed for brothers either were or should be of one acceptation in all fit things. And Laodamas, he calls his host, being eldest son to Alcinous the heir being ever the young master, nor might he conveniently prefer Alcinous in his exception, since he stood not in competition at these contentions

But by the great incens'd Delphian
Was shot to death, for daring competence
With him in all an archer's excellence.
A spear I'll hurl as far as any man
Shall shoot a shaft. How at a race I can
Bestir my feet, I only yield to fear
And doubt to meet with my superior here.
So many seas so too much have misus'd
My limbs for race, and therefore have diffus'd
A dissolution through my loved knees.

This said, he still'd all talking properties.
Alcinous only answer'd O my guest,
In good part take we what you have been prest
With speech to answer You would make appear
Your virtues therefore, that will still shine where
Your only look is. Yet must this man give
Your worth ill language when, he does not live
In sort of mortals (whencesoe'er he springs,
That judgment hath to speak becoming things)
That will deprave your virtues. Note then now
My speech, and what my love presents to you,
That you may tell heroes, when you come
To banquet with your wife and birth at home,
(Mindful of our worth) what deservings Jove
Hath put on our parts likewise, in remove
From sire to son, as an inherent grace
Kind and perpetual We must needs give place
To other countrymen, and freely yield
We are not blameless in our fights of field,
Buffets, nor wrastlings but in speed of feet,
And all the equipage that fits a fleet,
We boast us best for table ever spread
With neighbour feasts, for garments varied
For poesy music, dancing, baths, and beds.
And now Phæacians, you that bear your heads
And feet with best grace in enamouring dance,
Enflame our guest here, that he may advance
Our worth past all the worlds to his home-friends,
As well for the unmatched grace that commends
Your skill in footing of a dance as theirs

That fly a race best And so, all affairs,
At which we boast us best, he best may try,
As sea-race, land-race, dance, and poesy
Some one with instant speed to court retire,
And fetch Demodocus's soundful lyre "

This said the God-grac'd king, and quick resort
Pontonous made for that fair harp to court

Nine of the lot-choos'd public rulers rose,
That all in those contentions did dispose,
Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,
And all the people in fair game aside

Then with the rich harp came Pontonous,
And in the midst took place Demodocus
About him then stood forth the choice young men,*
That on man's first youth made fresh entry then,
Had art to make their natural motion sweet,
And shook a most divine dance from their feet,
That twinkled star-like, mov'd as swift, and fine,
And beat the air so thin, they made it shine
Ulysses wonder'd at it, but amaz'd
He stood in mind to hear the dance so phras'd
For, as they danc'd, Demodocus did sing,
The bright-crown'd Venus' love with Battle's King,
As first they closely mix'd in th' house of fire
What worlds of gifts won her to his desire,
Who then the night-and-day-bed did defile
Of good king Vulcan But in little while
The Sun their mixture saw, and came and told
The bitter news did by his ears take hold
Of Vulcan's heart Then to his forge he went,
And in his shrewd mind deep stuff did invent
His mighty anvil in the stock he put,
And forg'd a net that none could loose or cut,
That when it had them it might hold them fast
Which having finish'd, he made utmost haste
Up to the dear room where his wife he woo'd,
And, madly wrath with Mars, he all bestrow'd
The bed, and bed-posts, all the beam above

* *Μαρμαρυγὰς ποδῶν* *Μαρμαρυγή* signifies *splendor vibrans*,
a twinkled splendor *μαρμαρύσσειν*, *vibrare veluti radios solares*

That cross'd the chamber and a circle strove
Of his device to wrap in all the room.
And 'twas as pure, as of a spider's loom
The woof before us wov'n. No man nor God
Could set his eye on it, a sleight so odd
His art show'd in it. All his craft bespent
About the bed, he feign'd as if he went
To well-built Lemnos, his most lov'd town
Of all towns earthly nor left this unknown
To golden-bridle wing Mars, who kept
No blind watch over him, but, seeing slept
His rival so aside, he hasted home
With fair wreath'd Venus' love stung, who was come
New from the court of her most mighty Sire.
Mars enter'd, wrung her hand, and the return
Her husband made to Lemnos told, and said
"Now love, is Vulcan gone, let us to bed,
He's for the barbarous Sintiars. Well appay'd
Was Venus with it and afresh assay'd
Their old encounter. Down they went and straight
About them cling'd the artificial sleight
Of most wise Vulcan and were so ensnar'd,
That neither they could stir their course prepar'd
In any limb about them, nor arise.
And then they knew they would no more disguise
Their close conveyance, but lay forc'd, stone-still.
Back rush'd the both-foot-cook'd, but straight in skill,
From his near scent hole turn'd, nor ever went
To any Lemnos, but the sure event
Left Phœbus to discover, who told all.
Then home hopp'd Vulcan, full of grief and gall,
Stood in the portal, and cried out so high,
That all the Gods heard. Father of the sky
And ev'ry other deathless God, said he,
"Come all, and a ridiculous object see,
And yet not sufferable neither. Come,
And witness how when still I step from home,
Lame that I am, Jove's daughter doth profess
To do me all the shameful offices,
Indignities, despites, that can be thought

Alone, and only to the harp advance,
Without the words And this sweet couple was
Young Halius, and divine Laodamas,
Who danc'd a ball-dance Then the rich-wrought
ball,

That Polybus had made, of purple all,
They took to hand One threw it to the sky,
And then danc'd back, the other, capering high,
Would surely catch it ere his foot touch'd ground,
And up again advanc'd it, and so found
The other cause of dance, and then did he
Dance lofty tricks, till next it came to be
His turn to catch, and serve the other still
When they had kept it up to either's will,
They then danc'd ground tricks, oft mix'd hand in
hand,

And did so gracefully their change command,
That all the other youth that stood at pause,
With deaf'ning shouts, gave them the great applause
Then said Ulysses "O, past all men here
Clear, not in pow'r, but in desert as clear,
You said your dancers did the world surpass,
And they perform it clear, and to amaze"

This won Alcinous' heart, and equal prize
He gave Ulysses, saying "Matchless wise,
Princes and rulers, I perceive our guest,
And therefore let our hospitable best
In fitting gifts be giv'n him Twelve chief kings
There are that order all the glorious things
Of this our kingdom, and, the thirteenth, I
Exist, as crown to all Let instantly
Be thirteen garments giv'n him, and of gold
Precious, and fine, a talent While we hold
This our assembly, be all fetch'd, and giv'n,
That to our feast prepar'd, as to his heav'n,
Our guest may enter And, that nothing be
Left unperform'd that fits his dignity,
Euryalus shall here conciliate
Himself with words and gifts, since past our rate
He gave bad language" This did all commend

And give in charge and ev'ry king did send
His herald for his gift. Euryalus,
Answering for his part, said Alcinous !
Our chief of all, since you command, I will
To this our guest by all means reconcile,
And give him this entirely metall'd sword,
The handle massy silver and the board,
That gives it cover all of ivory
New and in all kinds worth his quality

This put he straight into his hand, and said
"Frolic, O guest and father if words fled
Have been offensive, let swift whirlwinds take
And ravish them from thought. May all Gods make
Thy wife's sight good to thee, in quick retreat
To all thy friends, and best lov'd breeding seat,
Their long miss quitting with the greater joy
In whose sweet vanish all thy worst annoy"

And frolic thou to all height, friend, said he,
"Which heav'n confirm with wish'd felicity
Nor ever give again desire to thee
Of this sword's use, which with affects so free,
In my reclaim, thou hast bestow'd on me.

This said, athwart his shoulders he put on
The right fair sword and then did set the sun
When all the gifts were brought, which back again
(With king Alcinous in all the train)
Were by the honour'd heralds borne to court
Which his fair sons took, and from the resort
Laid by their rev'rend mother Each his throne
Of all the peers (which yet were overhorne
In king Alcinous' command) ascended
Whom he to pass as much in gifts contended,
And to his queen said Wife ! See brought me here
The fairest cabinet I have, and there
Impose a well-cleans'd in, and utter weed.
A caldron heat with water, that with speed
Our guest well-bath'd, and all his gifts made sure,
It may a joyful appetite procure
To his succeeding feast, and make him hear
The poet's hymn with the securer ear

To all which I will add my bowl of gold,
In all frame curious, to make him hold
My memory always dear, and sacrifice
With it at home to all the Deities "

Then Arete her maids charg'd to set on
A well-siz'd caldron quickly Which was done,
Clear water pour'd in, flame made so entire,
It gilt the brass, and made the water fire
In mean space, from her chamber brought the queen
A wealthy cabinet, where, pure and clean,
She put the garments, and the gold bestow'd
By that free state, and then the other vow'd
By her Alcinous, and said "Now, guest,
Make close and fast your gifts, lest, when you rest
Aship-board sweetly, in your way you meet
Some loss, that less may make your next sleep sweet "

This when Ulysses heard, all sure he made
Enclos'd and bound safe , for the saving trade
The rev'rend-for-her-wisdom, Circe, had
In foreyears taught him 'Then the handmaid bad
His worth to bathing , which rejoic'd his heart,
For, since he did with his Calypso part,
He had no hot baths , none had favour'd him,
Nor been so tender of his kingly limb
But all the time he spent in her abode,
He liv'd respected as he were a God

Cleans'd then and balm'd, fair shirt and robe put
on,
Fresh come from bath, and to the feasters gone,
Nausicaa, that from the Gods' hands took
The sov'reign beauty of her bless'd look,
Stood by a well-carv'd column of the room,
And through her eye her heart was overcome
With admiration of the port imprest
In his aspéct, and said "God save you, guest !
Be cheerful, as in all the future state
Your home will show you in your better fate
But yet, ev'n then, let this remember'd be,
Your life's price I lent, and you owe it me "
The varied-in-all-counsels gave reply

"Nausicaa! Flower of all this empery I
So Juno's husband, that the strife for noise
Makes in the clouds bless me with strife of joys,
In the dear'd day that my house shall show
As I as I to a Goddess there shall vow,
To thy fair hand that did my being give,
Which I'll acknowledge ev'ry hour I live

Thus said, Alcinous plac'd him by his side
Then took they feast, and did in parts divide
The sev'ral dishes, fill'd out wine, and then
The striv'd-for-for his-worth of worthy men,*
And rev'renc'd-of the-state, Demodocus
Was brought in by the good Iontonous.
In midst of all the guests they gave him place,
Against a lofty pillar when this grace
The grac'd with wisdom did him from the clune
That stood before him, of a white tooth'd swine
Being far the daintiest joint, mix'd through with fat,
He carv'd to him, and sent it where he sat
By his old friend the herald, willing thus

Herald, reach this to grave Demodocus,
Say I salute him, and his worth embrace.
Poets deserve, past all the human race,
Rev'rend respect and honour since the queen
Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men,
The Muse, informs them, and loves all their race.

This reach'd the herald to him, who the grace
Receiv'd encourag'd which, when feast was spent,
Ulysses amplified to this ascent

Demodocus! I must prefer you far
Past all your sort, if or the Muse of war
Jove's daughter prompts you, that the Greeks respects,
Or if the Sun, that those of Troy affects.
For I have heard you, since my coming sing
The fate of Greece to an admir'd string
How much our sufferance was, how much we wrought
How much the actions rose to when we fought.
So lively forming, as you had been there,
Or to some free relater lent your ear

¹Εὐχόμενος δὲ αὐτῶν Ποσειδάωνα καὶ Ἀμφιτρίωνα ἀνθρώποις ἰσὺς εἶναι σοφίας :

Forth then, and sing the wooden horse's frame,
Built by Epeus, by the martial Dame
Taught the whole fabric, which, by force of sleight,
Ulysses brought into the city's height,
When he had stuff'd it with as many men
As levell'd lofty Ilion with the plain
With all which if you can as well enchant,
As with expression quick and elegant
You sung the rest, I will pronounce you clear
Inspir'd by God, past all that ever were "

This said, ev'n stirr'd by God up, he began,
And to his song fell, past the forms of man,
Beginning where the Greeks aship-board went,
And ev'ry chief had set on fire his tent,
When th' other kings, in great Ulysses' guide,
In Troy's vast market place the horse did hide,
From whence the Trojans up to Ilion drew
The dreadful engine Where sat all arew
Their kings about it, many counsels giv'n
How to dispose it. In three ways were driv'n
Their whole distractions First, if they should feel
The hollow wood's heart, search'd with piercing
steel,

Or from the battlements drawn higher yet
Deject it headlong, or that counterfeit
So vast and novel set on sacred fire,
Vow'd to appease each anger'd Godhead's ire
On which opinion, they, thereafter, saw,
They then should have resolv'd, th' unalter'd law
Of fate presaging, that Troy then should end,
When th' hostile horse she should receive to friend,
For therein should the Grecian kings lie hid,
To bring the fate and death they after did

He sung, besides, the Greeks' eruption
From those their hollow crafts, and horse foregone,
And how they made depopulation tread
Beneath her feet so high a city's head
In which affair, he sung in other place,
That of that ambush some man else did race
The Ilion tow'rs than Laertiades,

But here he sung, that he alone did seize,¹
 With Menelaus, the ascended roof
 Of prince Deiphobus, and Mars-like proof
 Made of his valour a most dreadful fight
 Daring against him and there vanquish'd quite,
 In little time, by great Minerva's aid,
 All Ilion's remnant, and Troy level laid.
 This the divine expressor did so give
 Both act and passion that he made it live,
 And to Ulysses facts did breathe a fire
 So deadly quickning that it did inspire²
 Old death with life, and render'd life so sweet,
 And passionate, that all there felt it fleet
 Which made him pity his own cruelty
 And put into that ruth so pure an eye
 Of human frailty that to see a man
 Could so revive from death, yet no way can
 Defend from death, his own quick pow'rs it made
 Feel there death's horrors, and he felt life fade,
 In tears his feeling brain wet for in things³
 That move past utterance, tears ope all their springs.
 Nor are there in the pow'rs that all life bears
 More true interpreters of all than tears.

And as a lady mourns her sole-lov'd lord,
 That fall'n before his city by the sword,
 Fighting to rescue from a cruel fate
 His town and children, and in dead estate
 Yet panting seeing him, wraps him in her arms,
 Weeps, shrieks, and pours her health into his arms,
 Lies on him, striving to become his shield
 From foes that still assail him, spears impell'd
 Through back and shoulders, by whose points
 embrued,
 They raise and lead him into servitude,
 Labour and languor for all which the dame
 Eats down her cheeks with tears, and feeds life's flame
 With miserable suffrance so this king

¹ As by the divine fury directly inspired so for Ulysses glory

² In that the slaughter he made were expressed so lively

³ Τῶν τε ὀδυσσέων. Τῶν τε, metaph. signifying *concurrent labours*

Of tear-sweet anguish op'd a boundless spring ,
Nor yet was seen to any one man there
But king Alcinous, who sat so near
He could not 'scape him, sighs, so chok'd, so
brake

From all his tempers , which the king did take
Both note and grave respect of, and thus spake
"Hear me, Phæacian counsellors and peers,
And cease Demodocus , perhaps all ears
Are not delighted with his song, for, ever
Since the divine Muse sung, our guest hath never
Contain'd from secret mournings It may fall,
That something sung he hath been grieved withall,
As touching his particular Forbear,
That feast may jointly comfort all hearts here,
And we may cheer our guest up , 'tis our best
In all due honour For our rev'rend guest
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,
His love hath added to our festival
A guest, and suppliant too, we should esteem
Dear as our brother, one that doth but dream
He hath a soul, or touch but at a mind
Deathless and manly, should stand so inclin'd
Nor cloak you longer with your curious wit,
Lov'd guest, what ever we shall ask of it
It now stands on your honest state to tell,
And therefore give your name, nor more conceal
What of your parents, and the town that bears
Name of your native, or of foreigners
That near us border, you are call'd in fame
There's no man living walks without a name,
Noble nor base, but had one from his birth
Impos'd as fit as to be borne What earth,
People, and city, own you, give to know
Tell but our ships all, that your way must show
For our ships know th' express'd minds of men,
And will so most intently retain
Their scopes appointed, that they never err,
And yet use never any man to steer,
Nor any rudders have, as others need

They know men's thoughts, and whither tends their
 speed,
 And there will set them for you cannot name¹
 A city to them, nor fat soil, that fame
 Hath any notice given, but well they know
 And they will fly to them, though they ebb and flow
 In blackest clouds and nights and never bear
 Of any wrack or rock the slender fear
 But thus I heard my sire Nausithoos say
 Long since, that Neptune, seeing us convey
 So safely passengers of all degrees,
 Was angry with us and upon our seas
 A well-built ship we had, near harbour come,
 From safe deduction of some stranger home,
 Made in his flitting billows stick stone still
 And dimm'd our city like a mighty hill
 With shade cast round about it. This report,
 The old king made² in which miraculous sort,
 If God had done such things, or left undone,
 At his good pleasure be it. But now on
 And truth relate us, both whence you err'd,
 And to what clime of men would be transferr'd,
 With all their fair towns, be they as they are,
 If rude, unjust, and all irregular
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please
 The mighty Deity. Which one of these
 You would be set at, say and you are there.
 And therefore what afflicts you? Why to hear
 The fate of Greece and Ilium, mourn you so?
 The Gods have done it as to all they do
 Destine destruction, that from thence may rise
 A poem to instruct posterity.
 Tell any kinsman before Ilium?

¹ This *repas alayia* or *affirmation of miracles* how impossible
 soever in those times assured yet! those ages they were neither
 absurd nor strange. Those inanimate things having (it seemed)
 certain Genii! whose powers they supposed their ships faculties.
 As others have affirmed oaks to have sense of hearing; and so the
 ship of Argos was said to have a mast made of Dodonean oak,
 that was vocal, and could speak.

Intending his father Nausithoos.

Some worthy sire-in-law, or like-near son,
Whom next our own blood and self-race we love?
Or any friend perhaps, in whom did move
A knowing soul, and no unpleasing thing?
Since such a good one is no underling
To any brother, for, what fits true friends,
True wisdom is, that blood and birth transcends

FINIS LIBRI OCTAVI HOM ODYSS

THE NINTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES here is first made known
Who t'is the stern contention
His power did galast the Cicons try
And thence t' the Lotophagi
Extends his conquest and from them
Assays the Cyclop Polypheme
And, by the crafts his wits apply
He puts him out his only eye.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

IGON. The strangely fed
Lotophagi
The Cicons fed.
The Cyclop's eye.

ULYSSES thus resolv'd the king's demands
Alcinous, in whom this empire stands,
You should not of so natural right dishent
Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.
To hear a poet, that in accent brings
The Gods' breasts down and breathes them as he
sings,
Is sweet, and sacred nor can I conceive,
In any common weal, what more doth give
Note of the just and blessed empery
Than to see comfort universally
Cheer up the people, when in ev'ry roof
She gives observers a most human proof
Of men's contents. To see a neighbour's feast
Adorn it through and thereat hear the breast
Of the divine Muse men in order set
A wine-page waiting tables crown'd with meat,
Set close to guests that are to use it skill'd
The cup-boards furnish'd, and the cups still fill'd

This shows, to my mind, most humanely fair
 Nor should you, for me, still the heav'nly air,
 That stirr'd my soul so , for I love such tears
 As fall from fit notes, beaten through mine ears
 With repetitions of what heav'n hath done,
 And break from hearty apprehension
 Of God and goodness, though they show my ill
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,
 To tell my bleeding moan , but much more now,
 To serve your pleasure, that to over-flow
 My tears with such cause may by sighs be driv'n,
 Though ne'er so much plagued I may seem by heav'n

And now my name , which way shall lead to all
 My mis'ries after, that their sounds may fall
 Through your ears also, and show (having fled
 So much affliction) first, who rests his head
 In your embraces, when, so far from home,
 I knew not where t' obtain it resting room

I am Ulysses Laertiades,
 The fear of all the world for policies,
 For which my facts as high as heav'n resound
 I dwell in Ithaca, earth's most renown'd,
 All over-shadow'd with the shake-leaf hill,¹
 Tree-fam'd Neritus , whose near confines fill
 Islands a number, well-inhabited,
 That under my observance taste their bread ,
 Dulichius, Samos, and the full-of-food²
 Zacynthus, likewise grac'd with store of wood
 But Ithaca, though in the seas it lie,
 Yet lies she so aloft she casts her eye
 Quite over all the neighbour continent ,
 Far northward situate, and, being lent
 But little favour of the morn and sun,
 With barren rocks and cliffs is over-run ,
 And yet of hardy youths a nurse of name ,
 Nor could I see a soil, where'er I came,
 More sweet and wishful Yet, from hence was I

¹ Εὐοσίφυλλον *quatientem seu agitantem frondes*

² *Quædam quibus corpus alitur et vita sustentatur ὕλη*
appellatur

Withheld with horror by the Deny
 Divine Calypso, in her easy house
 Lussam'd to make me her sole lord and spouse.
 Circe &æa too, that knowing dame
 Whose veins the like affections did enflame
 Detain'd me likewise. But to neither's love
 Could I be tempted which doth well approve,
 Nothing so sweet is as our country's earth,*
 And joy of those from whom we claim our birth
 Though roofs far richer we far off possess,
 Yet from our native all our more is less.

To which as I contended, I will tell
 The much-distress-confering facts that fell
 By Jove's divine prevention, since I set
 From ruin'd Troy my first foot in retreat.

From Ilion ill winds cast me on the coast
 The Cicon's hold, where I enjoy'd mine host
 For Ismarus, a city built just by
 My place of landing of which victory
 Made me expugner. I depopled it,
 Slew all the men, and did their wives remit
 With much spoil taken which we did divid
 That none might need his part. I then applyed
 All speed for flight but my command therein
 Fools that they were could no observance win
 Of many soldiers, who, with spoil fed libly,
 Would yet fill higher and excessively
 Fell to their wine, gave slaughter on the shore
 Clov'n footed beeves and sheep in mighty store.
 In mean space, Cicon's did to Cicon's cry
 When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly
 Many and better soldiers made strong head,
 That held the continent, and managed
 Their horse with high skill, on which they would
 fight,

When fittest cause serv'd, and again alight
 With soon seen vantage, and on foot contend.
 Their concourse swift was, and had never end
 As thick and sudden twas, as flow'rs and leaves

Dark spring discovers, when she light receives ¹
And then began the bitter Fate of Jove
To alter us unhappy, which ev'n strove
To give us suff'rance At our fleet we made
Enforcéd stand, and there did they invade
Our thrust-up forces, darts encounter'd darts,
With blows on both sides, either making parts
Good upon either, while the morning shone,
And sacred day her bright increase held on,
Though much out-match'd in number, but as soon
As Phœbus westward fell, the Cicons won
Much hand of us, six provéd soldiers fell,
Of ev'ry ship, the rest they did compell
To seek of Flight escape from Death and Fate

Thence sad in heart we sail'd, and yet our state
Was something cheer'd, that (being o'er-match'd so
much

In violent number) our retreat was such
As sav'd so many Our dear loss the less,
That they surviv'd, so like for like success
Yet left we not the coast, before we call'd
Home to our country-earth the souls exhal'd
Of all the friends the Cicons overcame
Thrice call'd we on them by their sev'ral name,²
And then took leave Then from the angry North
Cloud-gath'ring Jove a dreadful storm call'd forth
Against our navy, cover'd shore and all
With gloomy vapours Night did headlong fall
From frowning heav'n And then hurl'd here and
there

Was all our navy, the rude winds did tear
In three, in four parts, all their sails, and down
Driv'n under hatches were we, prest to drown
Up rush'd we yet again, and with tough hand
(Two days, two nights, entoil'd) we gat near land,
Labours and sorrows eating úp our minds
The third clear day yet, to more friendly winds
We masts advanc'd, we white sails spread, and sate

¹ After night, in the first of the morning

² The ancient custom of calling home the dead

Forewinds and guides again did iterate
Our ease and home hopes which we clear had reach'd,
Had not, by chance a sudden north wind fetch'd,
With an extreme sea, quite about again
Our whole end favours and our course on train
To giddy round, and with our board sail greet
Dreadful Maleia, calling back our fleet
As far forth as Cythera. Nine days more
Adverse winds toss'd me and the tenth, the shore
Where dwelt the blossom-fed Lotophagæ,
I fetch'd, fresh water took in, instantly
Fell to our food a hip-beard, and then sent
Two of my choice men to the continent
(Adding a third, a herald) to discover
What sort of people were the rulers over
The land next to us. Where the first they met,
Were the Lotophagæ, that made them eat
Their country-diet, and no ill intent
Hid in their hearts to them and yet the event
To ill converted it, for having eat
Their dainty viands, they did quite forget
(As all men else that did but taste their feast)
Both countrymen and country nor address
Any return inform what sort of men
Made fix'd abode there but would need maintain
Abode themselves there, and eat that food ever
I made out after and was fain to sever
The enchanted knot by forcing their retreat,
That strid, and wept, and would not leave their meat
Nor leave it self. But, dragging them to fleet
I wrapt in sure bands both their hands and feet
And cast them under hatches, and away
Commanded all the rest without least stay
Lest they should taste the lute too, and forget
With such strange raptures their despid retreat
All then aboard, we beat the sea with oars,
And still with sad hearts sail'd by our way shores,
Till th' out-law'd Cyclops land we fetch'd a race
Of proud liv'd loiterers, that never sow
Nor put a plant in earth, nor use a plow

But trust in God for all things, and their earth,
Unsown, unplow'd, gives ev'ry offspring birth
That other lands have, wheat, and barley, vines
That bear in goodly grapes delicious wines,
And Jove sends show'rs for all No councils there,
Nor councillors, nor laws, but all men bear
Their heads aloft on mountains, and those steep,
And on their tops too, and their houses keep
In vaulty caves, their households govern'd all
By each man's law, impos'd in several,
Nor wife, nor child awed, but as he thinks good,
None for another caring But there stood
Another little isle, well stor'd with wood,
Betwixt this and the entry, neither nigh
The Cyclops' isle, nor yet far off doth lie,
Men's want it suffer'd, but the men's supplies
The goats made with their inarticulate cries
Goats beyond number this small island breeds,
So tame, that no access disturbs their feeds,
No hunters, that the tops of mountains scale,
And rub through woods with toil, seek them at all
Nor is the soil with flocks fed down, nor plow'd,
Nor ever in it any seed was sow'd
Nor place the neighbour Cyclops their delights
In brave vermilion-prow-deck'd ships, nor wrights
Useful, and skilful in such works as need
Perfection to those traffics that exceed
Their natural confines, to fly out and see
Cities of men, and take in mutually
The praise of others, to themselves they live,
And to their island that enough would give
A good inhabitant, and time of year
Observe to all things art could order there
There, close upon the sea, sweet meadows spring,
That yet of fresh streams want no watering
To their soft burthens, but of special yield
Your vines would be there, and your common field
But gentle work make for your plow, yet bear
A lofty harvest when you came to shear,
For passing fat the soil is In it lies

A harbour so opportune, that no ties,
Halsers, or gables need, nor anchors cast.
Whom storms put in there are with stay embrac'd,*
Or to their full wills safe, or winds aspire
To pilots uses their more quick desire.
At entry of the haven, a silver ford
Is from a rock impressing fountain pour'd,
All set with sable poplars. And this port
Were we arriv'd at, by the sweet resort
Of some God guiding us, for twas a night
So ghastly dark all port was past our sight
Clouds hid our ships, and would not let the moon
Afford a beam to us, the whole isle won
By not an eye of ours. None thought the blow,
That then was up, shov'd waves against the shore,
That then to an unmeasur'd height put on
We still at sea esteem'd us, till alone
Our fleet put in itself And then were strook
Our gather'd sails our rest ashore we took,
And day expected. When the morn gave fire,
We rose, and walk'd, and did the isle admire
The Nymphs, Jove's daughters, putting up a herd
Of mountain goats to us, to render cheer'd
My fellow soldiery. To our fleet we flew
Our crook'd bows took, long-pild darts, and drew
Ourselves in three parts out when, by the grace
That God vouchsaf'd, we made a gainful chace.
Twelve ships we had, and ev'ry ship had nine
Fat goats allotted [it], ten only mine.
Thus all that day ev'n till the sun was set,
We sat and feasted, pleasant wine and meat
Plenteously taking for we had not spent
Our ruddy wine aship-board, supplement
Of large sort each man to his vessel drew
When we the sacred city overthrew
That held the Cicons. Now then saw we near
The Cyclops' late prais'd island, and might hear
The murmur of their sheep and goats, and see

The description of all these countries have admirable allegories besides their artly and pleasing relation.

As Jove decreed, are cast upon this coast.
 Of Agamemnon, famous Atreus son,
 We boast ourselves the soldiers who hath won *
 Renown that reacheth heav'n, to overthrow
 So great a city and to ruin so
 So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie
 Our prostrate bosoms, forc'd with pray'rs to try
 If any hospitable right, or boon
 Of other nature, such as have been won
 By laws of other houses, thou wilt give
 Rev'rence the Gods, thou great st of all that live.
 We suppliants are and hospitable Jove
 Pours wreak on all whom pray'rs want power to
 move,
 And with their plagues together will provide
 That humble guests shall have their wants supplied.
 He cruelly answer'd O thou fool, said he,
 To come so far and to importune me
 With any God's fear or observ'd love !
 We Cyclops care not for your goat-fed Jove
 Nor other Bless'd ones we are better far
 To Jove himself dare I bid open war
 To thee, and all thy fellows, if I please
 But tell me, where's the ship, that by the seas
 Hath brought thee hither? If far off, or near
 Inform me quickly These his temptings were
 But I too much knew not to know his mind,
 And craft with craft paid, telling him the wind
 (Thrust up from sea by Him that shakes the shore)
 Had dash'd our ships against his rocks, and tore
 Her ribs in pieces close upon his coast,
 And we from high wrack sav'd, the rest were lost.

This his relation of Agamemnon and his glory and theirs for
 Troy sack with the plety of suppliants receipt i him that w s
 so barbarous and supicious must be intended spoken by Ulysses,
 with supposition that his hearers would note, still as he spoke
 how vain they woul'd show to the Cyclops who respected little
 Agamemnon or their vallant plott against Troy or the Gods
 themselves. For otheralso, the serious haervation of the words
 (though good and grave, if spoken to another) want their in
 tentional sharpness and life.

He answer'd nothing, but rush'd in, and took
Two of my fellows up from earth, and strook
Their brains against it. Like two whelps they flew
About his shoulders, and did all embrue
The blushing earth. No mountain lion tore
Two lambs so sternly, lapp'd up all their gore
Gush'd from their torn-up bodies, limb by limb
(Trembling with life yet) ravish'd into him
Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat,
And ev'n th' uncleans'd entrails made his meat
We, weeping, cast our hands to heav'n, to view
A sight so horrid. Desperation flew,
With all our after lives, to instant death,
In our believ'd destruction. But when breath
The fury of his appetite had got,
Because the gulf his belly reach'd his throat,
Man's flesh, and goat's milk, laying lay'r on lay'r,
Till near chok'd up was all the pass for air,
Along his den, among'st his cattle, down
He rush'd, and streak'd him. When my mind was
grown

Desp'rate to step in, draw my sword, and part
His bosom where the strings about the heart
Circle the liver, and add strength of hand
But that rash thought, more stay'd, did countermand,
For there we all had perish'd, since it past
Our pow'rs to lift aside a log so vast,
As barr'd all outscape, and so sigh'd away
I he thought all night, expecting active day
Which come, he first of all his fire enflames,
Then milks his goats and ewes, then to their dams
Lets in their young, and, wondrous orderly,
With manly haste dispatch'd his housewifry
Then to his breakfast, to which other two
Of my poor friends went, which eat, out then go
His herds and fat flocks, lightly putting by
The churlish bar, and clos'd it instantly,
For both those works with ease as much he did,
As you would ope and shut your quiver lid
With storms of whistlings then his flock he drave

Up to the mountains and occasion gave
 For me to use my wits, which to their height
 I striv'd to screw up that a vengeance might
 By some means fall from thence, and Pallas now
 Afford a full ear to my oeddest vow
 This then my thoughts prefer'd A huge club lay
 Close by his milk-house, which was now in way
 To dry and season, being an olive-tree
 Which late he fell d, and, being green, must be
 Made lighter for his manage. 'Twas so vast,
 That we resembled it to some fit mast,
 To serve a ship of burthen that was driv'n
 With twenty oars, and had a higness giv'o
 To bear a huge sea Full so thick, so tall,
 We judg'd this club which I, in part, hew'd small,
 And cut a fathom off The piece I gave
 Amongst my soldiers, to take down, and shave
 Which done, I sharpen'd it at top and then,
 Harden'd in fire, I hid it in the den
 Within a nasty dunghill reeking there,
 Thick, and so moist it issued ev'rywhere.
 Then made I lots cast by my friends to try
 Whose fortune serv'd to dare the bo'd-out eye
 Of that man-eater and the lot did fall
 On four I wish'd to make my aid of all,
 And I the fifth made, chosen like the rest.

Then came the even, and he came from the feast
 Of his fat cattle, drove in all, nor kept
 One male abroad if, or his memory slept
 By Gods direct will, or of purpose was
 His driving in of all then, doth surpass
 My comprehension. But he clos'd again
 The mighty bar milk'd, and did still maintain
 All other observation as before.
 His work all done, two of my soldiers more
 At once he snatch'd up, and to supper went.
 Then dar'd I words to him, and did present
 A bowl of wine, with these words Cyclop! take
 A bowl of wine, from my hand, that may make
 Way for the man's flesh thou hast eat, and show

What drink our ship held , which in sacred vow
I offer to thee to take ruth on me

In my dismissal home Thy rages be
Now no more sufferable How shall men,
Mad and inhuman that thou art, again
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,
If thus thou ragest, and eat'st up their race '

He took, and drunk, and vehemently joy'd
To taste the sweet cup , and again employ'd
My flagon's pow'rs, entreating more, and said
' Good guest, again afford my taste thy aid,
And let me know thy name, and quickly now,
That in thy recompense I may bestow
A hospitable gift on thy desert,
And such a one as shall rejoice thy heart
For to the Cyclops too the gentle earth
Bears gen'rous wine, and Jove augments her birth,
In store of such, with show'rs , but this rich wine
Fell from the river, that is mere divine,
Of nectar and ambrosia.' This again
I gave him, and again , nor could the fool abstain,
But drunk as often When the noble juice
Had wrought upon his spirit, I then gave use
To fairer language, saying ' Cyclop ! now,
As thou demand'st, I'll tell my name, do thou
Make good thy hospitable gift to me
My name is No-Man , No-Man each degree
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name '
He answer'd, as his cruel soul became
' No-Man ! I'll eat thee last of all thy friends ,
And this is that in which so much amends
I vow'd to thy deservings, thus shall be
My hospitable gift made good to thee '
This said, he upwards fell, but then bent round
His fleshy neck , and Sleep, with all crowns crown'd,
Subdued the savage From his throat brake out
My wine, with man's-flesh gobbets, like a spout,
When, loaded with his cups, he lay and snor'd ,
And then took I the club's end up, and gor'd
The burning coal-heap, that the point might heat ,

Confirm'd my fellow's minds, lest Fear should let
Their vow'd assay and make them fly my aid.
Straight was the olive lever I had laid
Amidst the huge fire to get hardning, hot,
And glow'd extremely though twas green which got
From forth the cinders, close about me stood
My hardy friends but that which did the good
Was God's good inspiration, that gave
A spirit beyond the spirit they us'd to have
Who took the olive spar made keen before,
And plung'd it in his eye, and up I bore,
Bent to the top close, and help'd pour it in,
With all my forces. And as you have seen
A ship-wright bore a naval beam, he oft
Thrusts at the auger's froose, works still aloft,
And at the shank help others, with a cord
Wound round about to make it sooner bord,
All plying the round still so into his eye
The fiery stake we labour'd to imply
Out gush'd the blood that scalded, his eye-ball
Thrust out a flaming vapour that scorch'd all
His brows and eye lids, his eye strings did crack,
As in the sharp and burning rafter brake.
And as a smith to harden any tool,
Broad axe, or mattock, in his trough doth cool
The red-hot substance, that so fervent is
It makes the cold wave straight to seethe and hiss
So sod and hiss'd his eye about the stake.
He roar'd withal, and all his cavern brake
In claps like thunder We did frighted fly
Dispers'd in corners. He from forth his eye
The fix'd stake pluck'd after which the blood
Flow'd freshly forth and, mad, he hurl'd the wood
About his hovel. Out he then did cry
For other Cyclops, that in caverns by
Upon a windy promontory dwell'd
Who, hearing how impetuously he yell'd,
Rush'd ev'ry way about him, and inquir'd,
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd
Such hornd clamours, and in sacred Night

To break their sleeps so? Ask d him, if his fright
Came from some mortal that his flocks had driv'n?
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giv'n?
He answer'd from his den 'By craft, nor might,
No-Man hath giv'n me death' They then said right,
'If no man hurt thee, and thyself alone,
That which is done to thee by Jove is done,
And what great Jove inflicts no man can fly
Pray to thy Father yet, a Deity,
And prove, from him if thou canst help acquire'

Thus spake they, leaving him, when all-on-fire
My heart with joy was, that so well my wit
And name deceiv'd him, whom now pain did split,
And groaning up and down he groping tried
To find the stone, which found, he put aside,
But in the door sat, feeling if he could
(As his sheep issued) on some man lay hold,
Esteeming me a fool, that could devise
No stratagem to 'scape his gross surprise
But I, contending what I could invent
My friends and me from death so eminent
To get deliver'd, all my wiles I wove
(Life being the subject) and did this approve
Fat fleecy rams, most fair, and great, lay there,
That did a burden like a violet bear *
These, while this learn'd-in-villainy did sleep,
I yok'd with osiers cut there, sheep to sheep,
Three in a rank, and still the mid sheep bore
A man about his belly, the two more
March'd on his each side for defence I then,
Choosing myself the fairest of the den,
His fleecy belly under-crept, embrac'd
His back, and in his rich wool wrapt me fast
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind
And thus each man hung, till the morning shin'd,
Which come, he knew the hour, and let abroad
His male-flocks first, the females unmilk'd stood
Bleating and braying, their full bags so sore
With being unemptied, but their shepherd more

* Wool of a violet colour

With being unrighted which was cause his mind
Went not a muling He, to wreak inclin'd,
The backs felt, as they pass'd, of those male dams,
Gross fool! believing, we would ride his rams!
Nor ever knew that any of them bore
Upon his belly any man before.
The last ram came to pass him, with his wool
And me together loaded to the full,
For there did I hang and that ram he stay'd,
And me withal had in his hands, my head
Troubled the while, not causelessly nor least.
This ram he grop'd, and talk'd to Lazy beast!
Why last art thou now? Thou hast never us'd
To lag thus hindmost, but still first hast bruise'd
The tender blossom of a flower and held
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field,
First still at fold at even, now last remain?
Dost thou not wish I had mine eye again,
Which that abhorr'd man No-Man did put out,
Assisted by his execrable ront,
When he had wrought me down with wine? But he
Must not escape my wreak so cunningly
I would to heav'n thou knew'st, and could but speak,
To tell me where he lurks now! I would break
His brain about my cave, strew'd here and there,
To ease my heart of those foul ills, that were
Th' afflictions of a man I priz'd at nought.
Thus let he him abroad when I, once brought
A little from his hold, myself first los'd,
And next my friends. Then drave we, and dispos'd,
His straight legg'd fat fleece-bearers over land
Evn till they all were in my ship's command
And to our lov'd friends show'd our priv'd for sight,
Escap'd from death. But, for our loss, onright
They brake in tears which with a look I stay'd,
And bade them take our boot in. They obey'd,
And up we all went, sat, and us'd our oars.
But having left as far the savage shores
As one might hear a voice, we then might see
The Cyclop at the haven when instantly

I stay'd our oars, and this insultance us'd
'Cyclop ! thou shouldst not have so much abus'd
Thy monstrous forces, to oppose their least
Against a man immortal, and a guest,
And eat his fellows Thou mightst know there
were

Some ills behind, rude swain, for thee to bear,
That fear'd not to devour thy guests, and break
All laws of humans Jove sends therefore wreak,
And all the Gods, by me ' This blew the more
His burning fury , when the top he tore
From off a huge rock, and so right a throw
Made at our ship, that just before the prow
It overflow and fell, miss'd mast and all
Exceeding little , but about the fall
So fierce a wave it rais'd, that back it bore
Our ship so far, it almost touch'd the shore
A bead-hook then, a far-extended one,
I snatch'd up, thrust hard, and so set us gone
Some little way , and straight commanded all
To help me with their oars, on pain to fall
Again on our confusion But a sign
I with my head made, and their oars were mine
In all performance When we off were set,
(Then first, twice further) my heart was so great,
It would again provoke him, but my men
On all sides rush'd about me, to contain,
And said ' Unhappy ! why will you provoke
A man so rude, that with so dead a stroke,
Giv'n with his rock-dart, made the sea thrust back
Our ship so far, and near hand forc'd our wrack ?
Should he again but hear your voice resound,
And any word reach, thereby would be found
His dart's direction, which would, in his fall,
Crush piece-meal us, quite split our ship and all ,
So much dart wields the monster ' Thus urg'd
they

Impossible things, in fear , but I gave way
To that wrath which so long I held deprest,
By great necessity conquer'd, in my breast

Cyclop! if any ask thee, who impos'd *
 Th' unsightly blemish that thine eye enclos'd,
 Say that Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
 Whose seat is Ithaca, and who hath won
 Surname of City razer bor'd it out.

At this, he bray'd so loud, that round about
 He drave affrighted echoes through the air
 And said O beast! I was premonish'd far
 By aged prophecy in one that was
 A great and good man, this should come to pass
 And how tis prov'd now! Augur Telemus,
 Surnam'd Eurymides (that spent with us
 His age in angury and did exceed
 In all presage of truth) said all this deed
 Should this event take, author'd by the hand
 Of one Ulysses, who I thought was mann'd
 With great and goodly personage, and bore
 A virtue answerable and this shore
 Should shake with weight of such a conqueror
 When now a weakling came, a dwarfy thing,
 A thing of nothing who yet wit did bring,
 That brought supply to all, and with his wine
 Put out the flame where all my light did shine.
 Come, land again, Ulysses! that my hand
 May guest rites give thee, and the great command,
 That Neptune hath at sea, I may convert
 To the deduction where abides thy heart,
 With my solicitings, whose son I am,
 And whose fame boasts to bear my father's name.
 Nor think my hurt offends me, for my sire
 Can soon repose in it the visual fire,
 At his free pleasure which no pow'r beside
 Can boast, of men or of the Deified.

I answer'd Would to God I could compell
 Both life and soul from thee, and send to hell
 Those *poils of nature! Hardly Neptune then
 Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.

Ulysses continued insolence no more to repeat what he said
 to the Cyclop, than to let his hearers know epithets, and estimation
 in the world.

Then flew fierce vows to Neptune, both his hands
To star-born heav'n cast 'O thou that all lands
Gird'st in thy ambient circle, and in air
Shak'st the curl'd tresses of thy sapphire hair,
If I be thine, or thou mayst justly vaunt
Thou art my father, hear me now, and grant
That this Ulysses, old Laertes' son,
That dwells in Ithaca, and name hath won
Of City-ruiner, may never reach
His natural region Or if to fetch
That, and the sight of his fair roofs and friends,
Be fatal to him, let him that amends
For all his miseries, long time and ill,
Smart for, and fail of, nor that fate fulfill,
Till all his soldiers quite are cast away
In others' ships And when, at last, the day
Of his sole-landing shall his dwelling show,
Let Detriment prepare him wrongs enow'

Thus pray'd he Neptune, who, his sire, appear'd,
And all his pray'r to ev'ry syllable heard
But then a rock, in size more amplified
Than first, he ravish'd to him, and implied
A dismal strength in it, when, wheel'd about,
He sent it after us, nor flew it out
From any blind aim, for a little pass
Beyond our fore-deck from the fall there was,
With which the sea our ship gave back upon,
And shrunk up into billows from the stone,
Our ship again repelling near as near
The shore as first But then our rowers were,
Being warn'd, more arm'd, and stronger stemm'd
the flood

That bore back on us, till our ship made good
The other island, where our whole fleet lay,
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay,
And ev'ry minute look'd when we should land
Where, now arriv'd, we drew up to the sand,
The Cyclops' sheep dividing, that none there
Of all our privates might be wrung, and bear
Too much on pow'r The ram yet was alone

By all my friends made all my portion
Above all others and I made him then
A sacrifice for me and all my men *
To cloud-compelling Jove that all commands,
To whom I burn'd the thighs but my sad hands
Receiv'd no grace from him, who studied how
To offer men and fleet to overthrow

All day till sun set, yet, we sat and eat,
And liberal store took in of wine and meat.
The sun then down, and place reign'd to shade
We slept. Morn came, my men I rais'd, and made
All go aboard, weigh anchor and away
They boarded, sat, and beat the aged sea
And forth we made sail, sad for loss before,
Any yet had comfort since we lost no more.

\ occasion let pass to Ulysses piety in our Poet's singular
wit and wisdom.

THE TENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES now relates to us
The grace he had with Æolus,
Great Guardian of the hollow Winds,
Which in a leather bag he binds,
And gives Ulysses, all but one,
Which Zephyr was, who fill'd alone
Ulysses sails. The bag once seen,
While he slept, by Ulysses' men,
They thinking it did gold enclose,
To find it, all the winds did loose,
Who back flew to their Guard again
Forth sail'd he, and did next attain
To where the Læstrvgonians dwell
Where he eleven ships lost, and fell
On the Ææan coast, whose shore
He sends Eurylochus to explore,
Dividing with him half his men
Who go, and turn no more again,
All, save Eurylochus to swine
By Circe turn'd. Their stays incline
Ulysses to then search, who got
Of Mercury an antidote,
Which moly was, 'gainst Circe's charms,
And so avoids his soldiers harms
A year with Circe all remain
And then their native forms regain
On utter shores a time they dwell,
While Ithacus descends to hell

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Κάππα Great Æolus,
And Circe, friends
Finds Ithacus,
And hell descends.

“To the Æolian island we attain'd,
That swum about still on the sea, where reign'd
The God-lov'd Æolus Hippotades

A wall of steel it had and in the seas
A wave-beat smooth rock mov'd about the wall.
Twelve children in his house imperial
Were born to him of which six daughters were,
And six were sons, that youths sweet flow'r did bear
His daughters to his sons he gave as wives
Who spent in feastful comforts all their lives,
Close seated by their sire and his grave spouse.
Past number were the dishes that the house
Made ever savour and still full the hall
As long as day shined in the night time, all
Slept with their chaste wives, each his fair carv'd bed
Most richly furnish'd and this life they led.

We reach'd the city and fair roofs of these,
Where, a whole month's time, all things that might
please

The king vouchsaf'd us of great Troy inquir'd,
The Grecian fleet, and how the Greeks retir'd.
To all which I gave answer as behov'd.

The fit time come when I *dismission* mov'd,
He nothing would deny me, but addrest
My pass with such a bounty as might best
Teach me contentment for he did enfold
Within an ox hide, slay'd at nine years old,
All th' airy blasts that were of stormy kind.
Saturnus made him Steward of his Winds,
And gave him pow'r to raise and to assuage.
And these he gave me, curbd thus of their rage,
Which in a glitt'ring silver band I bound,
And hung up in my ship, enclos'd so round
That no egression any breath could find
Only he left abroad the Western Wind,
To speed our ships, and us with blasts secure.
But our securities made all unsure
Nor could he consummate our course alone,
When all the rest had got egression
Which thus succeeded Nine whole days and nights
We sail'd in safety and the tenth, the lights
Borne on our country-earth we might descry
So near we drew and yet ev'n then fell I

Being overwatch'd, into a fatal sleep,
 For I would suffer no man else to keep
 The foot that rul'd my vessel's course, to lead *
 The faster home My friends then Envy fed
 About the bag I hung-up, and suppos'd
 That gold and silver I had there enclos'd,
 As gift from Æolus, and said 'O heav'n!
 What grace and grave price is by all men giv'n
 To our commander! Whatsoever coast
 Or town he comes to, how much he engrost
 Of fair and precious prey, and brought from Troy!
 We the same voyage went, and yet enjoy
 In our return these empty hands for all
 This bag, now, Æolus was so liberal
 To make a guest-gift to him, let us try
 Of what consists the fair-bound treasury,
 And how much gold and silver it contains'
Ill counsel present approbation gains
 They op'd the bag, and out the vapours brake,
 When instant tempest did our vessel take,
 That bore us back to sea, to mourn anew
 Our absent country Up amaz'd I flew,
 And desp'rate things discours'd, if I should cast
 Myself to ruin in the seas, or taste
 Amongst the living more moan, and sustain?
 Silent, I did so, and lay hid again
 Beneath the hatches, while an ill wind took
 My ships back to Æolia, my men strook
 With woe enough We pump'd and landed then,
 Took food, for all this, and of all my men
 I took a herald to me, and away
 Went to the court of Æolus, where they
 Were feasting still, he, wife, and children, set
 Together close We would not at their meat
 Thrust in, but humbly on the threshold sat
 He then, amaz'd, my presence wonder'd at,
 And call'd to me 'Ulysses! How thus back
 Art thou arriv'd here? What foul spirit brake
 Into thy bosom, to retire thee thus?

* ἡδῶα νηὸς—He calls the stern the foot of the ship

We thought we had deduction curious
 Giv'n thee before, to reach thy shore and home
 Did it not like thee? I ev'n overcome
 With worthy sorrow answer'd My ill men
 Have done me mischief, and to them hath been
 My sleep th' unhappy motive but do you,
 Dearest of friends, deign succour to my vow
 Your powers command it. Thus endeavour'd I
 With soft speech to repair my misery
 The rest with ruth sat dumb. But thus spake he
 Avaunt, and quickly quit my land of thee,
 Thou worst of all that breathe. It fits not me
 To convoy and take-in, whom Heav'n expose.
 Away and with thee go the worst of woes,
 That seek st my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.
 Thus he dismiss'd me sighing Forth we sail'd,
 At heart afflicted. And now wholly fail'd
 The minds my men sustain'd, so spent they were
 With toiling at their oars, and worse did bear
 Their growing labours and they caus'd their grought
 By self-will'd follies nor now ever thought
 To see their country more. Six nights and days
 We sail'd the seventh we saw fair Lamos raise
 Her lofty tow'rs, the Laestrygonian state
 That bears her ports so far distermineate
 Where shepherd shepherd calls out, he at home *
 Is call'd out by the other that doth come
 From charge abroad, and then goes he to sleep,
 The other issuing he whose turn doth keep
 The night observance hath his double hire,
 Since day and night in equal length expire

This place suffers different construction in all the Commentators
 in which all err from the mind of the Poet, as in a hundred other
 places (which yet I want time to pprove) especially about *ἑγὼ*
ἡμέρας etc. *Propter nimiam* *id est* *sancti* *viam* (or *simili* *er*
 which *ἑγὼ* signifies) which they will have to be understood that
 the days in that region are long and the nights short where
 Homer intends, that the equinoctial is there for how else is the
 course of day and light near or equal? But therefore the night s-
 man hath his double hire, being as long about his charge as the
 other and the night being more dangerous, etc. And if the day
 were so long why should the night s-man be preferred in wages?

About that region, and the night's watch weigh'd
At twice the day's ward, since the charge that's
laid

Upon the night's-man (besides breach of sleep)
Exceeds the days-man's, for one oxen keep,
The other sheep But when the haven we found,
(Exceeding famous, and environ'd round
With one continue rock, which so much bent
That both ends almost met, so prominent
They were, and made the haven's mouth passing
strait)

Our whole fleet in we got, in whose receipt
Our ships lay anchor'd close Nor needed we
Fear harm on any stays, 'Tranquillity *
So purely sat there, that waves great nor small
Did ever rise to any height at all
And yet would I no entry make, but stay'd
Alone without the haven, and thence survey'd,
From out a lofty watch-tow'r rais'd there,
The country round about, nor anywhere
The work of man or beast appear'd to me,
Only a smoke from earth break I might see
I then made choice of two, and added more,
A herald for associate, to explore
What sort of men liv'd there They went, and saw
A beaten way, through which carts us'd to draw
Wood from the high hills to the town, and met
A maid without the port, about to get
Some near spring-water She the daughter was
Of mighty Læstrygonian Antiphas,
And to the clear spring call'd Artacia went,
To which the whole town for their water sent
To her they came, and ask'd who govern'd there,
And what the people whom he order'd were?
She answer'd not, but led them through the port,
As making haste to show her father's court
Where enter'd, they beheld, to their affright,
A woman like a mountain-top in height,
Who rush'd abroad, and from the council-place

* For being cast on the stays, as ships are by weather

Call'd home her horrid husband Antiphas,*
 Who deadly minded, straight he snatch'd up one,
 And fell to supper Both the rest were gone
 And to the fleet came. Antiphas a cry
 Drove through the city which heard, instantly,
 This way and that innumerable sorts,
 Not men, but giants, issued through the ports,
 And mighty flints from rocks tore, which they threw
 Amongst our ships through which an ill noise flew
 Of shiver'd ships, and life-expiring men,
 That were, like fishes, by the monsters slain,
 And borne to sad feast. While they slaughter'd these,
 That were engag'd in all th' advantages
 The close-mouth'd and most dead-calm haven could
 give,

I that without lay made some means to live,
 My sword drew cut my gables, and to oars
 Set all my men and, from the plagues those shores
 Let fly amongst us, we made haste to fly
 My men close working as men loth to die.
 My ship flew freely off but thers that lay
 On heaps in harbours could enforce no way
 Through these stern fates that had engag'd them
 there.

Forth our sad remnant sail'd, yet still retain'd
 The joys of men, that our poor few remain'd.

Then to the isle *Ætea* we attain'd,
 Where fair-hair'd, dreadful, eloquent *Circe* reign'd,
Æeta's sister both by dame and sire,
 Both daughters to Heav'n's man-enlightning Fire,
 And *Perse*, whom *Oceanus* begat.

The ship-fit port here soon we landed at,
 Some God directing us. Two days, two nights,
 We lay here pining in the fatal sights
 Of toil and sorrow but the next third day
 When fair *Aurora* had inform'd, quick way
 I made out of my ship, my sword and lance
 Took for my surer guide, and made advance
 Up to a prospect I assay to see

Antiphas was king there.

The works of men, or hear mortality
 Expire a voice When I had climb'd a height,
 Rough and right hardly accessible, I might
 Behold from Circe's house, that in a grove
 Set thick with trees stood, a bright vapour move
 I then grew curious in my thought to try ¹
 Some fit inquiry, when so spritely fly
 I saw the yellow smoke, but my discourse ²
 A first retiring to my ship gave force,
 To give my men their dinner, and to send
 (Before th' adventure of myself) some friend
 Being near my ship, of one so desolate
 Some God had pity, and would recreate
 My woes a little, putting up to me
 • A great and high-palm'd hart, that (fatally,
 Just in my way itself to taste a flood)
 Was then descending, the sun heat had sure
 Importun'd him, besides the temperature
 His natural heat gave Howsoever, I
 Made up to him, and let my jav'lin fly,
 That struck him through the mid-part of his chine,
 And made him, braying, to the dust confine
 His flying forces Forth his spirit flew,
 When I stept in, and from the death's wound drew
 My shrewdly-bitten lance, there let him lie
 Till I, of cut-up osiers, did imply
 A withe a fathom long, with which his feet
 I made together in a sure league meet,
 Stoop'd under him, and to my neck I heav'd
 The mighty burden, of which I receiv'd
 A good part on my lance, for else I could
 By no means with one hand alone uphold
 (Join'd with one shoulder) such a deathful load
 And so, to both my shoulders, both hands stood
 Needful assistants, for it was a deer
 Goodly well-grown When (coming something near
 Where rode my ships) I cast it down, and rear'd

¹ Μεγαλῶ, *curiose cogito*

² ἄθροα λαπρόν Ἄθροψ signifying *rutilus*, by reason of the fire mixed with it *Fumus qui fit dum aliquid accenditur*

My friends with kind words whom by name I
cheer'd,

In note particular and said See, friends,
We will not yet to Pluto's house our ends
Shall not be hasten'd, though we be declin'd
In cause of comfort, till the day design'd
By Fate's fix'd finger Come, as long as food
Or wine lasts in our ship, let's spirit our blood,
And quit our care and hunger both in one.

This said, they frolick'd, came, and look'd upon
With admiration the huge bodied beast
And when their first-serv'd eyes had done their feast,
They wash'd, and made a to-be-stiv'd for meal¹
In point of honour On which all did dwell
The whole day long And, to our venison's store,
We added wine till we could wish no more

Sun set, and darkness up, we slept, till light
Put darkness down and then did I excite
My friends to counsel, utt'ring this Now friends,²
Afford unpassionate ear though ill Fate lends
So good cause to your passion, no man knows
The reason whence and how the darkness grows
The reason how the morn is thus begun
The reason how the man-enlight'ning sun
Dives under earth the reason how again
He rears his golden head Those counsels, then,
That pass our comprehension, we must leave
To him that knows their causes and receive
Direction from him in our acts, as far
As he shall please to make them regular
And stoop them to our reason. In our state
What then behoves us? Can we estimate,
With all our counsels, where we are? Or know

¹*Epirides saluta.*

² The whole end of this counsel was to persuade his soldiers to explore those parts, which he knew would prove a most unpleasant motion to them for their fellows terrible entertainment with A tiphas and Polyph and therefore he prepares the little he hath to say with this long circumstance implying necessity of that service and necessary resolution to add the trial of the event to their other adventures.

(Without instruction, past our own skills) how,
Put off from hence, to steer our course the more?
I think we cannot We must then explore
These parts for information, in which way
We thus far are Last morn I might display
(From off a high-raised cliff) an island lie
Girt with th' unmeasur'd sea, and is so nigh
That in the midst I saw the smoke arise
'Through tufts of trees This rests then to advise,
Who shall explore this?' This struck dead their
hearts,

Rememb'ring the most execrable parts
That Læstrygonian Antiphas had play'd,
And that foul Cyclop that their fellows bray'd
Betwixt his jaws, which mov'd them so, they cried
But idle tears had never wants supplied
I in two parts divided all, and gave
To either part his captain I must have
The charge of one, and one of God-like look,
Eurylochus, the other Lots we shook,
Put in a casque together, which of us
Should lead th' attempt, and 'twas Eurylochus
He freely went, with two-and-twenty more,
All which took leave with tears, and our eyes wore
The same wet badge of weak humanity
These in a dale did Circe's house descrie,
Of bright stone built, in a conspicuous way
Before her gates hill-wolves, and lions lay,
Which with her virtuous drugs so tame she made,
That wolf nor lion would one man invade
With any violence, but all arose,
Their huge long tails wagg'd, and in fawns would
close,
As loving dogs, when masters bring them home
Relics of feast, in all observance come,
And soothe their entries with their fawns and bounds,
All guests still bringing some scraps for their hounds,
So, on these men, the wolves and lions ramp'd,
Their horrid paws set up Their spirits were damp'd
To see such monstrous kindness, stay'd at gate,

And heard within the Goddess elevate
 A voice divine, as at her web she wrought
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought
 As all the housewives of Detties are.
 To hear a voice so ravishingly rare,
 Polités (one exceeding dear to me,
 A prince of men, and of no mean degree
 In knowing virtue, in all acts whose mind
 Discreet cares all ways us'd to turn, and wind)
 Was yet surpris'd with it, and said O friend
 Some one abides within here, that commends
 The place to us, and breathes a voice divine,
 As she some web wrought, or her spindle & twine
 She cherish'd with her song the pavement rings
 With imitation of the tunes she sings.
 Some woman, or some Goddess, 'tis Assay
 To see with knocking Thus said he, and they
 Both knock'd, and call'd and straight her shining
 gates
 She open'd, issuing, lade them in to eates.
 Led, and unwise, they follow'd all but one,
 Which was Eurylochus, who stood alone
 Without the gates, suspicious of a sleight
 They enter'd, she made sit and her decout
 She cloak'd with thrones, and goodly chairs of state
 Set herby honey and the delicate
 Wine brought from Smyrna, to them meal and cheese
 But harmful venoms she commix'd with these,
 That made their country vanish from their thought.
 Which eat, she touch'd them with a rod that wrought
 Their transformation far past human wots
 Swines snouts, swines bodies, took they bristles,
 grunts,
 But still retain'd the souls they had before
 Which made them mourn their bodies change the
 more.
 She shut them straight in styes, and gave them meat,
 Oak mast, and beech and cornel-fruit, they eat,
 Grov'ling like swine on earth, in foulest sort
 hædræ cefus animas curas prudentes verat

Eurylochus straight hasted the report
Of this his fellows' most remorseful fate,
Came to the ships, but so excruciate
Was with his woe, he could not speak a word,
His eyes stood full of tears, which show'd how stor'd
His mind with moan remain'd We all admir'd,
Ask'd what had chanc'd him, earnestly desir'd
He would resolve us At the last, our eyes
Enflam'd in him his fellows' memories,*
And out his grief burst thus 'You will'd, we went
'Through those thick woods you saw, when a descent
Show'd us a fair house, in a lightsome ground,
Where, at some work, we heard a heav'nly sound
Breath'd from a Goddess', or a woman's, breast
'They knock'd, she op'd her bright gates each her
guest

Her fair invitement made, nor would they stay,
Fools that they were, when she once led the way
I enter'd not, suspecting some deceit
When all together vanish'd, nor the sight
Of any one (though long I look'd) mine eye
Could any way discover' Instantly,
My sword and bow reach'd, I bad show the place,
When down he fell, did both my knees embrace,
And pray'd with tears thus 'O thou kept of God,
Do not thyself lose, nor to that abode
Lead others rashly, both thyself, and all
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall
In one sure ruin With these few then fly,
We yet may shun the others' destiny'

I answer'd him 'Eurylochus! Stay thou,
And keep the ship then, eat and drink, I now
Will undertake th' adventure, there is cause
In great Necessity's unalter'd laws'

This said, I left both ship and seas, and on
Along the sacred valleys all alone
Went in discov'ry, till at last I came
Where of the main-med'cine-making Dame
I saw the great house, where encounter'd me

* Seeing them, he thought of his fellows

The golden rod-sustaining Mercury
Lyn' ent ring Circe's doors. He met me in
A young man's likeness, of the first flow'r'd chin,
Whose form hath all the grace of one so young
He first call'd to me, then my hand he wrung,
And said—Thou no-place-finding for repose
Whither alone, by these hill-confines, goes
Thy erring foot? Th' art ent ring Circe's house,
Where, by her medicines, black, and sorcerous,
Thy soldiers all are shunt in well-arm'd styes,
And turn'd to swine. Art thou arriv'd with prize
Fit for their ransoms? Thou com'st out no
more,

If once thou entrest, like thy men before
Made to remain here. But I'll guard thee free,
And save thee in her spite. Receive of me
This fair and good receipt—with which once arm'd,
Enter her roofs, for th' art to all proof charm'd
Against the ill day—I will tell thee all
Her baneful counsel. With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will spice thy bread
With flow'ry poisons, yet unaltered
Shall thy firm form be, for this remedy
Stands most approv'd gainst all her sorcery
Which thus particularly shun. When she
Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly
Draw from thy thigh thy sword, and fly on her
As to her slaughter. She, surpris'd with fear
And love, at first, will bid thee to her bed.
Nor say the Goddess nay that welcom'd
Thou may'st with all respect be, and procure
Thy fellows freedom. But before, make sure
Her favours to thee—and the great oath take
With which the blessed Gods assurance make
Of all they promise—that no prejudice
(By stripping thee of form, and faculties)
She may so much as once attempt on thee.
This said, he gave his antidote to me,
Which from the earth he pluck'd, and told me all
The virtue of it, with what Deities call

The name it bears, and Moly * they impose
 For name to it The root is hard to loose
 From hold of earth by mortals, but God's pow'r
 Can all things do 'Tis black, but bears a flow'r
 As white as milk And thus flew Mercury
 Up to immense Olympus gliding by
 The sylvan island I made back my way
 To Circe's house, my mind of my assay
 Much thought revolving At her gates I stay'd
 And call'd, she heard, and her bright doors display'd,
 Invited, led, I follow'd in, but trac'd
 With some distraction In a throne she plac'd
 My welcome person, of a curious frame
 'Twas, and so bright I sat as in a flame,
 A foot-stool added In a golden bowl
 She then suborn'd a potion, in her soul
 Deform'd things thinking, for amidst the wine
 She mix'd her man-transforming medicine,
 Which when she saw I had devour'd, she then
 No more observ'd me with her soothing vein,
 But struck me with her rod, and to her stye
 Bad, out, away, and with thy fellows lie
 I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I meant
 To take her life When out she cried, and bent
 Beneath my sword her knees, embracing mine,
 And, full of tears, said 'Who? Of what high line
 Art thou the issue? Whence? What shores sustain
 Thy native city? I amaz'd remain
 That, drinking these my venoms, th' art not turn'd
 Never drunk any this cup but he mourn'd
 In other likeness, if it once had pass'd
 The ivory bounders of his tongue and taste
 All but thyself are brutishly declin'd
 Thy breast holds firm yet, and unchang'd thy mind
 Thou canst be therefore none else but the man

* The herb Moly, which, with Ulysses' whole narration, hath in chief an allegorical exposition Notwithstanding I say with our Spondanus *Credo in hoc vasto mundi ambitu extare res innumeras mirandæ facultatis, adeo, ut ne quidem ista quæ ad transformanda corpora pertinet, jure è mundo eximi possit, etc*

Of many virtues, Ithacensian,
Deep-souled, Ulysses, who, I oft was told,
By that sly God that bears the rod of gold,
Was to arrive here in retreat from Troy
Sheathe then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy
So much a man that when the bed we prove,
We may believe in one another's love.

I then O Circe, why entreat'st thou me
To mix in any human league with thee,
When thou my friends hast beasts turn'd and thy
bed

Tender'st to me, that I might likewise lead
A beast's life with thee, soften'd, naked stripp'd,
That in my blood thy banes may more be steep'd?
I never will ascend thy bed, before,
I may affirm, that in heav'n's sight you swore
The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt
To do me ill is from your thoughts exempt.

I said, she swore, when, all the oath rites said,
I then ascended her adorned bed,
But thus prepar'd Four handmaids served her there,
That daughters to her silver fountains were,
To her bright sea-observing sacred floods,
And to her uncut consecrated woods.
One deck'd the throne tops with rich cloths of state,
And did with silks the foot-pace consecrate.
Another silver tables set before
The pompous throne, and golden dishes store
Serv'd in with sev'ral feast. A third fill'd wine.
The fourth brought water and made fuel shine
In ruddy fires beneath a womb of brass.
Which heat, I bath'd and od'rous water was
Disperpled lightly on my head and neck,
That might my late heart hurting sorrows check
With the refreshing sweetness and, for that,
Men sometimes may be something delicate
Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a throne
Of massy silver and of fashion
Exceeding curious. A fair foot-stool set,
Water oppos'd, and ev'ry sort of meat

Set on th' elaborately-polish'd board,
She wish'd my taste employ'd, but not a word
Would my ears taste of taste, my mind had food
That must digest, eye-meat would do me good
Circe (observing that I put no hand
To any banquet, having countermand
From weightier cares the light eates could excuse)
Bowing her near me, these wing'd words did use
 'Why sits Ulysses like one dumb, his mind
Less'ning with languors? Nor to food inclin'd,
Nor wine? Whence comes it? Out of any fear
Of more illusion? You must needs forbear
That wrongful doubt, since you have heard me swear'
 'O Circe!' I replied, 'what man is he,
Aw'd with the rights of true humanity,
That dares taste food or wine, before he sees
His friends redeem'd from their deformities?'
If you be gentle, and indeed incline
To let me taste the comfort of your wine,
Dissolve the charms that their forc'd forms enchain,
And show me here my honour'd friends like men'
This said, she left her throne, and took her rod,
Went to her sty, and let my men abroad,
Like swine of nine years old They opposite stood,
Observ'd their brutish form, and look'd for food,
When, with another med'cine, ev'ry one
All over smear'd, their bristles all were gone,
Produc'd by malice of the other bane,
And ev'ry one, afresh, look'd up a man,
Both younger than they were, of stature more,
And all their forms much goodlier than before
All knew me, cling'd about me, and a cry
Of pleasing mourning flew about so high
The horrid roof resounded, and the queen
Herself was mov'd to see our kind so keen,
Who bad me now bring ship and men ashore,
Our arms, and goods in caves hid, and restore
Myself to her, with all my other men
I granted, went, and op'd the weeping vein
In all my men, whose violent joy to see

My safe return was passing kindly free
 Of friendly tears, and miserably wept.
 You have not seen young heifers (highly kept,
 Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and driv'n
 Home to their hovels, all so spritely giv'n
 That no room can contain them, but about
 Bace by the dams, and let their spirits out
 In ceaseless bleating) of more jocund plight
 Than my kind friends, ev'n crying out with sight
 Of my return so doubted circled me
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully
 Dispos'd their rapt minds, as if there they saw
 Their natural country, dusky Ithaca,
 And ev'n the roofs where they were bred and born,
 And vow'd as much, with tears. O your return
 As much delights us as in you had come
 Our country to us, and our natural home.
 But what unhappy fate hath rest our friends?
 I gave unlook'd-for answer that amends
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all
 Our ship ashore draw then in caverns stall
 Our foody cattle, hide our mutual prize,
 And then, said I attend me, that your eyes,
 In Circe's sacred house, may see each friend
 Eating and drinking banquets out of end.

They soon obey'd all but Eurylochus,
 Who needs would stay them all, and counsell'd thus

O wretches! whither will ye? Why are you
 Fond of your mischiefs, and such gladness show
 For Circe's house, that will transform ye all
 To swine, or wolves, or lions? Never shall
 Our heads get out, if once within we be,
 But stay compell'd by strong necessity
 So wrought the Cyclop, when t' his cave our friends
 This bold one led on, and brought all their ends
 By his one indiscretion. I for this
 Thought with my sword (that desp'rate head of his
 Hewn from his neck) to gash upon the ground
 His mangled body though my blood was bound
 In near alliance to him. But the rest

With humble suit contain'd me, and request,
 'That I would leave him with my ship alone,
 And to the sacred palace lead them on

I led them, nor Eurylochus would stay
 From their attendance on me, our late fray
 Struck to his heart so But mean time, my men,
 In Circe's house, were all, in sev'ral bairn,
 Studiously sweeten'd, smug'd with oil, and deck'd
 With in and out weeds, and a feast secret
 Serv'd in before them, at which close we found
 They all were set, cheer'd, and carousing round,
 When mutual sight had, and all thought on, then
 Least was forgotten, and the moan again *
 About the house flew, driv'n with wings of joy
 But then spake Circe 'Now, no more annoy,
 I know myself what woes by sea, and shore,
 And men unjust have plagued enough before
 Your injur'd virtues Here then feast as long,
 And be as cheerful, till ye grow as strong
 As when ye first forsook your country-earth
 Ye now fare all like exiles, not a mirth,
 Flash'd in amongst ye, but is quench'd again
 With still-renew'd tears, though the beaten vein
 Of your distresses should, methink, be now
 Benumb with suff'rance' We did well allow
 Her kind persuasions, and the whole year stay'd
 In varied feast with her When, now array'd
 The world was with the spring, and orby hours
 Had gone the round again through herbs and flow'rs,
 The months absolv'd in order, till the days
 Had run their full race in Apollo's rays,
 My friends remember'd me of home, and said,
 If ever fate would sign my pass, delay'd
 It should be now no more I heard them well,
 Yet that day spent in feast, till darkness fell,
 And sleep his virtues through our vapours shed
 When I ascended sacred Circe's bed,
 Implor'd my pass, and her perform'd vow

* *Φρασσαυτο τε παύτα* *Commemorabantque omnia* Intending
 all their miseries, escapes, and meetings

Which now my soul urg'd, and my soldiers now
 Afflicted me with tears to get them gone.
 All these I told her and she answer'd these
 Much skill'd Ulysses Laertiades !
 Remain no more against your wills with me,
 But take your free way only this must be
 Perform'd before you steer your course for home.
 You must the way to Pluto overcome,
 And stern Persephoné, to form your pass,
 By th' aged Theban soul Tiresias,
 The dark brow'd prophet, whose soul yet can see
 Clearly and firmly grave Persephoné,
 Ev'n dead, gave him a mind, that he alone
 Might sing truths solid wisdom, and not one
 Prove more than shade in his comparison.

This broke my heart I sunk into my bed,
 Mournd, and would never more be comforted
 With light, nor life. But having now express'd
 My pains enough to her in my unrest,
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get
 All I held fit for an affair so great,
 I said O Circe, who shall steer my course
 To Pluto's kingdom? Never ship had force
 To make that voyage. The divine-in-voice
 Said Seek no guide, raise you your mast, and
 house
 Your ship's white sails, and then sit you at peace,
 The fresh North Spirit shall waft ye through the
 seas.

But, having past the ocean, you shall see
 A little shore, that to Persephoné
 Puts up a consecrated wood, where grows
 Tall firs, and sallows that their fruits soon lose.
 Cast anchor in the gulfs, and go alone
 To Pluto's dark house, where, to Acheron
 Cocytus runs, and Pyriphlegethon,
 Cocytus born of Styx, and where a rock
 Of both the met floods bears the roaring shock
 The dark heroë, great Tiresias,
 Now coming near to gain propitious pass,

Dig of a cubit ev'ry way a pit,
 And pour to all that are deceas'd in it
 A solemn sacrifice For which, first take
 Honey and wine, and their commixtion make,
 'Then sweet wine neat, and thirdly water pour,
 And lastly add to these the whitest flour
 Then vow to all the weak necks of the dead
 Off'rings a number, and, when thou shalt tread
 The Ithacensian shore, to sacrifice
 A heifer never-tam'd, and most of prize,
 A pile of all thy most esteem'd goods
 Enflaming to the dear streams of their bloods,
 And, in secret rites, to Iresias vow
 A ram coal-black at all parts, that doth flow
 With fat and fleece, and all thy flocks doth lead
 When the all-calling nation of the dead *
 'Thou thus hast pray'd to, offer on the place
 A ram and ewe all black, being turn'd in face
 To dreadful Erebus, thyself aside
 The flood's shore walking And then, gratified
 With flocks of souls of men and dames deceas'd
 Shall all thy pious rites be Straight address'd
 See then the off'ring that thy fellows slew,
 Flay'd, and impos'd in fire, and all thy crew
 Pray to the state of either Deity,
 Grave Pluto, and severe Persephone
 Then draw thy sword, stand firm, nor suffer one
 Of all the faint shades of the dead and gone
 T' approach the blood, till thou hast heard their
 king,
 The wise Tiresias, who thy offering
 Will instantly do honour, thy home-ways,
 And all the measure of them by the seas,
 Amply unfolding ' This the Goddess told,
 And then the Morning in her throne of gold
 Survey'd the vast world, by whose orient light
 The Nymph adorn'd me with attires as bright,

* Κλυτὰ ἔθνεα νεκρῶν Which is expounded *Incluta examina mortuorum* but *αὐτὸς* is the epithet of Pluto, and by analogy belongs to the dead, *quod ad se omnes advocat*

Her own hands putting on both shirt and weed,
 Robes fine, and curious, and upon my head
 An ornament that glitter'd like a flame,
 Girt me in gold and forth betimes I came
 Amongst my soldiers, rous'd them all from sleep,
 And bad them now no more observance keep
 Of ease, and feast, but straight a shipboard fall,
 For now the Goddess had inform'd me all.
 Their noble spirits agreed nor yet so clear
 Could I bring all off, but Elpenor there
 His heedless life left. He was youngest man
 Of all my company and one that wan
 Least fame for arms, as little for his brain
 Who (too much steep'd in wine, and so made
 fam

To get refreshing by the cool of sleep,
 Apart his fellows, plung'd in vapours deep,
 And they as high in tumult of their way)
 Suddenly wak'd and (quite out of the stay
 A sober mind had giv'n him) would descend
 A huge long ladder forward, and an end
 Fell from the very roof full pitching on
 The dearest joint his head was plac'd upon,
 Which, quite dissolv'd, let loose his soul to hell.
 I to the rest, and Circe's means did tell
 Of our return, as crossing clean the hope
 I gave them first, and said You think the
 scope

Of our endeavours now is straight for home
 No Circe otherwise design'd, whose doom
 Enjoin'd us first to greet the dreadful house
 Of austere Pluto and his glorious spouse,
 To take the counsel of Tiresias,
 The rev'rend Theban, to direct our pass.

This brake their hearts, and grief made tear their
 hair

But grief was never good at great affair
 It would have way yet. We went woful on
 To ship and shore, where was arriv'd as soon
 Circe unseen, a black ewe and a ram

Binding for sacrifice, and, as she came,
Vanish'd again unwitness'd by our eyes,
Which griev'd not us, nor check'd our sacrifice,
For who would see God, loth to let us see,
This way or that bent, still his ways are free

THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES way to Hell appears
Where he the grato Theresias bears
Enquires his own and others fates
His mother sees, and th after takes
In which were held by soul decease
Heroes and Heroesses,
A number that at Troy wag d war
As Ajax that was still at jar
With Ithacus for th arms he lost
And with the great Achilles ghost.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Adapted Ulysses here
I vokes the dead.
The lives appear
Hereafter led.

"ARRIV'D now at our ship, we launch d, and set
Our mast up, put forth sail, and in did get
Our late-got cattle. Up our sails, we went,
My wayward fellows mourning now th event."
A good companion yet, a foreght wind,
Circe (the excellent utt'rer of her mind)
Supplied our murmuring consorts with, that was
Both speed and guide to our adventurous pass.
All day our sails stood to the winds, and made
Our voyage prosp'rous. Sun then set, and shade
All ways obscuring, on the bounds we fell
Of deep Oceanus, where people dwell
Whom a perpetual cloud obscures outright,
To whom the cheerful sun lends never light,
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heaven,
Nor when he stoops earth, and sets up the even,

They mourned the event before they knew it.

But night holds fix'd wings, feather'd all with banes,
Above those most unblest Cimmerians
Here drew we up our ship, our sheep withdrew,
And walk'd the shore till we attain'd the view,
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd,
And then the sacred off'rings to be vow'd
Eurylochus and Persimedes bore
When I my sword drew, and earth's womb did gore
Till I a pit digg'd of a cubit round,
Which with the liquid sacrifice we crown'd,
First honey mix'd with wine, then sweet wine neat,
Then water pour'd in, last the flour of wheat
Much I importun'd then the weak-neck'd dead,
And vow'd, when I the barren soil should tread
Of cliffy Ithaea, amidst my hall
To kill a heifer, my clear best of all,
And give in off'ring, on a pile compos'd
Of all the choice goods my whole house enclos'd
And to Tiresias himself, alone,
A sheep coal-black, and the selectest one
Of all my flocks When to the Pow'rs beneath,
The sacred nation that survive with death,
My pray'rs and vows had done devotions fit,
I took the off'rings, and upon the pit
Bereft their lives Out gush'd the sable blood,
And round about me fled out of the flood
The souls of the deceas'd There cluster'd then
Youths, and their wives, much-suff'ring aged men,
Soft tender virgins that but new came there
By timeless death, and green their sorrows were
There men-at-arms, with armours all embrew'd,
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd,
In numbers, up and down the ditch, did stalk,
And threw unmeasur'd cries about their walk,
So horrid that a bloodless fear surpris'd
My daunted spirits Straight then I advis'd
My friends to flay the slaughter'd sacrifice,
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,
Stern Pluto and Persephoné, apply
Exciteful pray'rs Then drew I from my thigh

My well-edg'd sword, stept in, and firmly stood
 Betwixt the prease of shadows and the blood,
 And would not suffer any one to dip
 Within our off'ring his unsold lip,
 Before Tiresias that did all controul.
 The first that press'd in was Elpenor's soul,
 His body in the broad way'd earth as yet
 Unmourn'd, unburied by us, since we swet
 With other urgent labours. Yet his smart
 I wept to see, and rued it from my heart,
 Enquiring how he could before me be
 That came by ship? He, mourning, answer'd me
 In Circe's house, the spite some spirit did bear
 And the unspeakable good liquor there,
 Hath been my bane for being to descend
 A ladder much in height, I did not tend
 My way well down, but forwards made a proof
 To tread the rounds, and from the very roof
 Fell on my neck, and brake it and thus made
 My soul thus visit this infernal shade.
 And here, by them that next thyself are dear
 Thy wife, and father, that a little one
 Gave food to thee, and by thy only son
 At home behind thee left, Telemachus,
 Do not depart by stealth, and leave me thus,
 Unmourn'd, unburied, lest neglected I
 Bring on thyself th' incens'd Deity
 I know that, sail'd from hence, thy ship must touch
 On th' isle *Aëa* where vouchsafe thus much,
 Good king, that, landed, thou wilt instantly
 Bestow on me thy royal memory
 To this grace, that my body arms and all,
 May rest consum'd in fiery funeral
 And on the foamy shore a sepulchre
 Erect to me, that after-times may hear
 Of one so hapless. Let me these implore
 And fix upon my sepulchre the oar *
 With which alive I shook the aged seas,
 And had of friends the dear societies.

Miserum apud Virgilium iugentis mæle et

Shall chance in only-earnest-pray-vow'd age,
Obtain'd at home, quite emptied of his rage,
Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest
And here hath I ruth summ'd up thy vital rest'

I answer'd him 'We will suppose all these
Decreed in Deity, let it likewise please
Tiresias to resolve me, why so near
The blood and me my mother's soul doth bear,
And yet nor word, nor look, vouchsafe her son?
Doth she not know me?' 'No,' said he, 'nor none
Of all these spirits, but myself alone,
Knows anything till he shall taste the blood
But whomsoever you shall do that good,
He will the truth of all you wish unfold,
Who you envy it to will all withhold'

Thus said the kingly soul, and made retreat
Amidst the inner parts of Pluto's seat,
When he had spoke thus by divine instinct
Still I stood firm, till to the blood's precinct
My mother came, and drunk, and then she knew
I was her son, had passion to renew
Her natural plaints, which thus she did pursue
'How is it, O my son, that you alive
This deadly-darksome region underlive?
'Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty seas,
And horrid currents, interpose their prease,
Oceanus in chief? Which none (unless
More help'd than you) on foot now can transgress
A well-built ship he needs that ventures there
Com'st thou from Troy but now, enforc'd to err
All this time with thy soldiers? Nor hast seen,
Ere this long day, thy country, and thy queen?'

I answer'd 'That a necessary end
To this infernal state made me contend,
That from the wise Tiresias' Theban soul
I might an oracle involv'd unroll,

* *Γηρα ὑπὸ λιπαρῶ* Which all translate *senectute sub molli*
The epithet *λιπαρῶ* not of *λιπαρός*, viz *pinguis*, or *λιπαρῶς*,
pinguiter, but *λιπαρῶς* signifying *flagitanter orando* To which
pious age is ever altogether addicted

For I came nothing near Achaea yet,
 Nor on our lov'd earth happy foot had set,
 But, mishaps suffering, err'd from coast to coast,
 Ever since first the mighty Grecian host
 Divine Atreides led to Ithon,
 And I his follower to set war upon
 The rapeful Trojans and so pray'd she would
 The fate of that ungentle death unfold,
 That forc'd her thither if some long disease,
 Or that the spleen of her that arrows-please,
 Diana, envious of most eminent dames,
 Had made her th' object of her deadly aims?
 My father's state and sons I sought, if they
 Kept still my goods? Or they became the prey
 Of any other holding me no more
 In pow'r of safe return? Or if my store
 My wife had kept together with her son?
 If she her first mind held, or had been won
 By some chief Grecian from my love and bed?

All this she answer'd That affliction fed
 On her blood still at home, and that to grief
 She all the days and darkness of her life
 In tears had consecrate. That none possess
 My famous kingdom's throne, but th' interest
 My son had in it still he held in peace,
 A court kept like a prince, and his increase
 Spent in his subjects' good, administ'ring laws
 With justice, and the general applause
 A king should merit, and all call'd him king.
 My father kept the upland, labouring,
 And shunn'd the city us'd no sumptuous beds,
 Wonder'd-at furnitures, nor wealthy weeds,
 But in the winter strew'd about the fire
 Lay with his slaves in ashes, his attire
 Like to a beggar's when the summer came,
 And autumn all fruits ripen'd with his flame,
 Where grape charg'd vines made shadows most
 abound,
 His couch with fall'n leaves made upon the ground,
 And here lay he, his sorrow's fruitful state

Increasing as he faded for my fate
And now the part of age that irksome is
Lay sadly on him And that life of his
She led, and perish'd in, not slaughter'd by
'The Dame that darts love, and her archery,
Nor by disease invaded, vast and foul,
That wastes the body, and sends out the soul
With shame and horror only in her moan,
For me and my life, she consum'd her own'

She thus, when I had great desire to prove
My arms the circle where her soul did move
I thrice prov'd I, thrice she vanish'd like a sleep,
Or fleeting shadow, which struck much more deep
The wounds my woes made, and made ask her why
She would my love to her embraces fly,
And not vouchsafe that ev'n in hell we might
Pay pious Nature her unalter'd right,
And give Vexation here her cruel fill?
Should not the Queen here, to augment the ill
Of ev'ry suff'rance, which her office is,
Enforce thy idol to afford me this?

'O son,' she answer'd, 'of the race of men
The most unhappy, our most equal Queen
Will mock no solid arms with empty shade,
Nor suffer empty shades again t' invade
Flesh, bones, and nerves, nor will defraud the fire
Of his last dues, that, soon as spirits expire
And leave the white bone, are his native right,
When, like a dream, the soul assumes her flight.
The light then of the living with most haste,
O son, contend to This thy little taste
Of this state is enough, and all this life
Will make a tale fit to be told thy wife'

This speech we had, when now repair'd to me
More female spirits, by Persephoné
Driv'n on before her All th' heroes' wives,
And daughters, that led there their second lives,
About the black blood throng'd Of whom yet more
My mind impell'd me to inquire, before
I let them all together taste the gore,

For then would all have been dispers'd, and gone
Thick as they came. I therefore, one by one
Let taste the pit, my sword drawn from my thigh,
And stand betwixt them made, when, severally
All told their stocks. The first, that quench'd her
fire,

Was Tyro, issued of a noble sire.
She said she sprung from pure Salmonæus bed,
And Cretheus, son of Æolus, did wed
Yet the divine flood Enipeus lov'd,
Who much the most fair stream of all floods mov'd.
Near whose streams Tyro walking, Neptune came,
Like Enipeus, and enjoy'd the dame.
Like to a hill, the blue and snaky flood
Above th' immortal and the mortal stood,
And had them both, as both together lay
Just where his current falls into the sea.

Her virgin waist dissolv'd, she slumber'd then
But when the God had done the work of men,
Her fair hand gently wringing, thus he said
Woman! rejoice in our combin'd bed,
For when the year hath run his circle round
(Because the Gods' loves must in fruit abound)
My love shall make, to cheer thy teeming moans,
Thy one dear burden bear two famous sons
Love well and bring them up. Go home, and see
That, though of more joy yet I shall be free,
Thou dost not tell, to glorify thy birth
Thy love is Neptune, shaker of the earth
This said, he plung'd into the sea and she,
Begot with child by him, the light let see
Great Pelas, and Neleus, that became
In Jove's great ministry of mighty fame.
Pelias in broad Iolcus held his throne,
Wealthy in cattle th' other royal son
Rul'd sandy Pylos. To these issue more
This queen of women to her husband bore,
Æson, and Phereas, and Amythaon
That for his sight on horseback stoop'd to none.

Next her I saw admir'd Antiope,

Asopus' daughter, who (as much as she
Boasted attraction of great Neptune's love)
Boasted to slumber in the arms of Jove,
And two sons likewise at one burden bore
To that her all-controlling paramour,
Amphion, and fair Zethus that first laid
Great Thebes' foundations, and strong walls convey'd
About her turrets, that seven ports enclos'd,
For though the Thebans much in strength repos'd,
Yet had not they the strength to hold their own,
Without the added aids of wood and stone

Alemena next I saw, that famous wife
Was to Amphitryo, and honour'd life
Gave to the lion-hearted Hercules,
That was of Jove's embrace the great increase

I saw, besides, proud Creon's daughter there,
Bright Megara, that nuptial yoke did wear
With Jove's great son, who never field did try
But bore to him the flow'r of victory

The mother then of Œdipus I saw,
Fair Epicasta, that, beyond all law,
Her own son married, ignorant of kind
And he, as darkly taken in his mind,
His mother wedded, and his father slew
Whose blind act Heav'n expos'd at length to view,
And he in all-lov'd Thebes the supreme state
With much moan manag'd, for the heavy fate
The Gods laid on him She made violent flight
To Pluto's dark house from the loathéd light,
Beneath a steep beam strangled with a cord,
And left her son, in life, pains as abhorr'd
As all the Furies pour'd on her in hell
Then saw I Chloris, that did so excell
In answering beauties, that each part had all
Great Neleus married her, when gifts not small
Had won her favour, term'd by name of dow'r
She was of all Amphion's seed the flow'r,
Amphion, call'd Iasides, that then
Rul'd strongly Mynæan Orchomen,
And now his daughter rul'd the Pylian throne,

Because her beauty's empire overshone.
She brought her wise-awed husband, Neleus,
Nestor much honour'd, Penclymenus,
And Chromius, sons with sov'reign virtues grac'd
But after brought a daughter that surpass'd,
Rare-beautied Pero so for form exact
That Nature to a miracle was rack'd
In her perfections, blaz'd with th' eyes of men
That made of all the country's hearts a chain,
And drew them suitors to her Which her sire
Took vantage of, and, since he did aspire
To nothing more than to the broad-brow'd herd
Of oxen, which the common fame so rear'd,
Own'd by Iphiclus, not a man should be
His Pero's husband, that from Phylace
Those never-yet-driv'n oxen could not drive.
Yet these a strong hope held him to achieve,
Because a prophet, that had never err'd,
Had said, that only he should be preferr'd
To their possession. But the equal fate
Of God withstood his stealth inextricate
Imprisoning bands, and sturdy churlish swains
That were the herdsmen, who withheld with chains
The stealth attempter which was only he
That durst abet the act with prophecy
None else would undertake it, and he must
The king would needs a prophet should be just.
But when some days and months expired were,
And all the hours had brought about the year
The prophet did so satisfy the king
(Iphiclus, all his cunning questioning)
That he enfranchis'd him and, all worst done,
Jove's counsel made th' all safe conclusion.

Then saw I Leda, link'd in nuptial chain
With Tyndarus, to whom she did sustain
Sons much renown'd for wisdom Castor one,
That pass'd for use of horse comparison
And Pollux, that excell'd in whirlbat fight
Both these the fruitful earth bore, while the light
Of life inspir'd them after which, they found

Such grace with Jove, that both liv'd under ground,
By change of days, life still did one sustain,
While th' other died, the dead then liv'd again,
The living dying, both of one self date
Their lives and deaths made by the Gods and Fate

Iphimedia after Leda came,
That did derive from Neptune too the name
Of father to two admirable sons
Life yet made short their admirations,
Who God-opposed Otus had to name,
And Ephialtes far in sound of fame
The prodigal earth so fed them, that they grew
To most huge stature, and had fairest hue
Of all men, but Orion, under heav'n
At nine years old nine cubits they were driv'n
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathoms high
They threaten'd to give battle to the sky,
And all th' Immortals They were setting on
Ossa upon Olympus, and upon
Steep Ossa leavy Pelus, that ev'n
They might a highway make with lofty heav'n,
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liv'd
Till they were striplings, but Jove's son depriv'd
Their limbs of life, before th' age that begins
The flow'r of youth, and should adorn their chins

Phædra and Procris, with wise Minos' flame,
Bright Ariadne, to the off'ring came
Whom whilome Theseus made his prise from Crete,
That Athens' sacred soil might kiss her feet,
But never could obtain her virgin flow'r,
Till, in the sea-girt Dia, Dian's pow'r
Detain'd his homeward haste, where (in her fane,
By Bæchus witness'd) was the fatal wane
Of her prime glory Mæra, Clymene,
I witness'd there, and loath'd Eriphyle,
That honour'd gold more than she lov'd her spouse *

But all th' heroesses in Pluto's house
That then encounter'd me, exceeds my might

* Amphirraus was her husband, whom she betrayed to his ruin
at Thebes, for gold taken of Adrastus her brother

To name or number and ambrosian night
 Would quite be spent, when now the formal hours
 Present to sleep our all disposed pow'rs,
 If at my ship, or here. My home made vow
 I leave for fit grace to the Gods and you.

This said the silence his discourse had made
 With pleasure held still through the house's shade,
 When white-arm'd Arete this speech began
 "Phæacians! How appears to you this man,
 So goodly person'd, and so match'd with mind?
 My guest he is, but all you stand combin'd
 In the renown he doth us. Do not then
 With careless haste dismiss him, nor the man
 Of his dispatch to one so needy man,
 The Gods' free bounty gives us all just claim
 To goods enow. This speech, the oldest man
 Of any other Phæacensian,
 The grave heroë, Echmêus, gave
 All approbation, saying "Friends! ye have
 The motion of the wise queen in such words
 As have not miss'd the mark, with which accords
 My clear opinion. But Alcinous,
 In word and work, must be our rule. He thus
 And then Alcinous said "Thus then must stand,
 If while I live I rule in the command
 Of this well-skill'd in navigation state
 Endure then, guest, though most importunate
 Be your affects for home. A little stay
 If your expectance bear perhaps it may
 Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all
 Your due deduction asks but principal
 I am therein the ruler. He replied

Alcinous, the most duly glorified
 With rule of all of all men if you lay
 Commandment on me of a whole year's stay
 So all the while your preparations rise,
 As well in gifts as time,* ye can devise
 No better wish for me for I shall come
 Much fuller handed, and more honoured, home,

And dearer to my people, in whose loves
I he richer evermore the better proves

He answer'd "There is argued in your sight
A worth that works not men for benefit,
Like prollers or impostors, of which crew,
The gentle black earth feeds not up a few,
Here and there wand'ers, blanching tales and lies,
Of neither praise, nor use You move our eyes
With form, our minds with matter, and our ears
With elegant oration, such as bears
A music in the order'd history

It lays before us Not Demodocus
With sweeter strains hath us'd to sing to us
All the Greek sorrows, wept out in your own
But say Of all your worthy friends, were none
Objected to your eyes that consorts were
To Ilion with you, and serv'd destiny there?

This night is passing long, unmeasur'd, none
Of all my household would to bed yet on,
Relate these wondrous things Were I with you,
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,
Till the divine Aurora show'd her head,
I should in no night relish thought of bed "

"Most eminent king," said he, "times all must keep,
There's time to speak much, time as much to sleep
But would you hear still, I will tell you still,
And utter more, more miserable ill
Of friends than yet, that scap'd the dismal wars,
And perish'd homewards, and in household jars
Wag'd by a wicked woman The chaste Queen
No sooner made these lady ghosts unseen,
Here and there flitting, but mine eyesight won
The soul of Agamemnon, Atreus' son,
Sad, and about him all his train of friends,
That in Ægisthus' house endur'd their ends
With his stern fortune Having drunk the blood,
He knew me instantly, and forth a flood
Of springing tears gush'd, out he thrust his hands,
With will t' embrace me, but their old commands
Flow'd not about him, nor their weakest part

I wept to see, and moan'd him from my heart,
And ask'd O Agamemnon! King of men!
What sort of cruel death hath render'd slain
Thy royal person? Neptune in thy fleet
Heav'n and his hellish billows making meet,
Rousing the winds? Or have thy men by land
Done thee this ill, for using thy command,
Past their consents, in diminution
Of those full shares their worths by lot had won
Of sheep or oxen? Or of any town,
In covetous strife, to make their rights thine own
In men or women prisoners? He replied
By none of these in any right I died,
But by Agasthus and my murderous wife
(Bid to a banquet at his house) my life
Hath thus been rest me, to my slaughter led
Like to an ox pretended to be fed.
So miserably fell I and with me
My friends lay massacred, as when you see
At any rich man's nuptials, shot, or feast,
About his kitchen white tooth'd swine lie drest.
The slaughters of a world of men thine eyes,
Both private, and in prease of enemies,
Have personally witness'd but this one
Would all thy parts have broken into moan,
To see how strew'd about our cups and cakes,
As tables set with feast, so we with fates,
All gash'd and slain lay all the floor embrued
With blood and brain. But that which most I rued,
Flew from the heavy voice that Priam's seed,
Cassandra, breath'd, whom, she that wit doth feed
With baneful crafts, false Clytemnestra, slew
Close sitting by me up my hands I threw
From earth to heav'n, and tumbling on my sword
Gave wretched life up when the most abhorr'd,
By all her sex's shame, forsook the room,
Nor deign'd, though then so near this heavy home,
To shut my lips, or close my broken eyes.
Nothing so heap'd is with impieties,
As such a woman that would kill her spouse

That married her a maid When to my house
I brought her, hoping of her love in heart,
To children, maids, and slaves But she (in th' art
Of only mischief hearty) not alone
Cast on herself this foul aspersion,
But loving dames, hereafter, to their lords
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words '
 'Alas,' said I, 'that Jove should hate the lives
Of Atreus' seed so highly for their wives '
For Menelaus' wife a number fell,
For dang'rous absence thine sent thee to hell '
 'For this,' he answer'd, 'be not thou more kind
Than wise to thy wife Never all thy mind
Let words express to her Of all she knows,
Curbs for the worst still, in thyself repose
But thou by thy wife's wiles shalt lose no blood,
Exceeding wise she is, and wise in good
Icarus' daughter, chaste Penelope,
We left a young bride, when for battle we
Forsook the nuptial peace, and at her breast
Her first child sucking, who, by this hour, blest,
Sits in the number of surviving men
And his bliss she hath, that she can contain,
And her bliss thou hast, that she is so wise
For, by her wisdom, thy return'd eyes
Shall see thy son, and he shall greet his sire
With fitting welcomes, when in my retire,
My wife denies mine eyes my son's dear sight,
And, as from me, will take from him the light,
Before she adds one just delight to life,
Or her false wit one truth that fits a wife
For her sake therefore let my harms advise,
That though thy wife be ne'er so chaste and wise,
Yet come not home to her in open view,*
With any ship or any personal show,
But take close shore disguis'd, nor let her know,
For 'tis no world to trust a woman now
But what says Fame? Doth my son yet survive,
In Orchomen, or Pylos? Or doth live

* This advice he followed at his coming home.

In Sparta with his uncle? Yet I see
Divine Orestes is not here with me

I answer'd, asking Why doth Atreus son
Enquire of me, who yet arriv'd where none
Could give to these news any certain wings?
And 'tis absurd to tell uncertain things.

Such sad speech past us and as thus we stood,
With kind tears rending unkind fortunes good,
Achilles' and Patroclus soul appear'd,
And his soul, of whom never ill was heard,
The good Antilochus, and the soul of him
That all the Greeks past both for force and limb,
Excepting the unmatched *Atacides*,
Illustrious *Ajax*. But the first of these
That saw acknowledg'd, and saluted me,
Was *Thetis'* conquering son, who (heavily
His state here taking) said Unworthy breath!
What act yet mightier imagineth

Thy vent'rous spirit? How dost thou descend
These under-regions, where the dead man's end
Is to be look'd on, and his foolish shade?

I answer'd him I was induc'd to invade
These under parts, most excellent of Greece,
To visit wise *Tiresias*, for advice
Of virtue to direct my voyage home
To rugged *Ithaca* since I could come
To note in no place, where *Achaia* stood,
And so liv'd ever, tortur'd with the blood
In man's vain veins. Thou, therefore, *Thetis'* son,
Hast equal'd all that ever yet have won
The bliss the earth yields, or hereafter shall.
In life thy eminence was ador'd of all
Ev'n with the Gods and now ev'n dead, I see
Thy virtues propagate thy empery
To a renew'd life of command beneath
So great *Achilles* triumphs over death
This comfort of him this encounter found

Urge not my death to me, nor rub that wound,
I rather wish to live in earth a swain,
Or serve a swain for hire, that scarce can gain

Bread to sustain him, than, that life once gone,
 Of all the dead sway the imperial throne
 But say, and of my son some comfort yield,
 If he goes on in first fights of the field,
 Or lurks for safety in the obscure rear?
 Or of my father if thy royal ear
 Hath been advertis'd, that the Phthian throne
 He still commands, as greatest Myrmidon?
 Or that the Phthian and Thessalian rage
 (Now feet and hands are in the hold of age)
 Despise his empire? Under those bright rays,
 In which heav'n's fervour hurls about the days
 Must I no more shine his revenger now,
 Such as of old the Iliou overthrow
 Witness'd my anger, th' universal host
 Sending before me to this shady coast,
 In fight for Grecia Could I now resort,
 (But for some small time) to my father's court,
 In spirit and pow'r as then, those men should find
 My hands inaccessible, and of fire my mind,
 That durst with all the numbers they are strong
 Unseat his honour, and suborn his wrong'

This pitch still flew his spirit, though so low,
 And this I answer'd thus 'I do not know
 Of blameless Peleus any least report,
 But of your son, in all the utmost sort,
 I can inform your care with truth, and thus

From Scyros princely Neoptolmus
 By fleet I convey'd to the Greeks, where he
 Was chief, at both parts, when our gravity
 Retir'd to council, and our youth to fight
 In council still so fiery was Consent
 In his quick apprehension of a cause,
 That first he ever spake, nor pass'd the laws
 Of any great stay, in his greatest haste
 None would contend with him, that counsell'd last,
 Unless illustrious Nestor, he and I
 Would sometimes put a friendly contrary
 On his opinion In our fights, the prease
 Of great or common, he would never cease,

But far before fight ever No man there,
 For force, he forc'd. He was slaughterer
 Of many a brave man in most dreadful fight.
 But one and other whom he rest of light,
 In Grecian succour I can neither name,
 Nor give in number The particular same
 Of one man's slaughter yet I must not pass
 Furypylus Telephides he was,
 That fell beneath him, and with him the falls
 Of such huge men went, that they show'd like whales¹
 Rampir'd about him. Neoptolemus
 Set him so sharply for the sumptuous
 Favours of mistresses he saw him wear
 For past all doubt his beauties had no peer
 Of all that mine eyes noted, next to one
 And that was Memnon, Tithon's Sun like son.
 Thus far for fight in public may a taste
 Give of his eminence. How far surpass
 His spirit in private, where he was not seen,
 Nor glory could be said to praise his spleen,
 This close note I excerpted. When we sat
 Had in Fixus horse, no optimate
 Of all the Greeks there had the charge to ope
 And shut the stratagem but I My scope
 To note then each man's spirit in a strait
 Of so much danger much the better might
 Be hit by me, than others, as, provok'd,
 I shifted place still when, in some I smok'd
 Both privy tremblings, and close vent of tears,
 In him yet not a soft conceit of theirs
 Could all my search see, either his wet eyes
 Ply'd still with wipings, or the goodly guise,
 His person all ways put forth, in least part,
 By any tremblings, show'd his touch'd at heart.
 But ever he was urging me to make
 Way to their sally by his sign to shake
 His sword had in his scabbard, or his lance

¹ This place (and number more) is most miserably mistaken by all translators and commentators.

² The horse abovesaid.

Loaded with iron, at me No good chance
 His thoughts to 'Troy intended In th' event,
 High 'Troy depopulate, he made ascent
 To his fair ship, with prise and treasure store,
 Safe, and no touch away with him he bore
 Of far-off-hurl'd lance, or of close fought sword,
 Whose wounds for favours war doth oft afford,
 Which he (though sought) miss'd in war's closest wage
*In close fights Mars doth never fight, but rage **

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
 A march of glory through the herby mead,
 For joy to hear me so renown his son,
 And vanish'd stalking But with passion
 Stood th' other souls struck, and each told his bane
 Only the spirit Telamonian *
 Kept far off, angry for the victory
 I won from him at fleet, though arbitry
 Of all a court of war pronounc'd it mine,
 And Pallas' self Our prise were th' arms divine
 Of great Æacides, propos'd t' our fames
 By his bright Mother, at his funeral games
 I wish to heav'n I ought not to have won,
 Since for those arms so high a head so soon
 The base earth cover'd, Ajax, that of all
 The host of Greece had person capital,
 And acts as eminent, excepting his
 Whose arms those were, in whom was nought amiss
 I tried the great soul with soft words, and said
 ' Ajax ! Great son of Telamon, array'd
 In all our glories ! What ! not dead resign
 Thy wrath for those curst arms ? The Pow'rs divine
 In them forg'd all our banes, in thine own one,
 In thy grave fall our tower was overthrown
 We mourn, for ever maim'd, for thee as much
 As for Achilles, nor thy wrong doth touch,
 In sentence, any but Saturnus' doom,
 In whose hate was the host of Greece become
 A very horror, who express'd it well
 In signing thy fate with this timeless hell

* Ajax the son of Telamon

Approach then, king of all the Grecian merit,
Repress thy great mind and thy flaming spirit,
And give the words I give thee worthy ear

All this no word drew from him, but less near
The stern soul kept to other souls he fled,
And glid along the river of the dead.
Though anger mov'd him, yet he might have spoke,
Since I to him. But my desires were strook
With sight of other souls. And then I saw
Minos, that minister'd to Death a law
And Jove's bright son was. He was set, and sway'd
A golden sceptre and to him did plead
A sort of others, set about his throne,
In Pluto's wide-door'd house when straight came on
Mighty Orion, who was hunting there
The herds of those beasts he had slaughter'd here
In desert hills on earth. A club he bore,
Entirely steel, whose virtues never wore.

Tityus I saw to whom the glorious earth
Open'd her womb, and gave unhappy birth
Upwards, and flat upon the pavement, lay
His ample limbs, that spread in their display
Nine acres' compass. On his bosom sat
Two vultures, digging, through his caul of fat,
Into his liver with their crook'd beaks
And each by turns the concrete entrail breaks
(As smiths their steel beat) set on either side.
Nor doth he ever labour to divide
His liver and their beaks, nor with his hand
Offer them off, but suffers by command
Of th' angry Thund'rer offering to enforce
His love Latona, in the close recourse
She us'd to Pytho through the dancing land,
Smooth Panopeus. I saw likewise stand,
Up to the chin, amidst a liquid lake,
Tormented Tantalus, yet could not slake
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornful cup
Th' old man would taste, so oft twas swallow'd up,
And all the black earth to his feet descried,
Divine pow'r (plaguing him) the lake still dried.

About his head, on high trees, clust'ring, hung
Pears, apples, granates, olives ever-young,
Delicious figs, and many fruit-trees more
Of other burden, whose alluring store
When th' old soul striv'd to pluck, the winds from
sight,

In gloomy vapours, made them vanish quite

There saw I Sisypheus in infinite moan,
With both hands heaving up a massy stone,
And on his tip-toes racking all his height,
To wrest up to a mountain-top his freight,
When prest to rest it there, his nerves quite spent,
Down rush'd the deadly quarry, the event
Of all his torture new to raise again,
To which straight set his never-rested pain
The sweat came gushing out from ev'ry pore
And on his head a standing mist he wore,
Reeking from thence, as if a cloud of dust
Were rais'd about it Down with these was thrust
The idol of the force of Hercules,
But his firm self did no such fate oppress,
He feasting lives amongst th' Immortal States,
White-ankled Hebe and himself made mates
In heav'nly nuptials Hebe, Jove's dear race,
And Juno's whom the golden sandals grace
About him flew the clamours of the dead
Like fowls, and still stoop'd cuffing at his head
He with his bow, like Night, stalk'd up and down,
His shaft still nock'd, and hurling round his frown
At those vex'd hov'ers, aiming at them still,
And still, as shooting out, desire to still
A horrid bawdrick wore he thwart his breast,
'The thong all-gold, in which were forms imprest,
Where art and miracle drew equal breaths,
In bears, boars, lions, battles, combats, deaths,
Who wrought that work did never such before,
Nor so divinely will do ever more
Soon as he saw, he knew me, and gave speech
'Son of Laertes, high in wisdom's reach,
And yet unhappy wretch, for in this heart,

Of all exploits achiev'd by thy desert,
Thy worth but works out some sinister fate,
As I in earth did. I was generate
By Jove himself and yet past mean oppress
By one my far inferior whose proud hest
Impos'd abhorred labours on my hand.
Of all which *one was, to descend this strand,*
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think
An act that danger could make deeper sink.
And yet this depth I drew and fetch'd as high
As this was low the dog. The Deity
Of sleight and wisdom, as of downright power
Both stoop'd, and rais'd, and made me conqueror
This said, he made descent again as low
As Pluto's court when I stood firm, for show
Of more heroes of the times before,
And might perhaps have seen my wish of more,
(As Theseus and Pirithous, deriv'd
From roots of Deity) but before th' achiev'd
Rare sight of these, the rank soul'd multitude
In infinite flocks rose, venting sounds so rude,
That pale Fear took me, lest the Gorgon's head
Rush'd in amongst them, thrust up, in my dread,
By grim Persephoné. I therefore sent
My men before to ship, and after went.
Where, boarded, set, and launch'd, the ocean wave
Our oars and forewinds speedy passage gave.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

HE shows from Hell his safe retreat
To th' isle *Ætœa*, Circe's seat,
And how he scap'd the Sirens' calls
With th' erring rocks, and waters' falls,
That *Scylla* and *Charybdis* break,
The Sun's stol'n herds, and his sad wreck
Both of Ulysses' ship and men,
His own head scraping scarce the pain

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

MØ The rocks that err'd
 The Sirens' call
 The Sun's stol'n herd
 The soldiers' fall

“OUR ship now past the straits of th' ocean flood,
She plow'd the broad sea's billows, and made good
The isle *Ætœa*, where the palace stands
Of th' early-riser with the rosy hands,
Active *Aurora*, where she loves to dance,
And where the Sun doth his prime beams advance.

When here arriv'd, we drew her up to land,
And trod ourselves the re-saluted sand,
Found on the shore fit resting for the night,
Slept, and expected the celestial light

Soon as the white-and-red-mix'd finger'd Dame
Had gilt the mountains with her saffron flame,
I sent my men to Circe's house before,
To fetch deceas'd *Elpenor* to the shore

Straight swell'd the high banks with fell'd heaps of
trees,
And, full of tears, we did due exsequies
To our dead friend Whose corse consum'd with fire,
And honour'd arms, whose sepulchre entire,

And over that a column rais'd, his our
Curiously carv'd, to his desire before,
Upon the top of all his tomb we fix'd.
Of all rites fit his funeral pile was mix'd.

Nor was our safe ascent from Hell conceal'd
From Circe's knowledge nor so soon reveal'd
But she was with us, with her bread and food,
And ruddy wine, brought by her sacred brood
Of woods and fountains. In the midst she stood
And thus saluted us Unhappy men,
That have, inform'd with all your senses, been
In Pluto's dismal mansion! You shall die
Twice now where others, that Mortality
In her four arms holds, shall but once de cease,
But eat and drink out all conceit of these,
And this day dedicate to food and wine,
The following night to sleep. When next shall shine
The cheerful morning, you shall prove the sea.
Your way and ev'ry act ye must address,
My knowledge of their order shall design,
Lest with your own bad counsels ye incline
Events as bad against ye, and sustain,
By sea and shore, the woful ends that reign
In wilful actions. Thus did she advise
And, for the time, our fortunes were so wise
To follow wise directions. All that day
We sat and feasted. When his lower way
The Sun had entered, and the Even the high,
My friends slept on their gables she and I
(Led by her fair hand to place apart,
By her well-sorted) did to sleep convert
Our timid pow'rs when all things Fate let fall
In our affair she ask'd I told her all.
To which she answer'd These things thus took end.
And now to those that I inform attend,
Which you rememb'ring, God himself shall be
The blessed author of your memory

First to the Sirens ye shall come, that taint
The minds of all men whom they can acquaint
With their attractions. Whosoever shall,

For want of knowledge mov'd, but hear the call
Of any Siren, he will so despise
Both wife and children, for their sorceries,
That never home turns his affection's stream,
Nor they take joy in him, nor he in them
The Sirens will so soften with their song
(Shrill, and in sensual appetite so strong)
His loose affections, that he gives them head
And then observe They sit amidst a mead,
And round about it runs a hedge or wall
Of dead men's bones, their wither'd skins and all
Hung all along upon it, and these men
Were such as they had fawn'd into their fen,
And then their skins hung on their hedge of bones
Sail by them therefore, thy companions
Beforehand causing to stop ev'ry ear
With sweet soft wax, so close that none may hear
A note of all their charmings Yet may you,
If you affect it, open ear allow
To try their motion, but presume not so
To trust your judgment, when your senses go
So loose about you, but give strait command
To all your men, to bind you foot and hand
Sure to the mast, that you may safe approve
How strong in instigation to their love
Their rapturing tunes are If so much they move,
That, spite of all your reason, your will stands
To be enfranchis'd both of feet and hands,
Charge all your men before to slight your charge,
And rest so far from fearing to enlarge
That much more sure they bind you When your
friends
Have outsail'd these, the danger that transcends
Rests not in any counsel to prevent,
Unless your own mind finds the tract and bent
Of that way that avoids it. I can say
That in your course there lies a twofold way,
The right of which your own, taught, present wit,
And grace divine, must prompt In gen'ral yet
Let this inform you Near these Sirens' shore

Move two steep rocks, at whose feet lie and roar
 The black sea's cruel billows the bless'd Gods
 Call them the Rovers. Their abhor'd abodes
 No bird can pass no not the doves, whose fear¹
 Sire Jove so loves that they are said to bear
 Ambrosia to him, can their ravine scape,
 But one of them falls ever to the rape
 Of those sly rocks yet Jove another still
 Adds to the rest, that so may ever fill
 The sacred number Never ship could shun
 The numble peril wing'd there, but did run
 With all her bulk, and bodies of her men,
 To utter ruin. For the seas retain
 Not only their outrageous nature there,
 But fierce assistants of particular fear
 And supernatural mischief, they expire,
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring fire
 Whisking about still. To Argive ship alone,
 Which bore the care of all men, got her gone,²

¹ Πτεναι τρῖνες. *Columba livida*. What these doves were, and the whole mind of this place, the great Macedon asking Chiron Amphipolites, he answered They were the Pleiades or seven Stars. One of which (besides his proper imperfection of being *dark* i.e. *adus* *erit* *vel* *nikotomus* *et* *vix* *parat*) is utterly obscured or let by these rocks. Why then, or how Jove still supplied the lost one, that the number might be full, Athenæus falls to it and helps the other out, interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetual septenary number though there appeared but six. But how lam and loathsome these provers show in their affected expostions of the poetical mind, this and an hundred others, pent in mere presumptuous guess at this inaccessible Poet, I hope will make plain enough to the most envious of any thing done, besides their own set censures, and most arrogant overweenings. In the 3 of the Iliad (being ψ) at the games celebrated at Patroclus funerals they tied to the top of mast *τρίνες τρῖνες, τριδάς καλῶν* i. shoot 1 for a game, so that (by these great men's aboveall expostions) they shot at the Pleiades.

² Νῆος ἅδης μένους, etc. *Navis omnibus cura* the ship that held the care of all men or of all things which our critics will needs restrain, *omnis herolitus Poetis omnibus vel Historicis* when the care of all men preservation is affirmed to be the freight of it as if poets and historians comprehended

Come from Areta. Yet perhaps ev'n she
 Had wrack'd at those rocks, if the Deity,
 That lies by Jove's side, had not lent her hand
 To their transmission, since the man, that mann'd
 In chief that voyage, she in chief did love
 Of these two spiteful rocks, the one doth shove
 Against the height of heav'n her pointed brow
 A black cloud binds it round, and never show
 Lends to the sharp point, not the clear blue sky
 Lets ever view it, not the summer's eye,
 Nor fervent autumn's None that death could end
 Could ever scale it, or, if up, descend,
 Though twenty hands and feet he had for hold,
 A polish'd ice-like glibness doth enfold
 The rock so round, whose midst a gloomy cell
 Shrouds so far westward that it sees to hell
 From this keep you as far, as from his bow
 An able young man can his shaft bestow
 For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,*

all things, when I scarce know any that makes them any part of their care But this likewise is garbage good enough for the monster Nor will I tempt our spiced consciences with expressing the divine mind it includes Being afraid to affirm any good of poor poesy, since no man gets any goods by it. And notwithstanding many of our bird-eyed starters at profanation are for nothing so afraid of it, as that lest their galled consciences (scarce believing the most real truth, in approbation of their lives) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in these contemned vanities (as their impieties please to call them) which by much more learned and pious than themselves have ever been called the raptures of divine inspiration, by which, *Homo supra humanam naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit* —Plat

* Δειδὼν λελακῦῖα, etc. *Graviter vociferans*, as all most untruly translate it As they do in the next verse these words σκυλακος νεογιλῆς *catuli leonis*, no lion being here dreamed of, nor any vociferation Δειδὼν λελακῦῖα signifying *indignam, dissimilem, or horribilem vocem edens* but in what kind *horribilem*? Not for the gravity or greatness of her voice, but for the unworthy or disproportionable small whuling of it, she being in the vast frame of her body, as the very words πέλωρ καλὸν signify, *monstrum ingens*, whose disproportion and deformity is too poetically (and therein elegantly) ordered for fat and flat prozers to comprehend Nor could they make the Poet's words serve their comprehension, and therefore they add

That breathes a voice at all parts no more base
 Than are a newly kitten'd kitten's cries,
 Herself a monster yet of boundless size,
 Whose sight would nothing please a mortal's eyes,
 No nor the eyes of any God, if he
 (Whom nought should fright) fell foul on her and she
 Her full shape show'd. Twelve foul feet bear about
 Her ugly bulk. Six huge long necks look out
 Of her rank shoulders ev'ry neck doth let
 A ghastly head out ev'ry head three set,
 Thick thrust together of abhorred teeth,
 And ev'ry tooth stuck with a sable death.

She lurks in midst of all her den, and streaks
 From out a ghastly whirlpool all her necks
 Where, glotting round her rock, to fish she falls
 And up rush dolphins, dogfish somehules whales
 If got within her when her rapine feeds
 For ever-groaning Amphitrite breeds
 About her whirlpool an unmeasur'd store.
 No sea-man ever boasted touch of shore
 That there touch'd with his ship, but still she fed
 Of him and his a man for ev'ry head
 Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descry
 The other humbler rock, that moves so nigh
 Your dart may mete the distance. It receives
 A huge wild fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaves,

of their own *λίκνω*, from whence *λίκνω* is derived signifying
reps or *stridull* *lame*. And *εὐλάρος* *μεγαλὴ* is to be expounded,
cauli *super* or *recess* *all* not *levis*. But thus they botch and
 abuse the incomparable expessor because they knew not how
 otherwise t be monstrous enough themselves t help out the
 monster. Imagining so huge a great body must needs have a
 voice as huge and then would not our Homer have likened it to
 lion whelp voice, but t the lion's wu; and all had been much
 too little t make voice answerable to her hugeness. And therefore
 found our Inimitable master a new way to express her monstrous
 disproportion performing it so, as there can be *nihil super*.
 And I would fain learn of my learned detractor that will needs
 have me only translate out of the Latin what Latin translation
 tells me this? Or what Grecian hath ever found this and a hundred
 other such? Which may be some poor instance or proof of my
 Grecian faculty as far as old Homer goes in his tw simple Poema,
 but not a syllable further will my silly spirit presume.

The lovely Nymphs are that their guardians be,
Who to the daylight's lofty-going Flame
Had gracious birthright from the heav'nly Dame,
Still young Nereus who (brought forth and bred)
Far off dismiss'd them, to see duly fed
Their father's herds and flocks in Sicily
These herds and flocks if to the Deity
Ye leave, as sacred things, untouch'd, and on
Go with all fit care of your home, alone,
(Though through some suff'rance) you yet safe shall
land

In wish'd Ithaca. But if impious hand
You lay on those herds to their hurts, I then
Presage sure ruin to thy ship and men.
If thou escap'st thyself extending home
Thy long'd-for landing, thou shalt loaded come
With store of losses, most exceeding late,
And not consorted with a sav'd mate.

This said, the golden-thron'd Aurora rose,
She her way went, and I did mine dispose
Up to my ship, weigh'd anchor, and away
When rev'rend Circe help'd us to convey
Our vessel safe, by making well inclin'd
A seaman's true companion, a forewind,
With which she fill'd our sails when, fitting all
Our arms close by us, I did sadly fall
To grave relation what concern'd in fate
My friends to know and told them that the state
Of our affairs' success, which Circe had
Presag'd to me alone, must yet be made
To one nor only two known, but to all
That, since their lives and deaths were left to fall
In their elections, they might life elect,
And give what would preserve it fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to fly
The heav'nly singing Sirens' harmony
And flow'r adorn'd meadow and that I
Had charge to hear their song, but fetter'd fast
In bands, unfavour'd, to th' erected mast,
From whence, if I should pray or use command,

*The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the Gods ordain'd
And whatsoever all the earth can show
T' inform a knowledge of desert we know*

This they gave accent in the sweetest strain
That ever open'd an enamour'd vein.
When my constrain'd heart needs would have mine
ear

Yet more delighted, force way forth, and hear
To which end I commanded with all sign
Stern looks could make (for not a joint of mine
Had pow'r to stir) my friends to rise, and give
My limbs free way They freely striv'd to drive
Their ship still on. When, far from will to loose,
Eurylochus and Perimedes rose
To wrap me surer and oppress'd me more
With many a halser than had use before.
When, rowing on without the reach of sound,
My friends unstop'd their ears, and me unbound,
And that isle quite we quitted. But again
Fresh fears employ'd us. I beheld a main
Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend,
A horrid murmur hearing Ev'ry friend
Astonish'd sat from ev'ry hand his oar
Fell quite forsaken with the dismal roar
Were all things there made echoes stone still stood
Our ship itself, because the ghastly flood
Took all men's motions from her in their own.
I through the ship went, labouring up and down
My friends' recover'd spirits. One by one
I gave good words, and said That well were known
These ills to them before, I told them all,
And that these could not prove more capital
Than those the Cyclops block'd us up in, yet
My virtue, wit, and heav'n-help'd counsels set
Their freedoms open. I could not believe
But they remember'd it, and wish'd them give
My equal care and means now equal trust.
The strength they had for stirring up they must
Rouse and extend, to try if Jove had laid

Far under shore the swart sands naked lay
 Whose whole stern sight the startled blood did fray
 From all our faces. And while we on her
 Our eyes bestow'd thus to our ruin's fear
 Six friends had Scylla snatch'd out of our keel,
 In whom most loss did force and virtue feel.
 When looking to my ship, and lending eye
 To see my friends' estates, their heels turn'd high,
 And hands cast up, I might discern, and hear
 Their calls to me for help, when now they were
 To try me in their last extremities.
 And as an angler med'cine for surprise
 Of little fish sits pouring from the rocks,
 From out the crook'd horn of a fold bred ox,
 And then with his long angle hoists them high
 Up to the air then slightly hurls them by
 When helpless sprawling on the land they lie
 So eas'ly Scylla to her rock had rapt
 My woeful friends, and so unhelp'd entrapt
 Struggling they lay beneath her violent rape,
 Who in their tortures, desprate of escape,
 Shriek'd as she tore, and up their hands to me
 Still threw for sweet life. I did never see,
 In all my suffrance ransacking the seas,
 A spectacle so full of miseries.

Thus having fled these rocks (these cruel dames
 Scylla, Charybdis) where the King of flames
 Hath offerings burn'd to him, our ship put in
 The island that from all the earth doth win
 The epithet *Faultless*, where the broad-of-head
 And famous oxen for the Sun are fed,
 With many fat flocks of that high-gone God.
 Set in my ship, mine ear reach'd where we rode
 The bellowing of oxen, and the bleat
 Of fleecy sheep, that in my memory's seat
 Put up the forms that late had been imprest
 By dread *Ægean* Circe, and the best
 Of souls and prophets, the blind Theban seer
 The wise *Tiresias*, who was grave decreer
 Of my return's whole means of which this one

In chief he urg'd—that I should always shun
 The island of the man delighting Sun
 When, sad at heart for our late loss, I pray'd
 My friends to hear fit counsel (though dismay'd
 With all ill fortunes) which was giv'n to me
 By Circe's and Tiresias prophecy,—
 That I should fly the isle where was ador'd
 The Comfort of the world, for ills abhorr'd
 Were ambush'd for us there, and therefore will'd
 They should put off and leave the isle This kill'd
 I heir tender spirits, when Eurylochus
 A speech that vex'd me utter'd, answer'ing thus
 'Cruel Ulysses! Since thy nerves abound
 In strength, the more spent, and no toils confound
 Thy able limbs, as all beat out of steel,
 Thou ablest us too, as unapt to feel
 The teeth of Labour, and the spoil of Sleep,
 And therefore still wet waste us in the deep,
 Nor let us land to eat, but madly now
 In night put forth, and leave firm land to strow
 The sea with errors All the rabid flight
 Of winds that ruin ships are bred in night
 Who is it that can keep off cruel Death,
 If suddenly should rush out th' angry breath
 Of Notus, or the eager-spirited West,
 That cuff ships dead, and do the Gods their best?
 Serve black Night still with shore, meat, sleep, and
 ease,
 And offer to the Morning for the seas'

This all the rest approv'd, and then knew I
 That past all doubt the Devil did apply
 His slaught'rous works Nor would they be withheld,
 I was but one, nor yielded but compell'd
 But all that might contain them I assay'd,
 A sacred oath on all their pow'rs I laid,
 That if with herds or any richest flocks
 We chanc'd t' encounter, neither sheep nor ox
 We once should touch, nor (for that constant ill
 That follows folly) scorn advice and kill,
 But quiet sit us down and take such food

As the immortal Circe had bestow'd.

They swore all this in all severest sort
And then we anchor'd in the winding port
Near a fresh river where the long'd-for shore
They all flew out to, took in victuals store,
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept
Their loss by Scylla, weeping till they slept.

In night's third part, when stars began to stoop,
The Cloud-assembler put a tempest up
A boist'rous spirit he gave it, drove out all
His flocks of clouds, and let such darkness fall
That Earth and Seas, for fear to hide were driv'n,
For with his clouds he thrust out Night from heav'n.

At morn we drew our ships into a cave,
In which the Nymphs that Phœbus' cattle drove
Fair dancing-rooms had, and their seats of state.
I urg'd my friends then, that, to shun their fate,
They would observe their oath, and take the food
Our ship afforded, nor attempt the blood
Of those fair herds and flocks, because they were
The dreadful Gods that all could see and hear

They stood observant, and in that good mind
Had we been gone but so adverse the wind
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.
For one whole month perpetually did blow
Impetuous Notus, not a breath's repair
But his and Eurus' rul'd in all the air
As long yet as their ruddy wine and bread
Stood out amongst them so long not a head
Of all those oxen fell in any strife
Amongst those students for the gut and life
But when their victuals fail'd they fell to prey
Necessity compell'd them then to stray
In rape of fish and fowl whatever came
In reach of hand or hook, the belly's flame
Afflicted to it. I then fell to pray'r,
And (making to a close retreat repair
Free from both friends and winds) I wash'd my
hands,
And all the Gods besought, that held commands

In liberal heav'n, to yield some mean to stay
Their desp'rate hunger, and set up the way
Of our return restrain'd The Gods, instead
Of giving what I pray'd for—pow'r of deed—
A deedless sleep did on my lids distill,
For mean to work upon my friends their fill
For whiles I slept, there wak'd no mean to curb
Their headstrong wants, which he that did disturb
My rule in chief at all times, and was chief
To all the rest in counsel to their grief,
Knew well, and of my present absence took
His fit advantage, and their iron strook
At highest heat. For, feeling their desire
In his own entrails, to allay the fire
That Famine blew in them, he thus gave way
To that affection 'Hear what I shall say,
Though words will staunch no hunger, ev'ry death
To us poor wretches that draw temporal breath
You know is hateful, but, all know, to die
The death of Famine is a misery
Past all death loathsome Let us, therefore, take
The chief of this fair herd, and off'rings make
To all the Deathless that in broad heav'n live,
And in particu'lar vow, if we arrive
In natural Ithaca, to straight erect
A temple to the Haughty-in-aspect,
Rich and magnificent, and all within
Deck it with relies many and divine
If yet he stands incens'd, since we have slain
His high-brow'd herd, and, therefore, will sustain
Desire to wreck our ship, he is but one,
And all the other Gods that we atone
With our divine rites will their suffrage give
To our design'd return, and let us live
If not, and all take part, I rather crave
To serve with one sole death the yawning wave,
Than in a desert island lie and sterve,
And with one pin'd life many deaths observe'
All cried 'He counsels nobly,' and all speed
Made to their resolute driving, for the feed

Of those coal black, fair broad brow'd, sun lov'd
beeves

Had place close by our ships. They took the lives
Of sence, most eminent about their fall
Stood round, and to the States Celestial
Made solemn vows but other rites their ship
Could not afford them, they did, therefore, strip
The curl'd-head oak of fresh young leaves, to make
Supply of service for their barley-cake.

And on the sacredly-enflam'd, for wine,
Pour'd purest water, all the parts divine
Spitting and roasting all the rites beside
Orderly using Then did light divide
My low and upper lids when, my repair
Made near my ship, I met the delicate air
Their roast exhal'd out instantly I cried,
And said O Jove, and all ye Deified,
Ye have oppress'd me with a cruel sleep,
While ye conferr'd on me a loss as deep
As Death descends to. To themselves alone
My rude men left ungovern'd, they have done
A deed so impious, I stand well assur'd,
That you will not forgive though ye procur'd.

Then flew Lampetie with the ample robe
Up to her father with the golden globe,
Ambadress t' inform him that my men
Had slain his oxen. Heart incens'd then,
He cried Revenge me, Father and the rest
Both ever-living and for ever blest!
Ulysses' impious men have drawn the blood
Of those my oxen that it did me good
To look on, walking all my starry round,
And when I trod earth all with meadows crown'd.
Without your full amends I'll leave heav'n quite,
Dis and the dead adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answer'd Soul! Thou shalt be
ours,
And light those mortals in that mine of flow'rs!
My red hot flash shall graze but on their ship,
And eat it, humming, in the boiling deep.

Left little undissolv'd. But to the mast
There was a leather thong left, which I cast
About it and the keel and so sat tost
With baneful weather till the West had lost
His stormy tyranny And then arose
The South, that bred me more abhorred woes
For back again his blasts expell'd me quite
On ravenous Charybdis. All that night
I totter'd up and down, till Light and I
At Scylla's rock encounter'd, and the nigh
Dreadful Charybdis. As I drove on these,
I saw Charybdis supping up the seas,
And had gone up together if the tree
That bore the wild figs had not rescued me
To which I leap'd, and left my keel, and high
Chambring upon it did as close imply
My breast about it as a veremouse could
Yet might my feet on no stub fasten hold
To ease my hands, the roots were crept so low
Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow
The far spread arms that, though good height I gat,
I could not reach them. To the main bole flat
I therefore, still must cling till up again
She belch'd my mast, and after that amain
My keel came tumbling. So at length it chanc'd
To me, as to a judge that long advanc'd
To judge a sort of hot young fellows' jars,
At length time frees him from their civil wars,
When glad he riseth and to dinner goes
So time, at length, releas'd with joys my woes,
And from Charybdis' mouth appear'd my keel.
To which, my hand now loos'd and now my heel,
I altogether with a huge noise dropp'd,
Just in her midst fell, where the mast was propp'd,
And there row'd off with oars of my hands.
God and man's Father would not from her sands
Let Scylla see me, for I then had died
That better death that my poor friends supplied
Nine days at sea I hover'd the tenth night
In th' isle Ogygia, where, about the bright

And right renown'd Calypso, I was cast
By pow'r of Deity, where I lived embrac'd
With love and feasts But why should I relate
Those kind occurrents? I should iterate
What I in part to your chaste queen and you
So late imparted And, for me to grow
A talker-over of my tale again,
Were past my free contentment to sustain "

FINIS DUODECIMI LIBRI HOM ODYSS

Opus novem dierum

Σὺν Θεῷ

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES (shipp'd but in the even,
With all the presents he was given,
And sleeping then) is set next morn
In full scope of his wish'd return
And treads unknown his country-shore
Whose search so many winters wore.
The ship (returning and arriv'd
Against the city) is depriv'd
Of form and, all her motion gone,
Transform'd by Neptune to a stone.

Ulysses (let to know the strand
Where the Phœaciens made him land)
Consults with Pallas, for the life
Of ev'ry wooer of his wife.
His gifts she hides within a cave,
And him into a man more grave,
All hid in wrinkles, crook'd gray
Transform'd who so goes on his way

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

NO. Phœacia
Ulysses leaves
Whom Ithaca,
Unwares receives.

HE said and silence all their tongues contain'd,
In admiration, when with pleasure chain'd
Their ears had long been to him. At last brake
Alcinous silence, and in this sort spake
To th' Ithacensian, Laertes' son

O Ithacus! However over run
With former suff'rings in your way for home,
Since 'twas, at last, your happy fate to come
To my high roof'd and brass-foundation'd house,

I hope, such speed and pass auspicious
 Our loves shall yield you, that you shall no more
 Wander, nor suffer, homewards, as before

You then, whoever that are ever grac'd
 With all choice of authoriz'd pow'r to taste
 Such wine with me as warms the sacred rage,
 And is an honorary giv'n to age,¹
 With which ye likewise hear divinely sing,
 In honour's praise, the poet of the king,
 I move, by way of my command, to this
 That where in an elaborate chest there lies
 A present for our guest, attires of price,
 And gold engrav'n with infinite device,
 I wish that each of us should add beside
 A tripod, and a caldron, amplified
 With size, and metal of most rate, and great,
 For we, in council of taxation met,
 Will from our subjects gain their worth again,
 Since 'tis unequal one man should sustain
 A charge so weighty, being the grace of all,
 Which borne by many is a weight but small "

Thus spake Alcinous, and pleas'd the rest,
 When each man clos'd with home and sleep his feast.
 But when the colour-giving light arose,
 All to the ship did all their speeds dispose,²
 And wealth, that nonest men makes, brought with
 them ³

All which ev'n he that wore the diadem
 Stow'd in the ship himself, beneath the seats
 The rowers sat in, stooping, lest their lets
 In any of their labours he might prove
 Then home he turn'd, and after him did move
 The whole assembly to expected feast
 Among whom he a sacrifice addrest,
 And slew an ox, to weather-wielding Jove,

¹ Γερούσιος οἶνος, *quod pro honorario senibus datur* And because the word so Englished hath no other to express it, sounding well, and helping our language, it is here used

² Intending in chief the senators, with every man's addition of gift

³ Εὐήγορα χαλκόν, *bene honestos faciens æs*

Beneath whose empire all things are, and move.

The thighs then roasting, they made glorious cheer
Delighted highly and amongst them there
The honour'd of the people us'd his voice,
Divine Demodocus. Yet, through this choice
Of cheer and music, had Ulysses still
An eye directed to the Eastern hill,
To see Him rising that illustrates all
For now into his mind a fire did fall
Of thirst for home. And as in hungry vow
To needful food a man at fixed plow
(To whom the black ox all day long hath turn'd
The stubborn fallow up, his stomach burn'd
With empty heat and appetite to food,
His knees afflicted with his spirit-spent blood)
At length the long-expected sunset sees,
That he may sit to food, and rest his knees
So to Ulysses set the friendly light
The sun afforded, with as wish'd a sight.
Who straight bespoke that oar affecting State,
But did in chief his speech appropriate
To him by name, that with their rule was crown'd.

Alcinous, of all men most renown'd,
Dismiss me with as safe pass as you vow
(Your offering past) and may the Gods to you
In all contentment use as full a hand
For now my landing here and stay shall stand
In all perfection with my heart's desire,
Both my so safe deduction to aspire,
And loving gifts which may the Gods to me
As blest in use make as your acts are free,
Ev'n to the finding firm in love, and life,
With all dear'd event, my friends, and wife.
When, as myself shall live delighted there,
May you with your wives rest as happy here,
Your sons and daughters, in particular state,
With ev'ry virtue render'd consummate
And, in your gen'ral empire, may ill never
Approach your land, but good your good quit ever
This all applauded, and all jointly cried

Then beat the sea. His lids in sweet repose
Sleep bound so fast, it scarce gave way to breath
Inexorable, most dear next of all to death.
And as amidst a fair field four brave horse
Before a chariot stung into their course
With fervent lashes of the smarting scourge,
That all their fire blows high, and makes them urge
To utmost speed the measure of their ground
So bore the ship aloft her fiery bound
About whom rush'd the billows black and vast,
In which the sea roars burst. As firm as fast
She ply'd her course yet nor her wing'd speed
The falcon-gentle could for pace exceed
So cut she through the waves, and bore a man
Even with the Gods in counsels, that began
And spent his former life in all misense,
Battles of men, and rude waves of the seas,
Yet now securely slept, forgetting all.
And when heav'n's brightest star that first doth call
The early morning out, advanc'd her head,
Then near to Ithaca the hillow-bred
Phæacian ship approach'd. There is a port,
That th' aged sea-God Phorcys makes his fort,
Whose earth the Ithacensian people own,
In which two rocks inaccessible are grown
Far forth into the sea, whose each strength binds
The boist'rous waves in from the high-blown winds
On both the out parts so, that all within
The well-built ships, that once their harbour win
In his calm bosom, without anchor rest,
Safe, and unstirr'd. From forth the haven's high crest
Branch the well-brown'd arms of an olive-tree
Beneath which runs a cave from all sun free,
Cool, and delightsome, sacred to th' access
Of Nymphs whose surnames are the Naiads
In which flew humming bees, in which lay thrown
Stone cups, stone vessels, shuttles all of stone,
With which the Nymphs their purple mantles wove,
In whose contexture art and wonder strove
In which pure springs perpetually ran

The brass and gold of rich Phœacia
 Rocking his temples, garments richly wov'n,
 And worlds of prize, more than was ever strov'n
 From all the conflicts he sustain'd at Troy
 If safe he should his full share there enjoy

The Show'r-dissolver answer'd "What a speech
 Hath pass'd thy palate, O thou great in reach
 Of wrackful empire! Far the Gods remain
 From scorn of thee, for 'twere a work of pain
 To prosecute with ignominies one
 That sways our ablest and most ancient throne.
 For men, if any so beneath in pow'r
 Neglect thy high will, now or any hour
 That moves hereafter take revenge to thee,
 Soothe all thy will, and be thy pleasure free.

"Why then, said he, "thou blacker of the fumes
 That dim the sun, my licens'd pow'r resumes
 Act from thy speech but I observe so much
 And fear thy pleasure, that, I dare not touch
 At any inclination of mine own,
 Till thy consenting influence be known.
 But now this curious-built Phœacian ship,
 Returning from her convoy I will strip
 Of all her fleeting matter, and to stone
 Transform and fix it, just when she hath gone
 Her full time home, and jets before their prease
 In all her trim, amidst the sable seas,
 That they may cease to convoy strangers still,
 When they shall see so like a mighty hill
 Their glory stuck before their city's grace,
 And my hands cast a mask before her face. *

"O friend said Jove, "it shows to me the best
 Of all earth's objects, that their whole prease, drest
 In all their wonder near their town shall stand,
 And stare upon a stone, so near the land,
 So like a ship, and dam up all their lights,
 As if a mountain interpos'd their sights.

When Neptune heard this, he for Schœna went,

*Διὰ τελευτῶν, ὑπερῆχός τις ἀλλοῦδ τεύχεα σὺν
 ὀφρῖμένῳ.*

Whence the Phæacians took their first descent.
Which when he reach'd, and, in her swiftest pride,
The water-treader by the city's side
Came cutting close, close he came swiftly on,
Took her in violent hand, and to a stone
Turn'd all her sylvan substance, all below
Firm'd her with roots, and left her This strange
show

When the Phæacians saw, they stupid stood,
And ask'd each other, who amidst the flood
Could fix their ship so in her full speed home,
And quite transparent make her bulk become?

Thus talk'd they, but were far from knowing how
These things had issue Which their king did show,
And said "O friends, the ancient prophecies
My father told to me, to all our eyes
Are now in proof He said, the time would come,
When Neptune, for our safe conducting home
All sorts of strangers, out of envy fir'd,
Would meet our fairest ship as she retir'd,
And all the goodly shape and speed we boast
Should like a mountain stand before us lost
Amids the moving waters, which we see
Perform'd in full end to our prophecy
Hear then my counsel, and obey me then
Renounce henceforth our convoy home of men,
Whoever shall hereafter greet our town,
And to th' offended Deity's renown
Twelve chosen oxen let us sacred make,
That he may pity us, and from us take
This shady mountain They, in fear, obey'd,
Slew all the bees, and to the Godhead pray'd,
The dukes and princes all ensphering round
The sacred altar, while whose tops were crown'd,
Divine Ulysses, on his country's breast
Laid bound in sleep, now rose out of his rest,
Nor (being so long remov'd) the region knew
Besides which absence yet, Minerva threw
A cloud about him, to make strange the more
His safe arrival, lest upon his shore

He should make known his face, and utter all
That might prevent the event that was to fall.
Which she prepar'd so well, that not his wife,
Presented to him, should perceive his life,
No citizen, no friend, till righteous fate
Upon the Wooer's wrongs were consummate.
Through which cloud all things show'd now to the
king

Of foreign fashion the enflow'rd spring
Amongst the trees there, the perpetual waves,
The rocks, that did more high their foreheads raise
To his wrapt eye than naturally they did,
And all the haven, in which a man seem'd hid
From wind and weather when storms loudest chid.

He therefore, being risen, stood and view'd
His country-earth which, not perceiv'd, he rued,
And, striking with his hurl'd-down hands his thighs,
He mourn'd, and said O me! Again where lies
My desert way? To wrongful men and rude,
And with no laws of human right endued?
Or are they human, and of holy minds?
What fits my deed with these so many kinds
Of goods late giv'n? What with myself will floods
And errors do? I would to God, these goods
Had rested with their owners, and that I
Had fall'n on kings of more regality
To grace out my return, that lov'd indeed,
And would have giv'n me consorts of fit speed
To my distresses' ending! But, as now
All knowledge flies me where I may bestow
My labour'd purchase, here they shall not stay
Lest what I car'd for others make their prey
O Gods! I see the great Phœaciens then
Were not all just and understanding men,
That land me elsewhere than their vaunts pretended,
Assuring me my country should see ended
My miseries told them, yet now eat their vaunts.
O Jove! Great Guardian of poor suppliants,
That others sees, and notes too, shutting in
All in thy plagues that most presume on sin,

Revenge me on them Let me number now
The goods they gave, to give my mind to know
If they have stol'n none in their close retreat "

The goodly caldrons then, and tripods, set
In sev'ral ranks from out the heap, he told,
His rich wrought garments too, and all his gold,
And nothing lack'd, and yet this man did mourn
The but suppos'd miss of his home-return,
And creeping to the shore with much complaint,
Minerva (like a shepherd, young, and quaint,¹
As king sons are, a double mantle cast
Athwart his shoulders, his fair goers grac'd
With fitted shoes, and in his hand a dart)
Appear'd to him, whose sight rejoic'd his heart,
To whom he came, and said "O friend! Since first
I meet your sight here, be all good the worst
That can join our encounter Fare you fair,
Nor with adverse mind welcome my repair,
But guard these goods of mine, and succour me
As to a God I offer pray'rs to thee,
And low access make to thy lov'd knee
Say truth, that I may know, what country then,
What common people live here, and what men?
Some famous isle is this? Or gives it vent,
Being near the sea, to some rich continent?"

She answer'd "Stranger, whatsoe'er you are,
Y'are either foolish, or come passing far,
That know not this isle, and make that doubt trouble,
For 'tis not so exceedingly ignoble,
But passing many know it, and so many,
That of all nations there abides not any,
From where the morning rises and the sun,
To where the even and night their courses run,
But know this country Rocky 'tis, and rough,
And so for use of horse unapt enough,
Yet with sad barrenness not much infested,²
Since clouds are here in frequent rains digested,

¹ Minerva like a shepherd (such as kings' sons used at those times to be) appears to Ulysses

² *Λυπρὸς, velut tristis, jejunaque naturâ*

And flow'ry dews. The compass is not great,
The little yet well-fill'd with wine and wheat.
It feeds a goat and ox well, being still
Water'd with floods, that ever over fill
With heav'n's continual show'rs and wooded so,
It makes a spring of all the kinds that grow
And therefore, *Stranger* the extended name
Of this dominion makes access by fame
From this extreme part of *Achaia*
As far as *Ilion*, and 'tis *Ithaca*.
This joy'd him much, that so unknown a land
Turn'd to his country Yet so wise a hand
He carried, ev'n of this joy flown so high,
That other end he put to his reply
Than straight to show that joy and lay abroad
His life to strangers. Therefore he bestow'd
A veil on truth for evermore did wind
About his bosom a most crafty mind,
Which thus his words show'd "I have far at sea,
In spacious *Crete*, heard speak of *Ithaca*,
Of which myself it seems, now reach the shore,
With these my fortunes whose whole value more
I left in *Crete* amongst my children there,
From whence I fly for being the slaughterer
Of royal *Idomen*'s most lov'd son,
Swift-foot *Orsilochns*, that could out-run
Profess'd men for the race. Yet him I slew
Because he would deprive me of my due
In *Trojan* prise for which I suffer'd so
(The rude waves piercing) the redoubled woe
Of mind and body in the wars of men.
Nor did I gratify his father then
With any service, but, as well as he
Sway'd in command of other soldiery
So, with a friend withdrawn, we waylaid him,
When gloomy night the cope of heav'n did dim,
And no man knew but, we lodg'd close, he came,
And I put out to him his vital flame.
Whose slaughter having author'd with my sword,
I instant flight made, and straight fell aboard

A ship of the renown'd Phœnician state,
 When pray'r, and pay at a sufficient rate,
 Obtain'd my pass of men in her command,
 Whom I enjoin'd to set me on the land
 Of Pylos, or of Elis the divine,
 Where the Epeians in great empire shine
 But force of weather check'd that course to them,
 Though (loth to fail me) to their most extreme
 They spent their willing pow'rs But, forc'd from
 thence,

We err'd, and put in here, with much expence
 Of care and labour, and in dead of night,
 When no man there serv'd any appetite
 So much as with the memory of food,
 Though our estates exceeding needy stood
 But, going ashore, we lay, when gentle sleep
 My weary pow'rs invaded, and from ship
 They fetching these my riches, with just hand
 About me laid them, while upon the sand
 Sleep bound my senses, and for Sidon they
 (Put off from hence) made sail, while here I lay,
 Left sad alone " The Goddess laugh'd, and took
 His hand in hers, and with another look
 (Assuming then the likeness of a dame,
 Lovely and goodly, éxpert in the frame
 Of virtuous housewif'ries) she answer'd thus

" He should be passing-sly, and covetous
 Of stealth, in men's deceits, that coted thee¹
 In any craft, though any God should be
 Ambitious to exceed in subtilty
 Thou still-wit-varying wretch¹ Insatiate²
 In over-reaches¹ Not secure thy state
 Without these wiles, though on thy native shore
 Thou sett'st safe footing, but upon thy store
 Of false words still spend, that ev'n from thy birth
 Have been thy best friends? Come, our either
 worth

Is known to either Thou of men art far,

¹ *Επικλοπος, furandi avidus*

² *Σχέτλιε, ποικιλομήτα, varia et multiplicia habens consilia*

For words and counsels, the most singular
But I above the Gods in both may boast
My still-tried faculties. Yet thou hast lost
The knowledge ev'n of me, the Seed of Jove,
Pallas Athena, that have still out strove
In all thy labours their extremes, and stood
Thy sure guard ever making all thy good
Known to the good Phæacians, and receiv'd.
And now again I greet thee, to see weav'd
Fresh counsels for thee, and will take on me
The close reserving of these goods for thee,
Which the renown'd Phæacian states bestow'd
At thy deduction homewards, only mov'd
With my both spirit and counsel. All which grace
I now will amplify and tell what case
Thy household stands in, utt'ring all those pains
That of mere need yet still must wrack thy veins.
Do thou then freely bear nor one word give
To man nor dame to show thou yet dost live,
But silent suffer over all again
Thy sorrows past, and bear the wrongs of men.

Goddess, said he, "unjust men, and unwise,
That author injuries and vanities,
By vanities and wrongs should rather be
Bound to this ill-abearing destiny
Than just and wise men. What delight hath heav'n,
That lives unhurt itself to suffer giv'n
Up to all damage those poor few that strive
To imitate it, and like the Deities live?
But where you wonder that I know you not
Through all your changes, that skill is not got
By sleight or art, since thy most hard hit face
Is still distinguish'd by thy free-giv'n grace
And therefore, truly to acknowledge thee
In thy encounters, is a mastery
In men most-knowing for to all men thou
Tak'st several likeness. All men think they know
Thee in their wits but, since thy seeming view
Appears to all, and yet thy truth to few
Through all thy changes to discern thee right

Asks chief love to thee, and inspiréd light -
But this I surely know, that, some years past,
I have been often with thy presence grac'd,
All time the sons of Greece wag'd war at Troy,
But when Fate's full hour let our swords enjoy
Our vows in sack of Priam's lofty town,
Our ships all boarded, and when God had blown
Our fleet in sunder, I could never see
The Seed of Jove, nor once distinguish thee
Boarding my ship, to take one woe from me
But only in my proper spirit involv'd,
Err'd here and there, quite slain, till heav'n dissolv'd
Me, and my ill, which chanc'd not, till thy grace
By open speech confirm'd me, in a place
Fruitful of people, where, in person, thou
Didst give me guide, and all their city show,
And that was the renown'd Phæacian earth
Now then, ev'n by the Author of thy birth,
Vouchsafe my doubt the truth (for far it flies
My thoughts that thus should fall into mine eyes
Conspicuous Ithaca, but fear I touch
At some far shore, and that thy wit is such
Thou dost delude me) is it sure the same
Most honour'd earth that bears my country's name?

"I see," said she, "thou wilt be ever thus
In ev'ry worldly good incredulous,
And therefore have no more the pow'r to see
Frail life more plagued with infelicity
In one so eloquent, ingenious, wise
Another man, that so long miseries
Had kept from his lov'd home, and thus return'd
To see his house, wife, children, would have burn'd
In headlong lust to visit Yet t' inquire
What states they hold, affects not thy desire,
Till thou hast tried if in thy wife there be
A sorrow wasting days and nights for thee
In loving tears, that then the sight may prove
A full reward for either's mutual love
But I would never credit in you both
Least cause of sorrow, but well knew the troth

Of this thine own return, though all thy friends,
I knew as well, should make returnless ends
Yet would not cross mine uncle Neptune so
To stand their safeguard, since so high did go
His wrath for thy extinction of the eye
Of his lov'd son. Come then, I'll show thee why
I call this isle thy Ithaca, to ground
Thy credit on my words. This haven is own'd
By th' aged sea-god Phorcys, in whose brow
This is the olive with the ample bough
And here, close by the pleasant-shaded cave
That to the Fount Nymphs th' Ithacensians gave,
As sacred to their pleasures. Here doth run
The large and cover'd den, where thou hast done
Hundreds of offerings to the Naiades,
Here Mount Nentus shakes his curl'd tress
Of shady woods. This said, she clear'd the cloud
That first deceiv'd his eyes and all things show'd
His country to him. Glad he stood with sight
Of his lov'd soil, and kiss'd it with delight
And instantly to all the Nymphs he paid
(With hands held up to heav'n) these vows, and said

"Ye Nymphs the Naiades, great Seed of Jove,
I had conceit that never more should move
Your sight in these spheres of my erring eyes,
And therefore, in the fuller sacrifice
Of my heart's gratitude, rejoice, till more
I pay your names in offerings as before
Which here I vow if Jove's benign descent,
The mighty Pillager with life convent
My person home, and to my sav'd decease
Of my lov'd son's sight add the sweet increase."

"Be confident, said Pallas, "nor oppress
Thy spirits with care of these performances,
But these thy fortunes let us straight repose
In this divine cave's bosom, that may close
Reserve their value and we then may see
How best to order other acts to thee."

Thus enter'd she the light-excluding cave,
And through it sought some inmost nook to save

The gold, the great brass, and robes richly wrought,
 Given to Ulysses. All which in he brought,
 Laid down in heap, and she impos'd a stone
 Close to the cavern's mouth. Then sat they on
 The sacred olive's root consulting how
 To act th' insulting Wooers' overthrow,
 When Pallas said "Examine now the means
 That best may lay hands on the impudence
 Of those proud Wooers, that have now three years
 Thy roof's rule sway'd, and been bold offerers
 Of suit and gifts to thy renowned wife,
 Who for thy absence all her desolate life
 Dissolves in tears till thy desired return,
 Yet all her Wooers, while she thus doth mourn,
 She holds in hope, and ev'ry one affords
 (In fore sent message) promise, but her words
 Bear other utterance than her heart approves

"O Gods," said Ithacus, "it now behoves
 My fate to end me in the ill decurse
 That Agamemnon underwent, unless
 You tell me, and in time, their close intents
 Advise then means to the reveng'd events
 We both resolve on. Be thyself so kind
 To stand close to me, and but such a mind
 Breathe in my bosom, as when th' Ilion tow'rs
 We tore in cinders. O if equal pow'rs
 Thou wouldst enflame amidst my nerves as then,
 I could encounter with three hundred men,
 Thy only self, great Goddess, had to friend,
 In those brave ardors thou wert wont to extend!"

"I will be strongly with thee," answer'd she,
 "Nor must thou fail, but do thy part with me
 When both whose pow'rs combine, I hope the bloods
 And brains of some of these that waste thy goods
 Shall strew thy goodly pavements. Join we then
 I first will render thee unknown to men,
 And on thy solid lineaments make dry
 Thy now smooth skin, thy bright-brown curls imply
 In hoary matings, thy broad shoulders clothe
 In such a cloak as ev'ry eye shall lothe,

Thy bright eyes blear and wrinkle and so change
Thy form at all parts, that thou shalt be strange
To all the Wooers, thy young son, and wife.
But to thy herdsman first present thy life
That guards thy swine, and wisheth well to thee,
That loves thy son and wife Penelopé.
Thy search shall find him set aside his herd,
That are with taste-delighting acorns rear'd,
And drink the dark-deep water of the spring
Bright Arethusa, the most nourishing
Raiser of herds. There stay and, taking seat
Aside thy herdsman, of the whole state treat
Of home-occurents while I make access
To fair-dame-breeding Sparta for regress
Of lov'd Telemachus, who went in quest
Of thy lov'd fame, and liv'd the welcome guest
Of Menelaus. The much-knower said

Why wouldst not thou, in whose grave breast is
bred

The art to order all acts, tell in this
His error to him? Let those years of his
Amids the rude seas wander and sustain
The woes there raging, while unworthy men
Devour his fortunes?" "Let not care extend
Thy heart for him, said she, myself did send
His person in thy search, to set his worth
By good fame blown, to such a distance forth
Nor suffers he in any least degree
The grief you fear but all variety
That Plenty can yield in her quiet st fare,
In Menelaus' court, doth sit and share.
In whose return from home, the Wooers yet
Lay bloody ambush and a ship have set
To sea, to intercept his life before
He touch again his birth's attempted shore.
All which, my thoughts say they shall never do,
But rather that the earth shall overgo
Some one at least of these love-making men,
By which thy goods so much impair sustain
Thus using certain secret words to him,

She touch'd him with her rod , and ev'ry limb
Was hid all-over with a wither'd skin ,
His bright eyes blear'd , his brow-curls white and thin ,
And all things did an ag'd man present
Then, for his own weeds, shirt and coat, all-rent,
'Tann'd, and all-sootied with noisome smoke,
She put him on , and, over all, a cloke
Made of a stag's huge hide, of which was worn
The hair quite off , a scrip, all-patch'd and torn,
Hung by a cord, oft broke and knit again ,
And with a staff did his old limbs sustain
Thus having both consulted of th' event,
They parted both , and forth to Sparta went
The gray-eyed Goddess, to see all things done
That appertain'd to wise Ulysses' son

THE END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES meets amidst the field
His swain Eumæus who doth yield
Kind guest rites to him and relate
Occurrences of his wrong'd estate.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

ÆL Ulysses finds
For his true good
His pious swain's
Faith understood.

BUT he the rough way took from forth the port,
Through woods and hill-tops, seeking the resort
Where Pallas said divine Eumæus liv'd
Who of the fortunes, that were first achiev'd
By God-like Ithacus in household rights,
Had more true care than all his proselytes.*
He found him sitting in his cottage door
Where he had rais'd to ev'ry airy blore
A front of great height, and in such a place
That round ye might behold, of circular grace
A walk so wound about it which the swain
(In absence of his far-gone sovereign)
Had built himself without his queen's supply
Or old Laertes' to see safely lie
His hous'd herd. The inner part he wrought
Of stones, that thither his own labours brought,
Which with an hedge of thorn he fenc'd about,
And compass'd all the hedge with pales cleft out
Of sable oak, that here and there he fix'd

*Ulysses materiam adhibens talem qui rebus mundanis
deditus est.*

Frequent and thick Within his yard he mix'd
 Twelve styes to lodge his herd, and ev'ry sty
 Had room and use for fifty swine to lie,
 But those were females all The male swine slept
 Without doors ever, nor was their herd kept
 Fair like the females, since they suffer'd still
 Great diminution, he being forc'd to kill
 And send the fattest to the dainty feasts
 Affected by th' ungodly wooing guests
 Their number therefore but three hundred were
 And sixty By them mastiffs, as austere
 As savage beasts, lay ever, their fierce strain
 Bred by the herdsman, a mere prince of men,
 Their number four Himself was then applied
 In cutting forth a fair-hued ox's hide,
 To fit his feet with shoes His servants held
 Guard of his swine three, here and there, at field,
 The fourth he sent to city with a sow,
 Which must of force be offer'd to the vow
 The Wooers made to all satiety,
 To serve which still they did those off'rings ply
 The fate-born-dogs-to-bark took sudden view*
 Of Odysseus, and upon him flew
 With open mouth He, cunning to appall
 A fierce dog's fury, from his hand let fall
 His staff to earth, and sat him careless down
 And yet to him had one foul wrong been shown
 Where most his right lay, had not instantly
 The herdsman let his hide fall, and his cry
 (With frequent stones flung at the dogs) repell'd
 This way and that their eager course they held;
 When through the entry past, he thus did mourn
 "O father!" How soon had you near been torn
 By these rude dogs, whose hurt had branded me
 With much neglect of you! But Deity
 Hath giv'n so many other sighs and cares
 To my attendant state, that well unware
 You might be hurt for me, for here I lie
 Grieving and mourning for the Majesty

* Ἰλακόμωρος, *ad latrandum fatus quodam natus*

That, God like, wonted to be ruling here,
Since now I sat his swine for others cheer
Where he, perhaps, errs hungry up and down,
In countries, nations, cities, all unknown
If any where he lives yet, and doth see
The sun's sweet beams. But, father follow me,
That, cheer'd with wine and food, you may disclose
From whence you truly are, and all the woes
Your age is subject to. This said, he led
Into his cottage, and of oars spread
A thicken'd hurdle, on whose top he strow'd
A wild-goat's shaggy skin, and then bestow'd
His own couch on it, that was soft and great.

Ulysses joy'd to see him so entreat
His uncouth presence, saying "Jove requite,
And all th' immortal Gods, with that delight
Thou most desir'st, thy kind receipt of me,
O friend to human hospitality !

Eumæus answer'd "Guest ! If one much worse
Arriv'd here than thyself, it were a curse
To my poor means, to let a stranger taste
Contempt for fit food. Poor men, and un plac'd
In free seats of their own, are all from Jove
Commended to our entertaining love.
But poor is th' entertainment I can give,
Yet free and loving Of such men as live
The lives of servants, and are still in fear
Where young lords govern, this is all the cheer
They can afford a stranger There was one
That us'd to manage this now desert throne,
To whom the Gods deny return, that show'd
His curious favour to me, and bestow'd
Possessions on me, a most wish'd wife,
A house, and portion and a servant's life,
Fit for the gift a gracious king should give
Who still took pains himself, and God made thrive
His personal endeavour and to me
His work the more increas'd, in which you see
I now am conversant. And therefore much
His hand had help'd me, had Heav'n's will been such,

He might have here grown old But he is gone,
And would to God the whole succession
Of Helen might go with him, since for her
So many men died, whose fate did confer
My liege to Troy, in Agamemnon's grace,
To spoil her people, and her turrets race !”

This said, his coat to him he straight did gird,
And to his styes went that contain'd his herd ,
From whence he took out two, slew both, and cut
Both fairly up , a fire inflam'd, and put
To spit the joints , which roasted well, he set
With spit and all to him, that he might eat
From thence his food in all the singeing heat,
Yet dredg'd it first with flour , then fill'd his cup
With good sweet wine , sat then, and cheer'd him up
“ Eat now, my guest, such lean swine as are meat
For us poor swains , the fat the Wooers eat,
In whose minds no shame, no remorse, doth move,
Though well they know the bless'd Gods do not love
Ungodly actions, but respect the right,
And in the works of pious men delight
But these are worse than impious, for those
That vow t' injustice, and profess them foes
To other nations, enter on their land,
And Jupiter (to show his punishing hand
Upon th' invaded, for their penance then)
Gives favour to their foes, though wicked men,
To make their prey on them , who, having freight
Their ships with spoil enough, weigh anchor straight,
And each man to his house , (and yet ev'n these,
Doth pow'rful fear of God's just vengeance seize
Ev'n for that prize in which they so rejoice)
But these men, knowing (having heard the voice
Of God by some means) that sad death hath reft
The ruler here, will never suffer left
Their unjust wooing of his wife, nor take
Her often answer, and their own roofs make
Their fit retreats, but (since uncheck'd they may)
They therefore will make still his goods their prey,
Without all spare or end There is no day,

Nor night, sent out from God, that ever they
Profane with one beast's blood, or only two,
But more make spoil of and the wrongs they do
In meats excess to wine as well extend,
Which as excessively their riots spend,
Yet still leave store, for sure his means were great,
And no heroe, that hath choicest sent
Upon the fruitful neighbour-continent,
Or in this isle itself, so opulent
Was as Ulysses no nor twenty such,
Put altogether did possess so much.

Whose herds and flocks I'll tell to ev'ry head
Upon the continent he daily fed
Twelve herds of oxen, no less flocks of sheep,
As many herds of swine, stalls large and steep
And equal sorts of goats, which tenants there,
And his own shepherds, kept. Then fed he here
Eleven fair stalls of goats, whose food hath yield
In the extreme part of a neighbour field.
Each stall his herdsman hath an honest swain,
Yet ev'ry one must ev'ry day sustain
The load of one beast (the most-fat, and best
Of all the stall fed) to the Wooers feast.
And I for my part, of the swine I keep
(With four more herdsmen) ev'ry day help steep
The Wooers appetites in blood of one,
The most select our choice can fall upon.

To this Ulysses gave good ear and fed,
And drunk his wine, and vex'd, and ravished
His food for mere vexation. Seeds of ill
His stomach sow'd, to hear his goods go still
To glut of Wooers. But his dinner done,
And stomach fed to satisfaction
He drunk a full bowl, all of only wine,
And gave it to the guardian of his swine,
Who took it, and rejoic'd to whom he said

O friend, who is it that, so rich, hath paid
Price for thy service, whose commended pow'r
Thou sayst, to grace the Grecian conquerour
At Ilion perish'd? Tell me. It may fall

I knew some such The great God knows, and all
The other deathless Godheads, if I can,
Far having travell'd, tell of such a man "

Eumæus answer'd "Father, never one,
Of all the strangers that have touch'd upon
This coast, with his life's news could ever yet
Of queen, or lov'd son, any credit get
These travellers, for clothes, or for a meal,
At all adventures, any lie will tell
Nor do they trade for truth Not any man
That saw the people Ithacensian,
Of all their sort, and had the queen's supplies,
Did ever tell her any news, but lies
She graciously receives them yet, inquires
Of all she can, and all in tears expires
It is th' accustom'd law, that women keep,
Their husbands elsewhere dead, at home to weep
But do thou quickly, father, forge a tale,
Some coat, or cloak, to keep thee warm withal,
Perhaps some one may yield thee, but for him,
Vultures and dogs have torn from ev'ry limb
His porous skin, and forth his soul is fled,
His corse at sea to fishes forfeited,
Or on the shore lies hid in heaps of sand,
And there hath he his ebb, his native strand
With friends' tears flowing But to me past all
Were tears created, for I never shall
Find so humane a royal master more,
Whatever sea I seek, whatever shore
Nay, to my father, or my mother's love
Should I return, by whom I breathe and move,
Could I so much joy offer, nor these eyes
(Though my desires sustain extremities
For their sad absence) would so fain be blest
With sight of their lives, in my native nest,
As with Ulysses dead, in whose last rest,
O friend, my soul shall love him He's not here
Nor do I name him like a flatterer,
But as one thankful for his love and care
To me a poor man, in the rich so rare,

And be he past all shores where sun can shine,
I will invoke him as a soul divine.

"O friend," said he, to say and to believe,
He cannot live, doth too much licence give
To incredulity for not to speak
At needy random, but my breath to break
In sacred oath, Ulysses shall return.
And when his sight recomforts those that mourn
In his own roofs, then give me cloak, and coat,
And garments worthy of a man of note
Before which though need urg'd me never so,
I'll not receive a thread, but naked go.
No less I hate him than the gates of hell,
That poorness can force an untruth to tell.
Let Jove then (Heav'n's chief God) just witness bear
And thus thy hospitable table here,
Together with unblam'd Ulysses' house,
In which I find receipt so gracious,
What I affirm'd of him shall all be true.
This instant year thine eyes ev'n here shall view
Thy lord Ulysses. Nay ere this month's end,
Return'd full-home, he shall revenge extend
To ev'ry one, whose ever deed hath done
Wrong to his wife and his illustrious son.

"O father he replied, "I'll neither give
Thy news reward, nor doth Ulysses live.
But come, enough of this, let's drink and eat,
And never more his memory repeat.
It grieves my heart to be remember'd thus
By any one of one so glorious.
But stand your oath in your assertion strong,
And let Ulysses come, for whom I long,
For whom his wife, for whom his aged sire
For whom his son consumes his god-like fire
Whose chance I now must mourn and ever shall.
Whom when the Gods had brought to be as tall
As any upright plant and I had said,
He would amongst a court of men have sway'd
In counsels, and for form have been admir'd
Ev'n with his father some God misinspir'd,

Or man took from him his own equal mind,
And pass'd him for the Pyliau shore to find
His long-lost father In return from whence,
The Wooers' pride way-lays his innocence,
That of divine Arcesius all the race
May fade to Ithaca, and not the grace
Of any name left to it But leave we
His state, however, if surpris'd he be,
Or if he scape And may Saturnius' hand
Protect him safely to his native land
Do thou then, father, show your griefs, and cause
Of your arrival here, nor break the laws
That truth prescribes you, but relate your name,
And of what race you are, your father's fame,
And native city's, ship and men unfold,
That to this isle convey'd you, since I hold
Your here arrival was not all by shore,
Nor that your feet your agéd person bore "

He answer'd him " I'll tell all strictly true,
If time, and food, and wine enough, accrue
Within your roof to us, that freely we
May sit and banquet Let your business be
Discharg'd by others, for, when all is done,
I cannot easily, while the year doth run
His circle round, run over all the woes,
Beneath which, by the course the Gods dispose,
My sad age labours First, I'll tell you then,
From ample Crete I fetch my native strain,
My father wealthy, whose house many a life
Brought forth and bred besides by his true wife,
But me a bond-maid bore, his concubine
Yet tender'd was I as his lawful line
By him of whose race I my life profess
Castor his name, surnam'd Hylacides
A man, in fore-times, by the Cretan state,
For goods, good children, and his fortunate
Success in all acts, of no mean esteem
But death-conferring Fates have banish'd him
To Pluto's kingdom After whom, his sons
By lots divided his possessions,

And gave me passing little, yet bestow'd
A house on me, to which my virtues woo'd
A wife from rich men's roofs nor was borne low
Nor last in fight, though all nerves fail me now
But I suppose, that you, by thus much seen,
Know by the stubble what the corn hath been.
For past all doubt, affliction past all mean
Hath brought my age on but, in seasons past,
Both Mars and Pallas have with boldness grac'd,
And fortitude, my fortunes, when I chus'd
Choice men for ambush, prest to have produc'd
Ill to mine enemies my too vent'rous spirit
Set never death before mine eyes, for merit,
But, far the first advanc'd still, still I strook
Dead with my lance whoever overtook
My speed of foot. Such was I then for war
But rustic actions ever fled me far
And household thrift, which breeds a famous race.
In oar-driv'n ships did I my pleasures place,
In battles, light darts, arrows. Sad things all,
And into others thoughts with horror fall.

But what God put into my mind, to me
I still esteem'd as my felicity
As men of several metals are address'd,
So several forms are in their souls impress'd.

Before the sons of Greece set foot in Troy
Nine times, in chief, I did command enjoy
Of men and ships against our foreign foe,
And all I fitly wish'd succeeded so
Yet, after this, I much exploit achiev'd,
When straight my house in all possessions thriv'd.
Yet, after that, I great and rev'rend grew
Amongst the Cretans, till the Thunderer drew
Our forces out in his foe-Troy decrees
A hateful service that dissolv'd the knees
Of many a soldier. And to this was I
And famous Idomen, enjoin'd t' apply
Our ships and pow'rs. Nor was there to be heard
One reason for denial, so prefer'd
Was the unreasonable people's rumour.

Nine years we therefore fed the martial humour,
And in the tenth de-peopling Priam's town
We sail'd for home But God had quickly blown
Our fleet in pieces, and to wretched me
The counsellor Jove did much mishap decree,
For, only one month, I had leave t' enjoy
My wife and children and my goods t' employ
But, after this, my mind for Egypt stood,
When nine fair ships I rigg'd forth for the flood,
Mann'd them with noble soldiers, all things fit
For such a voyage soon were won to it
Yet six days after stay'd my friends in feast,
While I in banquets to the Gods addrest
Much sacred matter for their sacrifice
The seventh, we board'd, and the Northern skies
Lent us a frank and passing prosperous gale,
'Fore which we bore us free and easy sail
As we had back'd a full and frolic tide,
Nor felt one ship misfortune for her pride,
But safe we sat, our sailors and the wind
Consenting in our convoy When heav'n shin'd
In sacred radiance of the fifth fair day,
To sweetly-water'd Egypt reach'd our way,
And there we anchor'd, where I charg'd my men
To stay aboard, and watch Dismissing then
Some scouts to get the hill-tops, and discover,
They (to their own intemperance giv'n over)
Straight fell to forage the rich fields, and thence
Enforce both wives and infants, with th' expence
Of both their bloods When straight the rumour
flew

Up to the city Which heard, up they drew
By day's first break, and all the field was fill'd
With foot and horse, whose arms did all things gild
And then the lightning-loving Deity cast
A foul flight on my soldiers, nor stood fast
One man of all About whom mischief stood,
And with his stern steel drew in streams the blood
The greater part fed in their dissolute veins,
The rest were sav'd, and made enthralled swains

To all the basest usages there bred.
 And then, ev'n Jove himself supplied my head
 With saving counsel though I wish'd to die,
 And there in Egypt with their slaughters lie,
 So much grief seiz'd me, but Jove made me yield,
 Dishelm my head, take from my neck my shield,
 Hurl from my hand my lance, and to the troop
 Of horse the king led instantly made up,
 Embrace, and kiss his knees whom pity won
 To give me safety and (to make me shun
 The people's outrage, that made in amain,
 All jointly fr'd with thirst to see me slain)
 He took me to his chariot, weeping, home,
 Himself with fear of Jove's wrath overcome,
 Who yielding souls receives, and takes most ill
 All such as well may save yet love to kill.
 Seven years I sojourn'd here, and treasure gat
 In good abundance of th' Egyptian state,
 For all would give but when th' eighth year began,
 A knowing fellow (that would gnaw a man *
 Like to a vermin, with his hellish brain,
 And many an honest soul ev'n quick had slain
 Whose name was Phoenix) close accosted me,
 And with insinuations, such as he
 Practis'd on others, my consent he gain'd
 To go into Phœnicia, where remain'd
 His house, and living And with him I liv'd
 A complete year but when were all arriv'd
 The months and days, and that the year again
 Was turning round, and ev'ry season's reign
 Renew'd upon us, we for Libya went,
 When, still inventing crafts to circumvent,
 He made pretext, that I should only go
 And help convey his freight but thought not so,
 For his intent was to have sold me there,
 And made good gain for finding me a year
 Yet him I follow'd, though suspecting this,
 For being aboard his ship, I must be his
 Of strong necessity She ran the flood

Αἴψῃ δρακόντις εἰδὼς τρεχέει.

(Driven with a northern gale, right free, and good)
 Amidst the full stream, full on Crete But then
 Jove plotted death to him and all his men,
 For (put off quite from Crete, and so far gone
 That shore was lost, and we set eye on none,
 But all show'd heav'n and sea) above our keel
 Jove pointed right a cloud as black as hell,
 Beneath which all the sea hid, and from whence
 Jove thunder'd as his hand would never thence,
 And thick into our ship he threw his flash,¹
 That 'gainst a rock, or flat, her keel did dash
 With headlong rapture Of the sulphur all
 Her bulk did savour, and her men let fall
 Amidst the surges, on which all lay tost
 Like sea-gulls, round about her sides, and lost
 And so God took all home-return from them
 But Jove himself, though plung'd in that extreme,
 Recover'd me by thrusting on my hand
 The ship's long mast And, that my life might stand
 A little more up, I embrac'd it round,
 And on the rude winds, that did ruins sound,
 Nine days we hover'd In the tenth black night
 A huge sea cast me on Thesprotia's height,
 Where the heroe Phidon, that was chief
 Of all the Thesprots, gave my wrack relief,
 Without the price of that redemption²
 'That Phoenix fish'd for Where the king's lov'd son
 Came to me, took me by the hand, and led
 Into his court my poor life, surfeited
 With cold and labour, and because my wrack
 Chanc'd on his father's shore, he let not lack
 My plight or coat, or cloak, or anything
 Might cherish heat in me And here the king
 Said, he receiv'd Ulysses as his guest,
 Observ'd him friend-like, and his course address
 Home to his country, showing there to me
 Ulysses' goods, a very treasury
 Of brass, and gold, and steel of curious frame

¹ Ἐλελίθη *qui teriam rapido motu concutit*

² Ἀπριάτην *sine emptionis seu redemptionis pretio*

And to the tenth succession of his name
He laid up wealth enough, to serve beside
In that king's house, so hugely amplified
His treasure was. But from his court the king
Affirm'd him shipp'd for the Dodonean spring,
To hear from out the high-hair'd oak of Jove,
Counsel from him for means to his remove
To his lov'd country whence so many a year
He had been absent if he should appear
Disguis'd, or manifest and further swore
In his mid court, at sacrifice, before
These very eyes, that he had ready there
Both ship and soldiers, to attend and bear
Him to his country But, before, it chanc'd
That a Thesprotian ship was to be launch'd
For the much-corn renown'd Dulichian land,
In which the king gave to his men command
To take, and bring me under tender hand
To king Acastus. But, in ill design
Of my poor life, did their desires combine,
So far forth, as might ever keep me under
In fortune's hands, and tear my state in sunder
And when the water-treader far away
Had left the land, then plotted they the day
Of my long servitude, and took from me
Both coat and cloak, and all things that might be
Grace in my habit, and in place put on
These tatter'd rags, which now you see upon
My wretched bosom. When heav'n's light took sea,*
They fetch'd the field works of fair Ithaca,
And in the arm'd ship, with a well-wreath'd cord,
They straitly bound me, and did all disboard
To shore to supper in contentious rout.
Yet straight the Gods themselves took from about
My press'd limbs the bands, with equal ease,
And I my head in rags wrapp'd, took the seas,
Descending by the smooth stern, using then
My hands for oars, and made from these bad men
Long way in little time. At last, I fetch'd

At sunset.

A goodly grove of oaks, whose shore I reach'd,
 And cast me prostrate on it When they knew
 My thus-made 'scape, about the shores they flew,
 But, soon not finding, held it not their best
 To seek me further, but return'd to rest
 Aboard their vessel Me the Gods lodg'd close,
 Conducting me into the safe repose
 A good man's stable yielded And thus Fate
 This poor hour added to my living date "

"O wretch of guests," said he, "thy tale hath stirr'd
 My mind to much ruth, both how thou hast err'd,
 And suffer'd, hearing in such good parts shown
 But, what thy chang'd relation would make known
 About Ulysses, I hold neither true,
 Nor will believe And what need'st thou pursue
 A lie so rashly, since he sure is so
 As I conceive, for which my skill shall go?
 The safe return my king lacks cannot be,
 He is so envied of each Deity,
 So clear, so cruelly For not in Troy
 They gave him end, nor let his corpse enjoy
 The hands of friends (which well they might have
 done,

He manag'd arms to such perfection,
 And should have had his sepulchre, and all,
 And all the Greeks to grace his funeral,
 And this had giv'n a glory to his son
 Through all times future) but his head is run
 Unseen, unhonour'd, into Harpies' maws
 For my part, I'll not meddle with the cause,
 I live a separate life amongst my swine,
 Come at no town for any need of mine,
 Unless the circularly-witted queen *
 (When any far-come guest is to be seen
 That brings her news) commands me bring a brawn,
 About which (all things being in question drawn,
 That touch the king) they sit, and some are sad
 For his long absence, some again are glad
 To waste his goods unwreak'd, all talking still

* *Περὶ φρον*

But, as for me, I nourish'd little will
To inquire or question of him, since the man
That feign'd himself the fled Ætolian,
For slaughtering one, through many regions stray'd,
In my stall as his diversory stay'd.
Where well entreating him, he told me then,
Amongst the Cretans, with king Idomen,
He saw Ulysses at his ship's repair
That had been brush'd with the enraged air
And that in summer or in autumn, sure,
With all his brave friends and rich furniture,
He would be here and nothing so, nor so.
But thou, an old man, taught with so much woe
As thou hast suffer'd, to be season'd true,
And brought by his fate, do not here pursue
His gratulations with thy cunning lies,
Thou canst not soak so through my faculties
I or I did never either honour thee
Or give thee love, to bring these tales to me,
But in my fear of hospitable Jove
Thou didst to this pass my affections move
"You stand exceeding much incredulous,
Replied Ulysses, "to have witness'd thus
My word and oath, yet yield no trust at all.
But make me now a covenant here, and call
The dreadful Gods to witness, that take seat
In large Olympus. If your king's retreat
Prove made, even hither you shall furnish me
With cloak, and coat, and make my passage free
For lov'd Dulichius if, as fits my vow
Your king return not, let your servants throw
My old limbs headlong from some rock most high,
That other poor men may take fear to lie.

The herdsman, that had gifts in him divine,
Replied O guest, how shall this fame of mine
And honest virtue, amongst men, remain
Now and hereafter without worthy stain,
If I that led thee to my hovel here,
And made thee fitting hospitable cheer,
Should after kill thee, and thy lov'd mind

Force from thy bones ? Or how should stand inclin'd
With any faith my will t' importune Jove,
In any pray'r hereafter for his love ?

Come, now 'tis supper's hour, and instant haste
My men will make home, when our sweet repast
We'll taste together " This discourse they held
In mutual kind, when from a neighbour-field
His swine and swine-herds came, who in their cotes
Inclos'd their herds for sleep, which mighty throats
Laid out in ent'ring Then the God-like swain
His men enjoind thus " Bring me to be slain
A chief swine female, for my stranger guest,
When altogether we will take our feast,
Refreshing now our spirits, that all day take
Pains in our swine's good, who may therefore make
For our pains with them all amends with one,
Since others eat our labours, and take none "
This said, his sharp steel hew'd down wood, and they
A passing fat swine hal'd out of the sty,
Of five years old, which to the fire they put
When first Eumæus from the front did cut
The sacred hair, and cast it in the fire,
Then pray'd to heav'n, for still before desire
Was serv'd with food, in their so rude abodes,
Not the poor swine-herd would forget the Gods,
Good souls they bore, how bad soever were
The habits that their bodies' parts did bear
When all the deathless Deities besought,
That wise Ulysses might be safely brought
Home to his house, then with a log of oak
Left lying by, high lifting it, a stroke
He gave so deadly it made life expire
Then cut the rest her throat, and all in fire
They hid and sing'd her, cut her up, and then,
The master took the office from the men,
Who on the altar did the parts impose
That serv'd for sacrifice, beginning close
About the belly, thorough which he went
And (all the chief fat gath'ring) gave it vent
(Part dredg'd with flour) into the sacred flame,

Then cut they up the joints, and roasted them,
Drew all from spit, and serv'd in dishes all.
Then rose Eumæus (who was general
In skill to guide each act his fit event)
And, all in seven parts cut, the first part went
To service of the Nymphs and Mercury
To whose names he did rites of piety
In vows particular and all the rest
He shar'd to ev'ry one, but his lov'd guest
He grac'd with all the chine, and of that king,
To have his heart cheer'd, set up ev'ry string.
Which he observing said I would to Jove,
Eumæus, thou liv'dst in his worthy love
As great as mine, that giv'st to such a guest
As my poor self of all thy goods the best.

Eumæus answer'd Eat, unhappy wretch,
And to what here is at thy pleasure reach.
Thus I have, this thou want'st thus God will give,
Thus take away in us, and all that live.
To his will's equal centre all things fall,
His mind he must have, for he can do all.

Thus having eat, and to his wine descended,
Before he serv'd his own thirst, he commended
The first use of it in fit sacrifice
(As of his meat) to all the Deities,
And to the city racer's hand appllied
The second cup, whose place was next his side.
Mesaullus did distribute the meat,
(To which charge was Eumæus solely set
In absence of Ulysses, by the queen
And old Laertes) and this man had been
Bought by Eumæus, with his faculties,
Employ'd then in the Taphian merchandise.

But now to food oppos'd, and order'd thus,
All fell. Desire suffic'd, Mesaullus
Did take away For bed then next they were,
All thoroughly satisfied with complete cheer
The night then came, ill, and no taper shined
Jove rained her whole date th' ever wat'ry wind
Zephyr blew loud and Laertiades

(Approving kind Eumæus' carefulness
 For his whole good) made far about assay,
 To get some cast-off cassock (lest he lay
 'That rough night cold) of him, or any one
 Of those his servants, when he thus begun

"Hear me, Eumæus, and my other friends,
 I'll use a speech that to my glory tends,
 Since I have drunk wine past my usual guise
Strong wine commands the fool and moves the wise,
 Moves and impels him too to sing and dance,
 And break in pleasant laughters, and, perchance,
 Prefer a speech too that were better in
 But when my spirits once to speak begin,
 I shall not then dissemble Would to heav'n,
 I were as young, and had my forces driv'n
 As close together, as when once our pow'rs
 We led to ambush under th' Ithon tow'rs '
 Where Ithacus and Menelaus were

The two commanders, when it pleas'd them there
 To take myself for third, when to the town
 And lofty walls we led, we couch'd close down,
 All arm'd, amidst the osiers and the reeds,
 Which oftentimes th' o'er-flowing river feeds
 The cold night came, and th' icy northern gale
 Blew bleak upon us, after which did fall
 A snow so cold, it cut as in it beat

A frozen water, which was all concrete
 About our shields like crystal All made feign
 Above our arms to clothe, and clothe again
 And so we made good shift, our shields beside
 Clapp'd close upon our clothes, to rest and hide
 From all discovery But I, poor fool,
 Left my weeds with my men, because so cool
 I thought it could not prove, which thought my
 pride

A little strengthen'd, being loth to hide
 A goodly glitt'ring garment I had on,
 And so I follow'd with my shield alone,
 And that brave weed But when the night near
 ended

Her course on earth, and that the stars descended,
I jogg'd Ulysses, who lay passing near
And spake to him, that had a nimble ear
Assuring him, that long I could not lie
Amongst the living, for the fervency
Of that sharp night would kill me, since as then
My evil angel made me with my men
Leave all weeds but a fine one. But I know
'Tis vain to talk here wants all remedy now

This said, he bore that understanding part
In his prompt spirit that still show'd his art
In fight and counsel, saying (in a word,
And that low whisper'd) peace, lest you afford
Some Greek note of your softness. No word more
But made as if his stern austerity bore
My plight no pity yet, as still he lay
His head reposing on his hand, gave way
To this invention. Hear me friends, a dream
(That was of some celestial light a beam)
Stood in my sleep before me, prompting me
With this fit notice. We are far said he,
From out our fleet. Let one go then, and try
If Agamemnon will afford supply
To what we now are strong. This stir'd a speed
In Thoas to th' affair whose purple weed
He left for haste which then I took, and lay
In quiet after, till the dawn of day

This shift Ulysses made for one in need,
And would to heav'n, that youth such spirit did feed
Now in my nerves, and that my joints were knit
With such a strength as made me then held fit
To lead men with Ulysses! I should then
Seem worth a weed that fits a herdsman's men,
For two respects, to gain a thankful friend,
And to a good man's need a good extend.

O father, said Eumæus, thou hast shown
Good cause for us to give thee good renown,
Not using any word that was not freed
From all least ill. Thou therefore, shalt not need
Or coat, or other thing, that aptly may

Beseem a wretched suppliant for defray
Of this night's need — But, when her golden throne
The morn ascends you must resume your own,
For here you must not dream of many weeds,
Or any change at all — We serve our needs
As you do yours — one back, one coat — But when
Ulysses' loved son returns, he then
Shall give you coat and cassock, and bestow
Your person where your heart and soul is now "

This said, he rose, made near the fire his bed
Which all with goats' and sheep skins he bespread
All which Ulysses with himself did hie
With whom, besides, he chang'd a gaberdine,
Thick lin'd, and soft, which still he made his shift
When he would dress him 'gainst the horrid drift
Of tempest, when deep winter's season blows
Nor pleas'd it him to lie there with his sows,
But while Ulysses slept there, and close by
The other youngers, he abroad would lie,
And therefore arm'd him — Which set cheerful fare
Before Ulysses' heart, to see such care
Of his goods taken, how far off soever
His fate his person and his wealth should sever
First then, a sharp edg'd sword he girt about
His well-spread shoulders, and (to shelter out
The sharp West wind that blew) he put him on
A thick-lin'd jacket, and yet cast upon
All that the large hide of a goat well fed
A lance then took he, with a keen steel head,
To be his keep-off both 'gainst men and dogs
And thus went he to rest with his male hogs,
That still abroad lay underneath a rock,
Shield to the North wind's ever-eager shock

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY

THE ARGUMENT

MINERVA'S ENBAVING
Labret Ulysses son's return
I look, and sing. If ever in
Circled Athens and her leaves
The Spartans come And sang aloud,
Both is ours to say all
To Thetis' men that was
The Argos got in night past
Hither a laughing led down
Fame's first to Larynx was
How he became his father's man
Living still by the 12 months
For some agreement future
From both the sons, then of
T. and us, and of the
Both to Fama's courage come

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

O. P. and Sp. and
At the end of
To his own land
Ulysses.

In Lacedæmon, large and apt for dances,*
Athenian Pallas her access advances
Up to the great in soul Ulysses' seed,
Suggesting his return now fit for deed.
She found both him and Nestor's noble son
In bed, in front of that fair mansion,
Nestorides surpris'd with pleasing sleep,
But on the watch Ulysses' son did keep,
Sleep could not enter, cares did so excite
His soul, through all the solitary night,

Εὐρύκλειος Λακεδαιμόνιος / *quod amplius ut p. h. et h. et d. et*
ποσειδώνιος / *quod amplius* which the vulgar translations turn therefore
/ / in the amplius

For his lov'd father To him, near, she said
"Telemachus! His time that now were stay'd
Thy foreign travels, since thy goods are free
For those proud men that all will eat from thee,
Divide thy whole possessions, and leave
Thy too late presence nothing to receive
Incite the shrill voic'd Mendicants then,
To send thee to thy native seat again,
While thou may'st yet find in her honour strong
Thy blameless mother, 'gainst thy fathers' wrong
For both the father, and the brothers too,
Of thy lov'd mother, will not suffer so
Extended any more her widow's bed
But make her now her richest wooer wed
Eurymachus, who chiefly may augment
Her gifts, and make her jointure eminent
And therefore haste thee, lest, in thy despite,
Thy house stand empty of thy native right
For well thou know'st what mind a woman bears,
The house of him, whoever she endears
Herself in nuptials to, she sees increas'd,
The issue of her first lov'd lord deas'd
Forgotten quite, and never thought on more
In thy return then, the re-counted store
Thou find'st reserv'd, to thy most trusted maid
Commit in guard, till Heav'n's Powers have purvey'd
A wife, in virtue and in beauty's grace,
Of fit sort for thee, to supply her place
And this note more I'll give thee, which repose
In sure remembrance The best sort of those
That woo thy mother watchful scouts address
Both in the straits of th' Ithacensian seas,
And dusty Samos, with intent t' invade
And take thy life, ere thy return be made
Which yet I think will fail, and some of them
That waste thy fortunes taste of that extreme
They plot for thee But keep off far from shore,
And day and night sail, for a fore-right bore,
Whoever of th' Immortals that vow guard
And 'scape to thy return, will see prepar'd

As soon as thou arriv'st, dismiss to town
Thy ship and men, and first of all make down
To him that keeps thy swine, and doth conceive
A tender care to see thee well survive.
There sleep—and send him to the town, to tell
The chaste I enlopé, that safe and well
Thou liv'st in his charge, and that Pylos sends
The place contain'd from whence thy person lands."

Thus she to large Olympus made ascent.
When with his heel a little touch he lent
To Nestor's son, whose sleeps sweet chains he loos'd,
Had rise, and see in chariot inclos'd
Their one hoof'd horse, that they might straight be
gone.

"No such haste, he replied, Night holds her
throne,
And durs all way to course of chariot.
The morn will soon get up. Nor see forgot
The gifts with haste, that will, I know be rich,
And put into our coach with gracious speech
By lance-fam'd Menelaus. Not a guest
Shall touch at his house, but shall store his breast
With fit mind of an hospitable man,
To last as long as any daylight can
His eyes recomfort, in such gifts as he
Will proofs make of his hearty royalty

He had no sooner said, but up arose
Aurora, that the golden hills repose.
And Menelaus, good-at martial-cries,
From Helen's bed rais'd, to his guest applies
His first appearance. Whose repair made known
T' Ulysses' lov'd son, on his robe was thrown
About his gracious body his cloak cast
Athwart his ample shoulders, and in haste
Abroad he went, and did the king accost

"Atreides, guarded with heav'n's deified host,
Grant now remission to my native right,
My mind now urging mine own house's sight.
Nor will I stay" said he, thy person long,
Since thy desires to go are grown so strong

I should myself be angry to sustain
The like detention urg'd by other men
Who loves a guest past mean, past mean will hate,
The mean in all acts bears the best estate
A like ill 'tis, to thrust out such a guest
As would not go, as to detain the rest
We should a guest love, while he loves to stay,
And, when he likes not, give him loving way
Yet suffer so, that we may gifts impose
In coach to thee, which ere our hands inclose,
Thine eyes shall see, lest else our loves may glose
Besides, I'll cause our women to prepare
What our house yields, and merely so much fare
As may suffice for health Both well will do,
Both for our honour and our profit too
And, serving strength with food, you after may
As much earth measure as will match the day
If you will turn your course from sea, and go
Through Greece and Argos (that myself may so
Keep kind way with thee) I'll join horse, and guide
T' our human cities Nor ungratified
Will any one remit us, some one thing
Will each present us, that long may bring
Our pass with love, and prove our virtues blaz'd
A caldron, or a tripod, richly-braz'd,
Two mules, a bowl of gold, that hath his price
Heighten'd with emblems of some rare device "

The wise prince answer'd "I would gladly go
Home to mine own, and see that govern'd so
That I may keep what I for certain hold,
Not hazard that for only hop'd-for gold
I left behind me none so all ways fit
To give it guard, as mine own trust with it.
Besides, in this broad course which you propose,
My father seeking I myself may lose "

When this the shrill-voic'd Menelaus heard,
He charg'd his queen and maids to see prepar'd
Breakfast, of what the whole house held for best
To him rose Eteoneus from his rest,
Whose dwelling was not far off from the court,

And his attendance his command did sort
With kindling fires, and furth ring all the roast,
In act of whose charge heard no time he lost.

Himself then to an odorous room descended,
Whom Megapenthe and his queen attended.
Come to his treasury a two-eard cup
He choos'd of all, and made his son bear up
A silver bowl. The queen then taking stand
Aside her chest, where by her own fair hand
Lay vests of all hues wrought, she took out one
Most large, most artful chiefly fair and shone
Like to a star and lay of all the last.

Then through the house with either's gift they past
When to Ulysses son Atides said

"Telemachus, since so entirely sway'd
Thy thoughts are with thy vow'd return now tender'd,
May Juno's thund'ring husband see it render'd
Perfect at all parts, action on a ring thought.
Of all the rich gifts, in my treasure sought,
I give thee here the most in grace and best.
A bowl but silver yet the harm's compensat
With gold, whose fabric his desert doth bring
From Vulcan's hand, presented by the king
And great hero of Sidonia's state,
When at our parting he did consummate
His whole house-keeping. This do thou command.

This said, he put the round bowl in his hand,
And then his strong son Megapenthe plac'd
The silver cup before him, amply grac'd
With work and lustre. Helen (standing by
And in her hand the robe, her housewifery)
His name remembering, said "And I present,
Lov'd son, this gift to thee, the monument
Of the so-many-loved Helen's hands,
Which, at the knitting of thy nuptial bands,
Present thy wife. In mean space, may it be
By thy lov'd mother but to me apply
Thy pleasure in it, and thus take thy way
To thy fair house, and country's wish'd stay
Thus gave she to his hands the veil and he

'The acceptance author'd joyfully
Which in the chariot's chest Pisistratus
Plac'd with the rest, and held miraculous

The yellow-headed king then led them all
To seats and thrones plac'd in his spacious hall
The hand-maid water brought, and gave it stream
From out a fair and golden ewer to them,
From whose hands to a silver caldron fled
The troubled wave A bright board then she spread,
On which another rev'rend dame set bread
To which more servants store of victuals serv'd
Eteoneus was the man that kerv'd,
And Megapenthe fill'd them all their wine
All fed and drank, till all felt care decline
For those refreshings Both the guests did go
To horse, and coach, and forth the portico
A little issued, when the yellow King
Brought wine himself, that, with an offering
To all the Gods, they might their journey take
He stood before the Gods, and thus he spake

"Farewell young Princes ! To grave Nestor's ear
This salutation from my gratitude bear
That I profess, in all our Ilion wars,
He stood a careful father to my cares "

To whom the wise Ulyssides replied
"With all our utmost shall be signified,
Jove-kept Atrides, your right royal will
And would to God, I could as well fulfill
Mine own mind's gratitude, for your free grace,
In telling to Ulysses, in the place
Of my return, in what accomplish'd kind
I have obtain'd the office of a friend
At your deservings , whose fair end you crown
With gifts so many, and of such renown !"

His wish, that he might find in his retreat
His father safe return'd (to so repeat
'The king's love to him) was saluted thus
An eagle rose, and in her serres did truss
A goose, all-white, and huge, a household one,
Which men and women, crying out upon,

Pursued, but she, being near the guests, her flight
 Made on their right hand, and kept still fore right
 Before their horses which observ'd by them,
 The spirits in all their minds took joys extreme,
 Which Nestor's son thus question'd Jove kept
 king,*

Yield your grave thoughts, if this ostentful thing
 (This eagle, and this goose) touch us, or you?

He put to study and not knowing how
 To give fit answer Helen took on her
 Th ostent's solution, and did this prefer

"Hear me, and I will play the prophet's part,
 As the Immortals cast it in my heart,
 And as, I think, will make the true sense known
 As this Jove's bird, from out the mountains flown,
 (Where was her cynic, and whence rose her race,)
 Truss'd up this goose, that from the house did graze,
 So shall Ulysses, coming from the wild
 Of seas and sufferings, reach, unreconcil'd,
 His native home, where ev'n this hour he is,
 And on those house-fed Wooers those wrongs of his
 Will shortly wreak, with all their miseries."

O said Telemachus, if Saturnian Jove
 To my desires thy dear presage approve,
 When I arrive, I will perform to thee
 My daily vows, as to a Deity

This said, he us'd his scourge upon the horse,
 That through the city freely made their course
 To field, and all day made that first speed good.
 But when the sun set, and obscureness stood
 In each man's way they ended their access
 At Pheras, in the house of Diocles,
 Son to Orsilochus, Alpheus seed,
 Who gave them guest-rites and sleep's natural need
 They that night served there. When Aurora rose,
 They join'd their horse, took coach, and did dispose
 Their course for Pylos whose high city soon
 They reach'd. Nor would Telemachus be won

Nestor's son to Menelaus, his ironical question continuing
 still Homer's character of Menelaus.

To Nestor's house, and therefore order'd thus
His speech to Nestor's son, Pisisstratus

"How shall I win thy promise to a grace
That I must ask of thee? We both embrace
The names of bed-fellows, and in that name
Will glory as an adjunct of our fame,
Our fathers' friendship, our own equal age,
And our joint travel, may the more engage
Our mutual concord. Do not then assay,
My God-lov'd friend, to lead me from my way
To my near ship, but take a course direct
And leave me there, lest thy old sire's respect,
In his desire to love me, hinder so
My way for home, that have such need to go"

This said, Nestorides held all discourse
In his kind soul, how best he might enforce
Both promise and performance, which, at last,
He vow'd to venture, and directly cast
His horse about to fetch the ship and shore
Where come, his friends' most lovely gifts he bore
Aboard the ship, and in her hind-deck plac'd
The veil that Helen's curious hand had grac'd,
And Menelaus' gold, and said "Away,
Nor let thy men, in any least date, stay,
But quite put off, ere I get home, and tell
The old duke, you are past, for passing well
I know his mind to so exceed all force
Of any pray'r, that he will stay your course,
Himself make hither, all your course call back,
And, when he hath you, have no thought to rack
Him from his bounty, and to let you part
Without a present, but be vex'd at heart
With both our pleadings, if we once but move
The least repression of his fiery love"

Thus took he coach, his fair-man'd steeds scourg'd
on

Along the Pylia city, and anon
His father's court reach'd, while Ulysses' son
Bade board, and arm, which with a thought was
done

His rowers set, and he rich odours fanning
In his hind-deck, for his secure retiring,
To great Athenia, to his ship came flying
A stranger and a prophet, as relying
On wish'd passage, having newly slain
A man at Argos, yet his race's vein
Flow'd from Melampus, who in former date
In Pylos liv'd, and had a huge estate,
But fled his country and the punishing hand
Of great-sould Neleus, in a foreign land,
From that most famous mortal, having held
A world of riches, nor could be compell'd
To render restitution in a year
In mean space, living as close prisoner
In court of Phylacus, and for the sake
Of Neleus' daughter mighty cares did take,
Together with a grievous languor sent
From grave Erinyes, that did much torment
His vex'd conscience yet his life's expence
He scap'd, and drove the loud-voiced oxen thence,
To breed sheep Pylos, bringing vengeance thus
Her foul dement to great Neleus,
And to his brother's house reduc'd his wife.
Who yet from Pylos did remove his life
For feed-horse Argos, where his fate set down
A dwelling for him, and in much renown
Made govern many Argives, where a spouse
He took to him, and built a famous house.
There had he born to him Antiphates,
And forceful Mantua. To the first of these
Was great Oicleus born Oicleus gat
Amphiaraua, that the popular state
Had all their health in, whom ev'n from his heart
Jove lov'd, and Phœbus in the whole desert
Of friendship held him yet not bless'd so much
That age's threshold he did ever touch,
But lost his life by female babery *
Yet two sons author'd his posterity
Alcmaeon, and renown'd Amphilocheus.

His wif betrayed him for money

Mantius had issue Polyphidius,
And Clytus, but Aurora ravish'd him,
For excellence of his admir'd limb,
And interested him amongst the Gods
His brother knew men's good and bad abodes
The best of all men, after the decease
Of him that perish'd in unnatural peace
At spacious Thebes Apollo did inspire
His knowing soul with a prophetic fire
Who, angry with his father, took his way
To Hyperesia, where, making stay,
He prophesied to all men, and had there
A son call'd Theoclymenus, who here
Came to Telemachus, and found aboard
Himself at sacrifice, whom in a word
He thus saluted "O friend, since I find,
Ev'n here at ship, a sacrificing mind
Inform your actions, by your sacrifice,
And by that worthy choice of Deities
To whom you offer, by yourself, and all
These men that serve your course maritimal,
Tell one that asks the truth, nor give it glose,
Both who, and whence, you are? From what seed
rose

Your royal person? And what city's tow'rs
Hold habitation to your parents' pow'rs?'

He answer'd "Stranger! The sure truth is this
I am of Ithaca, my father is
(Or was) Ulysses, but austere death now
Takes his state from him, whose event to know
Himself being long away, I set forth thus
With ship and soldiers" Theoclymenus
As freely said "And I to thee am fled
From forth my country, for a man struck dead
By my unhappy hand, who was with me
Of one self-tribe, and of his pedigree
Are many friends and brothers, and the sway
Of Achive kindred reacheth far away
From whom, because I fear their spleens suborn
Blood and black fate against me (being born

To be a wanderer among foreign men)
 Make thy fair ship my rescue, and sustain
 My life from slaughter Thy deservings may
 Perform that mercy and to them I pray

"Nor will I bar" said he, "thy will to make
 My means and equal ship thy aid, but take
 (With what we have here, in all friendly use)
 Thy life from any violence that pursues.

Thus took he in his lance, and it extended
 Aloft the hatches, which himself ascended.
 The prince took seat at stern, on his right hand
 Set Theoclymenus, and gave command
 To all his men to arm, and see made fast
 Amidst the hollow keel the beechen mast
 With able halsters, house sail, launch which soon
 He saw obey'd. And then his ship did run
 A merry course blue-eyed Minerva sent
 A fore-right gale, tumultuous, vehement,
 Along the air that her way's utmost yield
 The ship might make, and plough the brackish field.

Then set the sun, and night black'd all the ways.
 The ship, with Jove's wind wing'd, where th' Egean
 sways,

Fetch'd Pheras first, then Elis the divine,
 And then for those isles made, that sea ward shine
 For form and sharpness like a lance's head,
 About which lay the Wooers ambush'd
 On which he rush'd, to try if he could scape
 His plotted death, or serve her treach'rous rape.

And now return we to Eumæus shed,
 Where, at their food with others marshalled,
 Ulysses and his noble herdsman sat
 To try if whose love's curious estate
 Stood firm to his abode, or felt it fade,
 And so would take each best cause to persuade
 His guest to town, Ulysses thus contends

Hear me, Eumæus, and ye other friends.
 Next morn to town I covet to be gone,
 To beg some others' alms, not still charge one.
 Advise me well then, and as well provide

I may be fitted with an honest guide
 For through the streets—no man will have it so,
 I'll tread, to try it—my will be so
 A dish of drink on me, or bit of bread,
 Till to Ulysses' house I may be led,
 And there I'll tell all we Penelopeans,
 Mix with the Wooers' pride, and, once they use
 To fire above the full, their hands extend
 To some small feast from out their infinite
 For which I'll wait, and play the servingman,
 Early enough, command the most they can
 For I will tell thee, note me well, and hear,
 That, if the will be of Heaven's Messenger
 (Who to the works of men, of any sort,
 Can grace infuse, and glory) nothing short
 Am I of him, that doth to most aspire
 In any service, as to build a fire,
 To cleave sere wood—to roast or boil their meat,
 To wait at board, mix wine, or know the neat
 Or any work, in which the poor call'd worst
 To serve the rich call'd best in Ite are fore'd."

He, angry with him, said—"Alas poor guest,
 Why did this counsel ever touch thy breast?
 Thou seek'st thy utter spoil beyond all doubt,
 If thou giv'st venture on the Wooers' rout,
 Whose wrong and force affects the iron heaven,
 Their light delights are far from being giv'n
 To such grave servitors—Youths richly trick'd
 In coats or cassocks, locks divinely slick'd,
 And looks most rapt, ever have the gift
 To taste their crown'd cups, and full trenchers shift
 Their tables ever like their glasses shine,
 Loaded with bread, with varied flesh, and wine
 And thou go thither? Stay, for here do none
 Grudge at thy presence, nor myself, nor one
 Of all I feed—But when Ulysses' son
 Again shall greet us, he shall put thee on
 Both coat and cassock, and thy quick retreat
 Set where thy heart and soul desire thy seat"
 Industrious Ulysses gave reply

"I still much wish, that Heaven's chief Deity
Lov'd thee, as I do, that hast end'd my mind
Of woes and wand'ings never yet confin'd.
*Nought is more wretched in a human race
Than country's want and shift from place to place*
But for the baneful belly men take care
Beyond good counsel whosoever are
In compass of the wants it undergoes
By wand'ings, losses, or dependent woes.
Excuse me therefore, if I err'd at home
Which since thou wilt make here, as overcome
With thy command for stay I'll take on me
Cares appertaining to this place, like thee.
Does then Ulysses' sire, and mother breathe,
Both whom he left in th' age next door to death?
Or are they breathless, and descended where
The dark house is, that never day doth clear?

Laertes lives, said he, but ev'ry hour
Beseecheth Jove to take from him the pow'r
That joins his life and limbs for with a moan
That breeds a marvel he laments his son
Depriv'd by death, and adds to that another
Of no less depth for that dead son's dead mother
Whom he a virgin wedded, which the more
Makes him lament her loss, and doth deplore
Yet more her miss, because her womb the truer
Was to his brave son and his slaughter slew her
Which last love to her doth his life engage,
And makes him live an undigested age.
O! such a death she died as never may
Seize any one that here beholds the day
'That either is to any man a friend,
Or can a woman kill in such a kind.
As long as she had being, I would be
A still inquirer (since 'twas dear to me,
Though death to her to hear his name) when she
Heard of Ulysses, for I might be bold,
She brought me up, and in her love did hold
My life, compar'd with long veil'd Ctimenê,
Her youngest issue (in some small degree

Her daughter yet prefer'd) a brave young dame
 And when of youth the dearly loved flame
 Was lighted in us, marriage did prefer
 The maid to Samos, whence was sent for her
 Infinite riches, when the queen bestow'd
 A fair new suit, new shoes, and all, and vow'd
 Me to the field, but passing loth to part,
 As loving me more than she lov'd her heart
 And these I want now, but their business grows
 Upon me duly, which the Gods impose,
 To whom I hold all, give account to them,
 For I see none left to the diadem
 That may dispose all better—So, I drink
 And eat of what is here, and whom I think
 Worthy or rev'rend, I have giv'n to, still,
 These kinds of guest-rites, for the household ill
 (Which, where the queen is, riots) takes her still
 From thought of these things—Nor is it delight
 To hear, from her plight, of or work or word
 The Woodcocks spoil all—But yet my men will board
 Her sorrows often with discourse of all,
 Eating and drinking of the festival
 That there is kept, and after bring to field
 Such things as servants make their pleasures yield
 “O me, Eumæus,” said Laertes' son,
 “Hast thou then err'd so of a little one,
 Like me, from friends and country? Pray thee say,
 And say a truth, doth vast Destruction lay
 Her hand upon the wide-way'd seat of men,*
 Where dwelt thy sire and rev'rend mother then,
 That thou art spar'd there? Or else, set alone
 In guard of beeves, or sheep, set th' enemy on,
 Surpris'd, and shipp'd, transferr'd, and sold thee here?
 He that bought thee paid well, yet bought not dear”
 “Since thou enquir'st of that, my guest,” said he,
 “Hear and be silent, and, mean space, sit free
 In use of these cups to thy most delights,
 Unspeakable in length now are the nights
 Those that affect sleep yet, to sleep have leave,

* Supposing him to dwell in a city

Those that affect to hear, their hearers give.
 But sleep not ere your hour *much sleep doth grieve*
 Whoever lists to sleep, away to bed,
 Together with the morning raise his head,
 Together with his fellows break his fast,
 And then his lord's herd drive to their repast.
 We two, still in our tabernacle here
 Drinking and eating, will our bosoms cheer
 With memories and tales of our annoy.
Between his sorrows e'er human joys,
 He most, who most hath felt and furthest err'd.
 And now thy will to act shall be preferr'd.

There is an isle above Ortygia,
 If thou hast heard, they call it Syna,
 Where, once a day the sun moves backward still.
 'Tis not so great as good, for it doth fill
 The fields with oxen, fills them still with sheep,
 Fills roofs with wine, and makes all corn there cheap.
 No dearth comes ever there, nor no disease
 That doth with hate us wretched mortals seize,
 But when men's varied nations, dwelling there
 In any city enter th' aged year
 The silver-bow bearer the Sun, and She
 That bears as much renown for archery
 Stoop with their painless shafts, and strike them dead,
 As one would sleep, and never keep the bed.
 In this isle stand two cities, betwixt whom
 All things that of the soil's fertility come
 In two parts are divided. And both these
 My father rul'd, Ctesius Ormenides,
 A man like the Immortals. With these states
 The cross-biting Phœnicians traffick'd rates
 Of infinite merchandise in ships brought there,
 In which they then were held exempt from peer
 There dwelt within my father's house a dame,
 Born a Phœnician, skilful in the frame
 Of noble housewifries, right tall and fair
 Her the Phœnician great wench-net-lay'r *

Ποικιλάται ἀνέσταντες ὅσας Der es valde pertrahit in
retia et sua puella.

With sweet words circumvented, as she was
 Washing her linen To his amorous pass
 He brought her first, shor'd from his ship to her,
 To whom he did his whole life's love prefer,
 Which of these breast-exposing dames the hearts
 Deceives, though fashion'd of right honest parts
 He ask'd her after, what she was, and whence?
 She, passing presently, the excellence
 Told of her father's turrets, and that she
 Might boast herself sprung from the progeny
 Of the rich Sidons, and the daughter was
 Of the much yet-reverend Arylas,
 But that the Iaphian pirates made her prize,
 As she return'd from her field housewifery,
 I transferr'd her hither, and, at that man's house
 Where now she liv'd, for value precious
 Sold her to th' owner He that stole her love
 Bade her again to her birth's seat remove,
 To see the fair roofs of her friends again,
 Who still held state, and did the port maintain
 Herself reported She said 'Be it so,
 So you, and all that in your ship shall row,
 Swear to return me in all safety hence'

All swore 'Th' oath past, with ev'ry consequence,
 She bade 'Be silent now, and not a word
 Do you, or any of your friends, afford,
 Meeting me afterward in any way,
 Or at the washing-fount lest some display
 Be made, and told the old man, and he then
 Keep me strait bound, to you and to your men
 The utter ruin plotting of your lives
 Keep in firm thought then ev'ry word that strives
 For dang'rous utterance Haste your ship's full
 freight

Of what you traffic for, and let me straight
 Know by some sent friend she hath all in hold,
 And with myself I'll bring thence all the gold
 I can by all means finger, and, beside,
 I'll do my best to see your freight supplied
 With some well-weighing burthen of mine own.

For I bring up in house a great man's son,
As crafty as myself, who will with me
Run ev'ry way along, and I will be
His leader till your ship hath made him sure.
He will an infinite great price procure,
Transfer him to what languag'd men ye may

This said, she gat her home, and there made stay
A whole year with us, goods of great avail
Their ship enriching Which now fit for sail,
They sent a messenger t' inform the dame
And to my father's house a fellow came,
Full of Phœnician craft, that to be sold
A tablet brought, the body all of gold,
The verge all-amber. This had ocular view
Both by my honour'd mother and the crew
Of her house-handmaids, handled, and the price
Beat, ask'd, and promis'd. And while this device
Lay thus upon the forge, this jeweller
Made privy signs, by winks and wiles, to her
That was his object which she took, and he,
His sign seeing noted, hied to ship. When she,
(My hand still taking, as she us'd to do
To walk abroad with her) convey'd me so
Abroad with her and in the portico
Found cups, with tasted viands, which the guests
That us'd to flock about my father's feasts
Had left. They gone (some to the council-court,
Some to hear news amongst the talking sort)
Her theft three bowls into her lap convey'd,
And forth she went. Nor was my wit so stay'd
To stay her or myself. The sun went down,
And shadows round about the world were flown,
When we came to the haven, in which did ride
The swift Phœnician ship whose fair broad side
They boarded straight, took us up and all went
Along the moist waves. Wind Saturnius sent
Six days we day and night sail'd but when Jove
Put up the seventh day She that shafts doth love
Shot dead the woman, who into the pump
Like to a dop-chick div'd, and gave a thump

In her sad settling Forth they cast her then
To serve the fish and sea-calves, no more men ,
But I was left there with a heavy heart ,
When wind and water drave them quit apart
I heir own course, and on Ithaca they fell,
And there poor me did to Laertes sell
And thus these eyes the sight of this isle prov'd "

"Eumæus," he replied, "thou much hast mov'd
The mind in me with all things thou hast said,
And all the suff'rance on thy bosom laid,
But, truly, to thy ill hath Jove join'd good,
That one whose veins are serv'd with human blood
Hath bought thy service, that gives competence
Of food, wine, cloth to thee , and sure th' expence
Of thy life's date here is of good desert,
Whose labours not to thee alone impart
Sufficient food and housing, but to me ,
Where I through many a heap'd humanity
Have hither err'd, where, though, like thee, not sold,
Nor stay'd like thee yet, nor nought needful hold "

This mutual speech they us'd, nor had they slept
Much time before the much-near morning leapt
To her fair throne And now struck sail the men
That serv'd Telemachus, arriv'd just then
Near his lov'd shore , where now they stoop'd the
mast,

Made to the port with oars, and anchor cast,
Made fast the ship, and then ashore they went,
Dress'd supper, fill'd wine , when (their appetites
spent)

Telemachus commanded they should yield
The ship to th' owner, while himself at field
Would see his shepherds , when light drew to end
He would his gifts see, and to town descend,
And in the morning at a feast bestow
Rewards for all their pains "And whither, now,"
Said Theoclymenus, "my lov'd son,
Shall I address myself? Whose mansion,
Of all men, in this rough-hewn isle, shall I
Direct my way to? Or go readily

To thy house and thy mother? He replied
 Another time I'll see you satisfied
 With my house-entertainment, but as now
 You should encounter none that could bestow
 Your fit entreaty and (which less grace were)
 You could not see my mother I not there
 For she's no frequent object, but apart
 Keeps from her Wooers, woo'd with her desert,
 Up in her chamber at her housewifery
 But I'll name one to whom you shall apply
 Direct repair, and that's Eurymachus,
 Renown'd descent to wise Polybus,
 A man whom th' Ithacensians look on now
 As on a God, since he of all that woo
 Is far superior man, and likest far
 To wed my mother, and as circular
 Be in that honour as Ulysses was.
 But heav'n-hous'd Jove knows the yet hidden pass
 Of her disposure, and on them he may
 A blacker sight bring than her nuptial day
 As this he utter'd, on his right hand flew
 A saker sacred to the God of view
 That in his talons truss'd and plum'd a dove
 The feathers round about the ship did rove,
 And on Telemachus fell whom th' augur then
 Took fast by the hand, withdrew him from his men,
 And said "Telemachus! This hawk is sent
 From God I knew it for a sure oment
 When first I saw it. Be you well assur'd,
 There will no Wooer be by heav'n endur'd
 To rule in Ithaca above your race,
 But your pow'rs ever fill the regal place.

I wish to heav'n, said he, thy word might stand,
 Thou then shouldst soon acknowledge from my hand
 Such gifts and friendship, as would make thee, guest,
 Met and saluted as no less than blest.

This said, he call'd Peneus, Clytus son,
 His true associate, saying Thou hast done
 (Of all my followers to the Pylion shore)
 My will in chief in other things, once more

Be chiefly good to me , take to thy house
This lovéd stranger, and be studious
I' embrace and greet him with thy greatest fare,
Till I myself come and take off thy care "

The famous-for-his-lance said "If your stay
Take time for life here, this man's care I'll lay
On my performance, nor what fits a guest
Shall any penury withhold his feast "

Thus took he ship, bade them board, and away
They boarded, sat, but did their labour stay
Till he had deck'd his feet, and reached his lance
They to the city , he did straight advance
Up to his styes, where swine lay for him store,
By whose side did his honest swine-herd snore,
Till his short cares his longest nights had ended,
And nothing worse to both his lords intended

THE END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE Prince t' field he sends to town
Eumæus to make truly know
His safe return. By Pallas will
Telemachus is giv'n the skill
To know his father. Those that lay
In ambush to prevent the way
Of young Ulyssides for home.
Retire, with anger overcome

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

III. To his most dear
Ulysses shows
The whole son here
His father knows

ULYSSES and divine Eumæus rose
Soon as the morning could her eyes unclose,
Made fire, brake fast, and to their pasture send
The gather'd herds, on whom their swains attend.
The self-tire barking dogs all fawn'd upon,
Nor bark'd, at first sight of Ulysses son.
The whinnings of their fawnings yet did greet
Ulysses' ears, and sounds of certain feet,
Who thus bespake Eumæus "Sure some friend,
Or one well known, comes, that the mastiffs spend
Their mouths no louder. Only some one near
They whine, and leap about, whose feet I hear"

Each word of this speech was not spent, before
His son stood in the entry of the door
Out rush'd amaz'd Eumæus, and let go
The cup to earth, that he had labour'd so,
Cleans'd for the neat wine, did the prince surprise,

Kiss'd his fair forehead, both his lovely eyes,
 Both his white hands, and tender tears distill'd
 There breath'd no kind-soul'd father that was fill'd
 Less with his son's embraces, that had liv'd
 Ten years in far-off earth, now new retriev'd,
 His only child too, gotten in his age,
 And for whose absence he had felt the rage
 Of griefs upon him, than for this divin'd
 So much-for-form was this divine-for-mind,
 Who kiss'd him through, who grew about him kissing,
 As fresh from death 'scap'd Whom so long time
 missing

He wept for joy, and said "Thou yet art come,
 Sweet light, sweet sun-rise, to thy cloudy home
 O, never I look'd, when once shipp'd away
 For Pylos' shores, to see thy turning day
 Come, enter, lov'd son, let me feast my heart
 With thy sweet sight, new-come, so far apart
 Nor, when you liv'd at home, would you walk down
 Often enough here, but stay'd still at town
 It pleas'd you then to cast such forehand view
 About your house on that most damn'd crew" *

"It shall be so then, friend," said he, "but now
 I come to glad mine eyes with thee, and know
 If still my mother in her house remain,
 Or if some Wooer hath aspir'd to gain
 Of her in nuptials, for Ulysses' bed,
 By this, lies all with spiders' cobwebs spread,
 In penury of him that should supply it"

"She still," said he, "holds her most constant quiet,
 Aloft thine own house, for the bed's respect,
 But, for her lord's sad loss, sad nights and days
 Obscure her beauties, and corrupt their rays"

This said, Eumæus took his brazen spear,
 And in he went, when, being enter'd near
 Within the stony threshold, from his seat

* 'Αἰδηλον ὄμιλον, αἰδηλος of αἰδης, *orcus*, and signifies properly *tenebriosus*, or *infernalis*, so that *perniciosus* (which is the Latin translation) is not so fit as *damned* for that crew of dissolute Wooers The phrase being now used to all so licentious

His father rose to him, who would not let
Th' old man remove, but drew him back and prest
With earnest terms his sitting, saying Guest,
Take here your seat again, we soon shall get
Within our own house here some other seat.
Here's one will fetch it." This said, down again
His father sat, and to his son his swain
Strew'd fair green osiers, and impos'd thereon
A good soft sheepskin, which made him a throne.

Then he appos'd to them his last-left roast,
And in a wicker basket bread engrost,
Fill'd luscious wine, and then took opposite seat
To the divine Ulysses. When, the meat
Set there before them, all fell-to, and eat.
When they had fed, the prince said Pray thee say
Whence comes this guest? What seaman gave him
way

To this our isle? I hope these feet of his
Could walk no water Who boasts he he is?"

"I'll tell all truly soon From ample Crete
He boasts himself, and says, his erring feet
Have many cities trod, and God was he
Whose finger wrought in his infirmity
But, to my cottage, the last scape of his
Was from a Thesprot's ship. Whate'er he is,
I'll give him you, do what you please his vaunt
Is, that he is, at most, a suppliant.

"Eumæus, said the prince, to tell me this,
You have afflicted my weak faculties
For how shall I receive him to my house
With any safety that suspicious
Of my young forces (should I be assay'd
With any sudden violence) may want and
To shield myself? Besides, if I go home,
My mother is with two doubts overcome,
If she shall stay with me, and take fit care
For all such guests as there seek guestive fare,
Her husband's bed respecting, and her fame
Amongst the people or her blood may frame
A liking to some Wooer such as best

May bed her in his house, not giving least
 And thus am I unsure of all means free
 To use a guest there, fit for his degree
 But, being thy guest, I'll be his supply
 For all weeds, such as mere necessity
 Shall more than furnish I it him with a sword,
 And set him where his heart would have been shord
 Or, if so pleas'd, receive him in thy shed,
 I'll send thee clothes, I vow, and all the bread
 His wish would eat, that to thy men and thee
 He be no burthen But that I should be
 His mean to my house, where a company
 Of wrong-professing Wooers wildly live,
 I will in no sort author, lest they give
 Poul use to him, and me as gravely grieve
 For what great act can any one achieve
 Against a multitude, although his mind
 Retain a courage of the greatest kind?
 For all minds have not force in one degree."

Ulysses answer'd "O friend, since 'tis free
 For any man to change fit words with thee,
 I'll freely speak Methinks, a wolfish pow'r
 My heart puts on to tear and to devour,
 To hear your affirmation, that, in spite
 Of what may fall on you, made opposite,
 Being one of your proportion, birth, and age,
 These Wooers should in such injustice rage
 What should the cause be? Do you wilfully
 Endure their spoil? Or hath your empery
 Been such amongst your people, that all gather
 In troop, and one voice (which ev'n God doth father)
 And vow your hate so, that they suffer them?
 Or blame your kinsfolk's faiths, before th' extreme
 Of your first stroke hath tried them, whom a man,
 When strifes to blows rise, trusts, though battle ran
 In huge and high waves? Would to heav'n my spirit
 Such youth breath'd, as the man that must inherit
 Yet-never-touch'd Ulysses, or that he,
 But wand'ring this way, would but come, and see
 What my age could achieve (and there is Fate

For Hope yet left, that he may recreate
His eyes with such an object) this my head
Should any stranger strike off, if stark dead
I struck not all, the house in open force
Ent'ring with challenge! If their great concourse
Did over-lay me, being a man alone,
(Which you urge for yourself) be you that one,
I rather in mine own house wish to die
One death for all, than so indecently
See evermore deeds worse than death applied,
Guests wrong'd with vile words and blow giving pride,
The women-servants dragg'd in filthy kind
About the fair house, and in corners blind
Made serve the rapes of ruffians, food devour'd
Idly and rudely wine exhaust, and pour'd
Through throats profane and all about a deed
That's ever wooing, and will never speed.

"I'll tell you, guest, most truly said his son,
"I do not think that all my people run
One hateful course against me nor accuse
Kinsfolks that I in stripes of weight might use;
But Jove will have it so, our race alone
(As if made singular) to one and one
His hand confining Only to the king,
Jove-bred Arceus, did Laertes spring
Only to old Laertes did descend
Ulysses only to Ulysses' end
Am I the adjunct, whom he left so young,
That from me to him never comfort sprung
And to all these now for their race, arise
Up in their house a brood of enemies.
As many as in these isles bow men's knees,
Samos, Dulichius, and the rich-in trees
Zacynthus, or in this rough isle's command,
So many suitors for the nuptials stand,
That ask my mother and, mean space, prefer
Their lusts to all spoil, that dishonour her
Nor doth she, though she loaths, deny their suits,
Nor they denials take, though taste their fruits.
But all this time the state of all things there

Their throats devour, and I must shortly bear
 A part in all And yet the periods
 Of these designs lie in the knees of Gods
 Of all loves then, Eumæus, make quick way
 To wise Penelopé, and to her say
 My safe return from Pylos, and alone
 Return thou hither, having made it known
 Nor let, besides my mother, any ear
 Partake thy message, since a number bear
 My safe return displeasure " He replied

"I know, and comprehend you You divide
 Your mind with one that understands you well
 But, all in one yet, may I not reveal
 To th' old hard-fated Arcesiades
 Your safe return? Who, through his whole distress
 Felt for Ulysses, did not yet so grieve,
 But with his household he had will to live,
 And serv'd his appetite with wine and food,
 Survey'd his husbandry, and did his blood
 Some comforts fitting life, but since you took
 Your ship for Pylos, he would never brook
 Or wine or food, they say, nor cast an eye
 On any labour, but sits weeping by,
 And sighing out his sorrows, ceaseless moans
 Wasting his body, turn'd all skin and bones "

"More sad news still," said he, "yet, mourn he
 still,
 For if the rule of all men's works be will,
 And his will his way goes, mine stands inclin'd
 T' attend the home turn of my nearer kind ¹
 Do then what I enjoin, which giv'n effect,
 Err nor to field to him, but turn direct,
 Entreating first my mother, with most speed,
 And all the secrecy that now serves need,
 To send this way their store-house guardian,
 And she shall tell all to the aged man " ²

¹ Intending his father, whose return though he were far from knowing, or fully expecting, yet he desired to order all things as he were present.

² Intending to Laertes all that Eumæus would have told

He took his shoes up, put them on, and went.
Nor was his absence hid from Jove's descent,
Divine Minerva, who took straight to view
A goodly woman's shape that all works knew
And, standing in the entry did prefer
Her sight to Ulysses but, though meeting her
His son Telemachus nor saw nor knew
The Gods' clear presences are known to few
Yet, with Ulysses, ev'n the dogs did see,
And would not bark, but, whining lovingly
Fled to the stall's far side. When she her eyne
Mov'd to Ulysses he knew her design,
And left the house, pass'd the great sheep-cote's wall,
And stood before her. She bade utter all
Now to his son, nor keep the least unlos'd,
That, all the Wooders' deaths being now dispos'd,
They might approach the town affirming, she
Not long would fail to assist to victory

This said, she laid her golden rod on him,
And with his late worn weeds grac'd ev'ry limb,
His body straighten'd, and his youth instill'd,
His fresh blood call'd up, ev'ry wrinkle fill'd
About his broken eyes, and on his chin
The brown hair spread. When his whole trim
wrought in,

She issued, and he enter'd to his son,
Who stood amaz'd, and thought some God had done
His house that honour turn'd away his eyes,
And said "Now guest, you grace another guise
Than suits your late show. Other weeds you wear
And other person. Of the starry sphere
You certainly present some deathless God.
Be pleas'd, that to your here vouchsaf'd abode
We may give sacred rites, and offer gold,
To do us favour. He replied "I hold
No deified state. Why put you thus on me
A God's resemblance? I am only he
That bears thy father's name for whose lov'd sake
Thy youth so grieves, whose absence makes thee take
Such wrongs of men. Thus kiss'd he him, nor could

Forbear those tears that in such mighty hold
He held before, still held, still issuing ever,
And now, the shores once broke, the springtide never
Forbore earth from the cheeks he kiss'd His son,
By all these violent arguments not won
To credit him his father, did deny
His kind assumpt, and said, some Deity
Feign'd that joy's cause, to make him grieve the more,
Affirming, that no man, whoever wore
The garment of mortality, could take,
By any utmost pow'r his soul could make,
Such change into it, since, at so much will,
Not Jove himself could both remove and fill
Old age with youth, and youth with age so spoil,
In such an instant "You wore all the soil
Of age but now, and were old, and but now
You bear that young grace that the Gods indow
Their heav'n-born forms withal" His father said
"Telemachus! Admire, nor stand dismay'd,
But know thy solid father, since within
He answers all parts that adorn his skin
There shall no more Ulyssesses come here.
I am the man, that now this twentieth year
(Still under suff'rance of a world of ill)
My country-earth recover 'Tis the will
The prey-professor Pallas puts in act,
Who put me thus together, thus distract
In aged pieces as ev'n now you saw,
This youth now rend'ring 'Tis within the law
Of her free pow'r Sometimes to show me poor,
Sometimes again thus amply to restore
My youth and ornaments, she still would please
The Gods can raise, and throw men down, with ease"
This said, he sat, when his Telemachus pour'd
Himself about him, tears on tears he show'r'd,
And to desire of moan increas'd the cloud
Both wept and howl'd, and laid out shrieks more loud
Than or the bird-bone-breaking eagle rears,
Or brood-kind vulture with the crooked serres,
When rustic hands their tender eyries draw,

Before they give their wings their full-plum'd law
But miserably pour'd they from beneath
Their lids their tears, while both their breasts did
breathe

As frequent cries and, to their fervent moan,
The light had left the skies, if first the son
Their dumb moans had not vented, with demand
What ship it was that gave the natural land
To his bleas'd feet? He then did likewise lay
Hand on his passion, and gave these words way

I'll tell thee truth, my son The men that bear
Much fame for shipping, my reducers were
To long wish'd Ithaca, who each man else
That greets their shore give pass to where he dwells.
The Phæacensian peers, in one night & date,
While I fast slept, fetch'd th' Ithacensian state,
Gave me with wealthy gifts, brass, store of gold,
And robes fair wrought all which have secret hold
In caves that by the Gods advice I chus'd.
And now Minerva's admonitions us'd
For this retreat, that we might here dispose
In close discourse the slaughters of our foes.
Recount the number of the Wooers then,
And let me know what name they hold with men,
That my mind may cast over their estates
A curious measure, and confer the rates
Of our two pow'rs and theirs, to try if we
Alone may propagate to victory
Our bold encounters of them all, or prove
The kind assistance of some others' love.

O father, he replied, "I oft have heard
Your counsels and your force of hand preferr'd
To mighty glory but your speeches now
Your vent'rous mind exceeding mighty show
Ev'n to amaze they move me for in right
Of no fit counsel, should be brought to fight
Two men gainst th' able faction of a throng
No one two, no one ten, no twice ten, strong
These Wooers are, but more by much. For know
That from Dulchius there are fifty-two,

All choice young men , and ev'ry one of these
 Six men attend. From Samos cross'd the seas
 Twice-twelve young gallants From Zacynthus came
 Twice-ten Of Ithaca, the best of name,
 Twice-six Of all which all the state they take
 A sacred poet and a herald make -
 Their delicacies two, of special sort
 In skill of banquets, serve And all this port
 If we shall dare t' encounter, all-thrust-up
 In one strong roof, have great care lest the cup,
 Your great mind thirsts, exceeding bitter taste,
 And your retreat commend not to your haste
 Your great attempt, but make you say, you buy
 Their pride's revenges at a price too high
 And therefore, if you could, 'twere well you thought
 Of some assistant Be your spirit wrought
 In such a man's election, as may lend
 His succours freely, and express a friend "

His father answer'd "Let me ask of thee ,
 Hear me, consider, and then answer me
 Think'st thou, if Pallas and the King of skies
 We had to friend, would their sufficiencies
 Make strong our part ? Or that some other yet
 My thoughts must work for ?" "These," said he
 "are set

Aloft the clouds, and are found aids indeed,
 As pow'rs not only that these men exceed,
 But bear of all men else the high command,
 And hold of Gods an overruling hand "

"Well then," said he, "not these shall sever long
 Their force and ours in fights assur'd and strong
 And then 'twixt us and them shall Mars prefer
 His strength, to stand our great distinguisher,
 When in mine own roofs I am forc'd to blows
 But when the day shall first her fires disclose,
 Go thou for home, and troop up with the Wooers,
 Thy will with theirs join'd, pow'r with their rude
 pow'rs ,

And after shall the herdsman guide to town
 My steps, my person wholly overgrown

With all appearance of a poor old swain,
Heavy and wretched. If their high disdain
Of my vile presence make them my desert
Affect with contumelies, let thy lov'd heart
Beat in fix'd confines of thy bosom still,
And see me suffer patient of their ill.
Ay though they drag me by the beels about
Mine own free earth, and after hurl me out,
Do thou still suffer. Nay though with their darts
They beat and bruise me, bear. But these foul parts
Persuade them to forbear and by their names
Call all with kind words bidding, for their shames,
Their pleasures cease. If yet they yield not way
There breaks the first light of their fatal day
In mean space, mark this. When the chiefly wise
Minerva prompts me, I'll inform thine eyes
With some giv'n sign, and then all th' arms that are
Aloft thy roof in some near room prepare
For speediest use. If those brave men inquire
Thy end in all, still rake up all thy fire
In fair cool words, and say. I bring them down
To scour the smoke off, being so overgrown
That one would think all fumes, that ever were
Breath'd since Ulysses' loss, reflected here.
These are not like the arms he left behind,
In way for Troy. Besides, Jove prompts my mind
In their remove apart thus with this thought,
That, if in height of wine there should be wrought
Some harsh contention 'twixt you, this apt mean
To mutual bloodshed may be taken clean
From out your reach, and all the spoil prevented
Of present feast, perhaps ev'n then presented
My mother's nuptials to your long kind vows.
Steel itself ready draws a man to blows
Thus make their thoughts secure to us alone
Two swords, two darts, two shields left which see
done
Within our readiest reach, that at our will
We may resume, and charge, and all their skill
Pallas and Jove, that all just counsels breathe,

May darken with secureness to their death
And let me charge thee now, as thou art mine,
And as thy veins mine own true blood combine
Let, after this, none know Ulysses near,
Not any one of all the household there,
Not here the herdsman, not Laertes be
Made privy, not herself Penelopée,
But only let thyself and me work out
The women's thoughts of all things borne about
The Wooers' hearts, and then thy men approve,
To know who honours, who with rev'rence love,
Our well-weigh'd memories, and who is won
To fail thy fit right, though my only son "

"You teach," said he, "so punctually now,
As I knew nothing, nor were sprung from you
I hope, hereafter, you shall better know
What soul I bear, and that it doth not let
The least loose motion pass his natural seat
But this course you propose will prove, I fear,
Small profit to us, and could wish your care
Would weigh it better as too far about
For time will ask much, to the sifting out
Of each man's disposition by his deeds,
And, in the mean time, ev'ry Wooer feeds
Beyond satiety, nor knows how to spare
The women yet, since they more easy are
For our inquiry, I would wish you try,
Who right your state; who do it injury
The men I would omit, and these things make
Your labour after But, to undertake
The Wooers' war, I wish your utmost speed,
Especially if you could cheer the deed
With some ostent from Jove " Thus, as the sire
Consented to the son, did here expire
Their mutual speech And now the ship was come,
That brought the young prince and his soldiers home,
The deep haven reach'd, they drew the ship ashore,
Took all their arms out, and the rich gifts bore
To Clitius' house But to Ulysses' court
They sent a herald first, to make report

To wise Penelopé, that safe at field
Her son was left yet, since the ship would yield
Most haste to her, he sent that first, and them
To comfort with his utmost the extreme
He knew she suffer'd. At the court now met
The herald and the herdsman, to repeat
One message to the queen. Both whom arriv'd
Within the gates, both to be foremost striv'd
In that good news. The herald, he for haste
Amongst the maids bestow'd it, thinking plac'd
The queen amongst them. Now said he, O
queen,
Your lov'd son is arriv'd. And then was seen
The queen herself, to whom the herdsman told
All that Telemachus enjoin'd he should
All which discharg'd, his steps he back bestows
And left both court and city for his sows.
The Woovers then grew sad, soul vex'd, and all
Made forth the court when by the mighty wall
They took their sev'ral seats, before the gates.
To whom Eurymachus intiates
Their utter'd grievance. "O said he, "my friends,
A work right-great begun, as proudly ends.
We said, Telemachus should never make
His voyage good, nor this shore ever take
For his return's receipt and yet we fail,
And he performs it. Come let's man a sail,
The best in our election, and bestow
Such soldiers in her as can swiftest row
To tell our friends that way lay his retreat
'Tis safe perform'd, and make them quickly get
Their ship for Ithaca. This was not said
Before Amphinomus in port display'd
The ship arriv'd, her sails then under stroke,
And oars resum'd when, laughing, thus he spoke
Move for no messenger These men are come.
Some God hath either told his turning home,
Or they themselves have seen his ship gone by
Had her in chase, and lost her Instantly
They rose, and went to port found drawn to land

The ship, the soldiers taking arms in hand
The Wooers themselves to council went in throng,
And not a man besides, or old, or young,
Let sit amongst them Then Eupitheus' son,
Antinous, said "See what the Gods have done !
They only have deliver'd from our ill
The men we way-laid Ev'ry windy hill
Hath been their watch-tow'r, where by turns they stood
Continual sentinel And we made good
Our work as well, for, sun once set, we never
Slept wink ashore all night, but made sail ever,
This way and that, ev'n till the morning kept
Her sacred station, so to intercept
And take his life, for whom our ambush lay ,
And yet hath God to his return giv'n way
But let us prosecute with counsels here
His necessary death, nor anywhere
Let rest his safety , for if he survive,
Our sails will never in wish'd havens arrive ,
Since he is wise, hath soul, and counsel too,
To work the people, who will never do
Our faction favour What we then intend
Against his person, give we present end,
Before he call a council, which, believe,
His spirit will haste, and point where it doth grieve,
Stand up amongst them all, and urge his death
Decreed amongst us Which complaint will breathe
A fire about their spleens, and blow no praise
On our ill labours Lest they therefore raise
Pow'r to exile us from our native earth,
And force our lives' societies to the birth
Of foreign countries, let our speeds prevent
His coming home to this austere complaint,
At field and far from town, or in some way
Of narrow passage, with his latest day
Shown to his forward youth, his goods and lands
Left to the free division of our hands,
The moveables made all his mother's dow'r,
And his, whoever Fate affords the pow'r
To celebrate with her sweet Hymen's rites

Or if this please not, but your appetites
Stand to his safety and to give him seat
In his whole birth right, let us look to eat
At his cost never more, but ev'ry man
Haste to his home, and wed with whom he can
At home, and there lay first about for dow'r
And then the woman give his second pow'r
Of nuptial-liking, and, for last, apply
His purpose with most gifts and destiny

This silence caus'd whose breach, at last, begun
Amphinomus, the much renown'd son
Of Nisus surnam'd Aretnades,
Who from Dulichius full of flow'ry leas
Led all the Wooers, and in chief did please
The queen with his discourse, because it grew
From roots of those good minds that did endure *
His goodly person who, exceeding wise,
Us'd this speech " Friends, I never will advise
The prince's death for us a damn'd thing
To put to death the issue of a king.
First, therefore, let's examine, what applause
The Gods will give it If the equal laws
Of Jove approve it, I myself will be
The man shall kill him, and this company
Exhort to that mind If the Gods remain
Adverse, and hate it, I advise, refrain.

This said Amphinomus, and pleas'd them all
When all arose, and in Ulysses' hall
Took seat again. Then to the queen was come
The Wooers' plot, to kill her son at home,
Since their abroad-design had miss'd success,
The herald Medon (who the whole address
Knew of their counsels) making the report.
The Goddess of her sex, with her fair sort
Of lovely women, at the large hall's door
(Her bright cheeks clouded with a veil she wore)
Stood, and directed to Antinous
Her sharp reproof, which she digested thus

σπερ δ' αλλήλων άνείς συνήθης, the plural number used ever
by Homer

“Antinous! Compos’d of injury!
Plotter of mischief! Though reports that fly
Amongst our Ithacensian people say
That thou, of all that glory in their sway,
Art best in words and counsels, th’ art not so
Fond, busy fellow, why plott’st thou the woe
And slaughter of my son, and dost not fear
The presidents of suppliants, when the ear
Of Jove stoops to them? ’Tis unjust to do
Slaughter for slaughter, or pay woe for woe,
Mischief for kindness Death for life sought, then,
Is an injustice to be loath’d of men
Serves not thy knowledge to remember when
Thy father fled to us? Who (mov’d to wrath
Against the Taphian thieves) pursued with scathe
The guiltless Thesprots, in whose people’s fear,
Pursuing him for wreak, he landed here,
They after him, professing both their prize
Of all his chiefly-valued faculties,
And more priz’d life Of all whose bloodiest ends
Ulysses curb’d them, though they were his friends
Yet thou, like one that no law will allow
The least true honour, eat’st his house up now
That fed thy father, woo’st for love his wife,
Whom thus thou griev’st and seek’st her sole son’s
 life!

Cease, I command thee, and command the rest
To see all thought of these foul fashions ceas’d”

Eurymachus replied “Be confident,
Thou all-of-wit-made, the most fam’d descent
Of king Icarus Free thy spirits of fear
There lives not any one, nor shall live here
Now, nor hereafter, while my life gives heat
And light to me on earth, that dares intreat
With any ill touch thy well-lov’d son,
But here I vow, and here will see it done,
His life shall stain my lance If on his knees
The city-racer, Laertiades,
Hath made me sit, put in my hand his food,
And held his red wine to me, shall the blood

Of his Telemachus on my hand lay
The least pollution, that my life can stay?
No! I have ever charg'd him not to fear
Death's threat from any And, for that most dear
Love of his father he shall ever be
Much the most lov'd of all that live to me.
*Who kills a guiltless man from man may fly
From God his searches all escapes deny*

Thus cheer'd his words, but his affections still
Fear'd not to cherish foul intent to kill
E'en him whose life to all lives he prefer'd.

The queen went up, and to her love appear'd
Her lord so freshly that she wept till sleep
(By Pallas forc'd on her) her eyes did steep
In his sweet humour When the even was come
The God-like herdsman reach'd the whole way home.
Ulysses and his son for supper dress'd
A year-old swine, and ere their host and guest
Had got their presence, Pallas had put by
With her fair rod Ulysses' royalty
And render'd him an aged man again,
With all his vile integuments, lest his swain
Should know him in his trim, and tell his queen
In these deep secrets being not deeply seen.

He seen, to him the prince these words did use
Welcome divine Eumæus Now what news
Employs the city? Are the Woodcocks come
Back from their scout dismay'd? Or here at home
Will they again attempt me? He replied

These touch not my care. I was satisfied
To do, with most speed, what I went to do
My message done, return. And yet, not so
Came my news first a herald (met with there)
Foretall'd my tale, and told how safe you were
Besides which merely necessary thing
What in my way chanc'd I may over bring,
Being what I know and witness'd with mine eyes.

Where the Hermæan sepulchre doth rise
Above the city I beheld take port
A ship, and in her many a man of sort,

Her freight was shields and lances , and, methought,
They were the Wooers , but, of knowledge, nought
Can therein tell you " The prince smil'd, and knew
They were the Wooers, casting secret view
Upon his father But what they intended
Fled far the herdsman , whose swain's labours ended,
They dress'd the supper, which, past want, was eat
When all desire suffic'd of wine and meat,
Of other human wants they took supplies
At Sleep's soft hand, who sweetly clos'd their eyes

THE END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

TELEMACHUS return'd to town
Makes to his curious mother known
In part his travels. After whom
Ulysses to the court doth come
In good Eumæus guide and prest
To witness of the Woodcock's feast
Whom, though he see ten years and bestow
In far-off parts, his dog doth know

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

PA. Ulysses show
Through all disguise
Whom his dog knows
Who knowing dies.

BUT when air's rosy birth, the morn, arose,
Telemachus did for the town dispose
His early steps and took to his command
His fair long lance, well-sorting with his hand,
Thus parting with Lumenus Now my friend
I must to town, lest too far I extend
My mother's moan for me, who, till her eyes
Mine own eyes witness, vanes tears and cries
Through all extremes. Do then this charge of mine,
And guide to town this hapless guest of thine,
To beg elsewhere his further festival.
Give they that please, I cannot give to all,
Mine own wants take up for myself my pain.
If it incense him, he the worst shall gain.
The lovely truth I love, and must be plain
"Alas, friend, said his father nor do I
Desire at all your further charity

'Tis better beg in cities than in fields,
And take the worst a beggar's fortune yields
Nor am I apt to stay in swine-styes more,
However, ever the great chief before
The poor ranks must to ev'ry step obey
But go, your man in my command shall sway,
Anon yet too, by favour, when your fires
Have comforted the cold heat age expires,
And when the sun's flame hath besides corrected
The early air abroad, not being protected
By these my bare weeds from the morning's frost,
Which (if so much ground is to be engrost
By my poor feet as you report) may give
Too violent charge to th' heat by which I live."

This said, his son went on with spritely pace,
And to the Wooers studied little grace
Arriv'd at home, he gave his jav'lin stay
Against a lofty pillar, and bold way
Made further in When having so far gone
That he transcended the fair porch of stone,
The first by far that gave his entry eye
Was nurse Euryclea; who th' embroidery
Of stools there set was giving cushions fair;
Who ran upon him, and her rapt repair
Shed tears for joy About him gather'd round
The other maids, his head and shoulders crown'd
With kisses and embraces From above
The Queen herself came, like the Queen of Love,
Or bright Diana; cast about her son
Her kind embraces, with effusion
Of loving tears; kiss'd both his lovely eyes,
His cheeks, and forehead; and gave all supplies
With this entreaty. "Welcome, sweetest light!
I never had conceit to set quick sight
On thee thus soon, when thy lov'd father's fame
As far as Pylos did thy spirit inflame,
In that search ventur'd all-unknown to me
O say, by what pow'r cam'st thou now to be
Mine eyes' dear object?" He return'd reply
"Move me not now, when you my 'scape descry

From imminent death, to think me fresh entrapt
The fear'd wound rubbing, felt before I scapt.
Double not needless passion on a heart
Whose joy so green is, and so apt t' invert
But pure weeds putting on, ascend and take
Your women with you, that ye all may make
Vows of full hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Godheads, if their only Sire
Vouchsafe revenge of guest rites wrong'd, which he
Is to protect as being their Deity
My way shall be directed to the hall
Of common concourse, that I thence may call
A stranger who from off the Pylus shore
Came friendly with me whom I sent before
With all my soldiers, but in chief did charge
Piræus with him, wishing him t' enlarge
His love to him at home, in best affair,
And utmost honours, till mine own repair

Her son thus spoken, his words could not bear
The wings too easily through her either ear,
But putting pure weeds on, made vows entire
Of perfect hecatombs in sacred fire
To all the Deities, if their only Sire
Vouchsaf'd revenge of guest-rites wrong'd, which he
Was to protect as being their Deity

Her son left house, in his fair hand his lance,
His dogs attending; and, on ev'ry glance
His looks cast from them, Pallas put a grace
That made him seem of the celestial race.
Whom, come to concourse, ev'ry man admir'd
About him throng'd the Woors, and deem'd
All good to him in tongues, but in their hearts
Most deep ills threaten'd to his most deserts.
Of whose huge rout once free, he cast glad eye
On some that, long before his infancy
Were with his father great and gracious,
Grave Halitherses, Mentor Antiphus
To whom he went, took seat by them, and they
Inquir'd of all things since his parting day
To them Piræus came, and brought his guest

Along the city thither, whom not least
The prince respected, nor was long before
He rose and met him The first word yet bore
Piræus from them both, whose haste besought
The prince to send his women to see brought
The gifts from his house that Atrides gave,
Which his own roofs, he thought, would better save
The wise prince answer'd "I can scarce conceive
The way to these works If the Wooers reave
By privy stratagem my life at home,
I rather wish Piræus may become
The master of them, than the best of these
But, if I sow in their fields of excess
Slaughter and ruin, then thy trust employ,
And to me joying bring thou those with joy "

This said, he brought home his grief-practis'd guest,
Where both put off, both oil'd, and did invest
Themselves in rich robes, wash'd, and sate, and eat
His mother, in a fair chair taking seat
Directly opposite, her loom applied,
Who, when her son and guest had satisfied
Their appetites with feast, said "O my son,
You know that ever since your sire was won
To go in Agamemnon's guide to Troy,
Attempting sleep, I never did enjoy
One night's good rest, but made my quiet bed
A sea blown-up with sighs, with tears still shed
Embrew'd and troubled, yet, though all your miss
In your late voyage hath been made for this,
That you might know th' abode your father made.
You shun to tell me what success you had
Now then, before the insolent access
The Wooers straight will force on us, express
What you have heard." "I will," said he, "and true
We came to Pylos, where the studious due
That any father could afford his son,
(But new-arriv'd from some course he had run
To an extreme length, in some voyage vow'd),
Nestor, the pastor of the people, show'd
To me arriv'd, in turrets thrust-up high,

Where not his brave sons were more lov'd than I.
Yet of th' unconquer'd ever sufferer
Ulysses, never he could set his ear
Alive or dead, from any earthy man.
But to the great Lacedæmonian,
Atides, famous for his lance, he sent,
With horse and chariots, me, to learn th' event
From his relation where I had the view
Of Argive Helen, whose strong beauties drew
By wills of Gods, so many Grecian states,
And Trojans, under such laborious fates.
Where Menelaus ask'd me, what affair
To Lacedæmon render'd my repair
I told him all the truth, who made reply
O deed of most abhorr'd indecency!
A sort of impotents attempt his bed
Whose strength of mind hath cities levell'd!
As to a lion's den, when any hind
Hath brought her young calves, to their rest inclin'd,
When he is ranging hills, and herby dales,
To make of feeders there his festivals,
But, turning to his luster calves and dam
He shows abhorr'd death, in his anger's flame
So, should Ulysses find this rabble hous'd
In his free turrets, courting his espous'd,
Foul death would fall them. O I would to Jove,
Phœbus, and Pallas, that, when he shall prove
The broad report of his exhausted store
True with his eyes, his nerves and sinews wore
That vigour then that in the Lesbian tow'rs,
Provok'd to wrastle with the iron pow'rs
Philomelides vaunted, he approv'd
When down he hurl'd his challenger and mov'd
Huge shouts from all the Achives then in view
If, once come home, he all those forces drew
About him there to work, they all were dead,
And should find bitter his attempted bed.
But what you ask and sue for I, as far
As I have heard the true spoke manner
Will tell directly nor delude your ear

He told me that an island did ensphere,
In much discomfort, great Laertes' son,
And that the Nymph Calypso, overrun
With his affection, kept him in her caves,
Where men, nor ship, of pow'r to brook the waves,
Were near his convoy to his country's shore,
And where herself importun'd evermore
His quiet stay, which not obtain'd, by force
She kept his person from all else recourse'

This told Atrides, which was all he knew
Nor stay'd I more, but from the Gods there blew
A prosperous wind, that set me quickly here "

This put his mother quite from all her cheer
When Theoclymenus the augur said

"O woman, honour'd with Ulysses' bed,
Your son, no doubt, knows clearly nothing more,
Hear me yet speak, that can the truth uncore,
Nor will be curious Jove then witness bear,
And this thy hospitable table here,
With this whole household of your blameless lord,
That at this hour his royal feet are shor'd
On his lov'd country-earth, and that ev'n here
Coming, or creeping, he will see the cheer
These Wooers make, and in his soul's field sow
Seeds that shall thrive to all their overthrow
This, set a ship-board, I knew sorted thus,
And cried it out to your Telemachus "

Penelopé replied "Would this would prove,
You well should witness a most friendly love,
And gifts such of me, as encount'ring Fame
Should greet you with a blessed mortal's name "
This mutual speech past, all the Wooers were
Hurling the stone, and tossing of the spear,
Before the palace, in the paved court,
Where otherwhiles their petulant resort
Sat plotting injuries But when the hour
Of supper enter'd, and the feeding pow'r
Brought sheep from field, that fill'd up ev'ry way
With those that us'd to furnish that purvey,
Medon, the herald (who of all the rest

Pleas'd most the Wooers, and at ev'ry feast
Was ever near) said "You whose kind consort
Make the fair branches of the tree our court,
Grace it *within now* and your suppers take.
You that for health, and fair contention's sake,
Will please your minds, know bodies must have
meat

Play's worse than idleness in times to eat

This said, all left, came in, cast by on thrones
And chairs, their garments. Their provisions
Were sheep, swine, goats, the chiefly-great and fat,
Besides an ox that from the herd they gat.
And now the king and herdsman, from the field,
In good way were to town twixt whom was held
Some walking conference, which thus begun
The good Eumæus Guest, your will was won,
Because the prince commanded, to make way
Up to the city though I wish'd your stay
And to have made you guardian of my stall
But I, in care and fear of what might fall
In after-anger of the prince, forbore.

*The checks of princes touch their subjects sore
But make we haste, the day is nearly ended,
And cold airs still are in the even extended.*

"I know't, said he, consider all your charge
Is giv'n to one that understands at large.
Haste then. Hereafter you shall lead the way
Afford your staff too, if it fit your stay
That I may use it since you say our pass
Is less friend to a weak foot than it was.

Thus cast he on his neck his nasty scrip,
All-patch'd and torn a cord, that would not slip
For knots and bracks about the mouth of it,
Made serve the turn and then his swain did fit
His forc'd state with a staff. Then plied they hard
Their way to town, their cottage left in guard
To swains and dogs. And now Eumæus led
The king along, his garments to a thread
All-bare and burn'd, and he himself hard bore
Upon his staff, at all parts like a poor

And sad old beggar But when now they got
The rough highway, their voyage wanted not
Much of the city, where a fount they reach'd,
From whence the town their choicest water fetch'd,
That ever overflow'd, and curious art
Was shown about it, in which three had part
Whose names Neritus and Polyctor were,
And famous Ithacus It had a sphere
Of poplar, that ran round about the wall,
And into it a lofty rock let fall
Continual supply of cool clear stream
On whose top, to the Nymphs that were supreme
In those parts' loves, a stately altar rose,
Where ev'ry traveller did still impose
Devoted sacrifice At this fount found
These silly travellers a man renown'd
For guard of goats, which now he had in guide,
Whose huge-stor'd herd two herdsmen kept beside,
For all herds it excell'd, and bred a feed
For Wooers only He was Dolius' seed,
And call'd Melanthius Who casting eye
On these two there, he chid them terribly,
And so past mean, that ev'n the wretched fate
Now on Ulysses he did irritate
His fume to this effect he did pursue
"Why so, 'tis now at all parts passing true,
That ill leads ill, good evermore doth train
With like his like Why, thou unenvied swain,
Whither dost thou lead this same victless leaguer,
This bane of banquets, this most nasty beggar,
Whose sight doth make one sad, it so abhors? ,
Who, with his standing in so many doors,
Hath broke his back, and all his beggary tends
To beg base crusts, but to no manly ends,
As asking swords, or with activity
To get a caldron Wouldst thou give him me,
To farm my stable, or to sweep my yard,
And bring browse to my kids, and that preferr'd
He should be at my keeping for his pains
To drink as much whey as his thirsty veins

Would still be swelling (whey made all his fees)
 His monstrous belly would oppress his knees.
 But he hath learn'd to lead base life about,
 And will not work, but crouch among the rout
 For broken meat to cram his bursten gut.
 Yet this I'll say and he will find it put
 In sure effect, that if he enters where
 Ulysses' roofs cast shade, the stools will there
 About his ears fly all the house will throw
 And rub his ragged sides with cuffs enow

Past these reviles, his manless rudeness spurn'd
 Divine Ulysses who at no part turn'd
 His face from him, but had his spirit fed
 With these two thoughts, if he should strike him dead
 With his bestow'd staff, or at his feet
 Make his direct head and the pavement meet.
 But he bore all, and entertain'd a breast
 That in the strife of all extremes did rest.

Eumæus, frowning on him, chid him yet,
 And, lifting up his hands to heav'n, he set
 This bitter curse at him O you that bear
 Fair name to be the race of Jupiter
 Nymphs of these fountains! If Ulysses ever
 Burn'd thighs to you, that, hid in fat, did never
 Fail your acceptance, of or lamb or kid,
 Grant this grace to me Let the man thus hid
 Shine through his dark fate, make some God his guide,
 That, to thee, goatherd, this same palate's pride,*
 Thou driv'st afore thee, he may come and make
 The scatt'nings of the earth and overtake
 Thy wrongs, with forcing thee to ever err
 About the city hunted by his fear
 And in the mean space by some slothful swains
 Let lousy sickness gnaw thy cattle's veins.

O Gods! replied Melanthus, what a curse
 Hath this dog bark'd out, and can yet do worse!
 This man shall I have giv'n into my hands,
 When in a well-built ship to far-off lands

Intending his fat herd, kept only for the Woovers dainty
 palates.

I shall transport him, that should I want here,
 My side of him may find me victuals there
 And, for Ulysses, would to heav'n his joy
 The silver bearing how God would destroy,
 This day, within his hours, as sure as he
 The day of his return shall never see."

Thus said, he left them going silent on,
 But he out-went them, and took straight upon
 The palace road, which he enter'd straight,
 Sat with the Wooers, and his trencher's freight
 The carvers gave him of the flesh there vented,
 But bread the reverend butleress presented
 He took against Eurymachus his place,
 Who most of all the Wooers gave him grace
 And now Ulysses and his swain got near,
 When round about them visited their ear
 The hollow harp's delicious stricken string,
 To which did Phemius, near the Wooers, sing

Then by the hand Ulysses took his swain,
 And said, "O Laertes, one may here see plain,
 In many a place, that Laertes
 Built here these turrets, and, 'mongst others these,
 His whole court arm'd with such a goodly wall,
 The cornice, and the cope, majestic,
 His double gates, and turrets, built too strong
 For force or virtue ever to expugn
 I know the feasters in it sit, and,
 Their eates cast such a savour, and the sound
 The harp gives argues an accomplish'd feast
The Gods made music banquet's dearest guest"

"These things," said he, "your skill may tell with
 ease,

Since you are grac'd with greater knowledges
 But now consult we how these works shall sort,
 If you will first approach this prais'd court,
 And see these Wooers, I remaining here,
 Or I shall enter, and yourself forbear?
 But be not you too tedious in your stay,
 Lest thrust ye be and buffeted away
Brain hath no fence for blows, look to't I pray"

You speak to one that comprehends, said he,
 "Go you before, and here adventure me.
 I have of old been us'd to cuffs and blows
 My mind is harden'd, having borne the throes
 Of many a sour event in waves and wars,
 Where knocks und buffets are no foreigners.
 And this same harmful belly by no mean
 The greatest abstinent can ever wean.
Men suffer much bane by the belly's rage
 For whose sake ships in all their equipage
 Are arm'd, and set out to th' untam'd seas,
 Their bulks full-fraught with ill to enemies.
 Such speech they chang'd when in the yard there lay
 A dog, call'd Argus, which, before his way
 Assum'd for Iliou, Ulysses bred,
 Yet stood his pleasure then in little stand,
 As being too young, bot, growing to his grace,
 Young men made choice of him for ev'ry chace,
 Or of their wild goats, of their hares, or harts.
 But his king gone, and he, now past his parts,
 Lay all abjectly on the stable's store,
 Before the oxstall, and mules' stable door
 To keep the clothes cast from the peasants hands,
 While they laid compass on Ulysses' lands,
 The dog, with ticks (unlook'd-to) overgrown.
 But by this dog no sooner seen but known
 Was wise Ulysses, who new-enter'd there,
 Up went his dog's laid ears, and, coming near
 Up he himself rose, fawn'd, and wagg'd his stern,
 Couch'd close his ears, and lay so, nor discern*
 Could evermore his dear-lov'd lord again.
 Ulysses saw it, nor had pow'r t' abstain
 From shedding tears which (far-off seeing his swain)
 He dried from his sight clean to whom he thus
 His grief dissembled 'Tis miraculous,
 That such a dog as this should have his lair
 On such a dunghill, for his form is fair
 And yet, I know not, if there were in him
 Good pace, or parts, for all his goodly limb

The dog died as soon as he had seen Ulysses.

Or he liv'd empty of those inward things,
As are those trencher beagles tending kings,
Whom for their pleasure's, or their glory's, sale,
Or fashion, they into their favour take."

"This dog," said he, "was servant to one dead
A huge time since. But if he bore his head,
For form and quality, of such a height,
As when Ulysses, bound for th' Ithion fight,
Or quickly after, left him, your rapt eyes
Would then admire to see him use his thighs
In strength and swiftness. He would nothing fly,
Nor anything let 'scape. If once his eye
Seiz'd any wild beast, he knew straight his scent,
Go where he would, away with him he went
Nor was there ever any savage stood
Amongst the thickets of the deepest wood
Long time before him, but he pull'd him down,
As well by that true hunting to be shown
In such vast coverts, as for speed of pace
In any open lawn. For in deep chace
He was a passing-wise and well-nos'd hound
And yet is all this good in him uncrown'd
With any grace here now, nor he more fed
Than any errant cur. His king is dead,
Far from his country, and his servants are
So negligent they lend his hound no care
*Where masters rule not, but let men alone,
You never there see honest service done
That man's half-virtue Jove takes quite away,
That once is sun-burnt with the scorch day."*

This said, he enter'd the well-built-d-tow'rs,
Up bearing right upon the glorious Wooers,
And left poor Argus dead, his lord's first sight
Since that time twenty years bereft his light

Telemachus did far the first behold
Eumæus enter, and made signs he should
Come up to him. He, noting, came, and took
On earth his seat. And then the master-cook
Serv'd in more banquet, of which, part he set
Before the Wooers, part the prince did get,

Who sate alone, his table plac'd aside
To which the herald did the bread divide.

After Eumæus, enter'd straight the king,*
Like to a poor and heavy aged thing,
Bore hard upon his staff, and was so clad
As would have made his mere beholder sad.
Upon the ashen floor his limbs he spread,
And gainst a cypress-threshold stay'd his head,
The tree wrought smooth, and in a line direct
Tried by the plumb and by the architect.
The prince then bade the herdsman give him bread,
The finest there, and see that prostrated
At-all-parts plight of his giv'n all the cheer
His hands could turn to "Take," said he, "and bear
These cates to him, and bid him beg of all
These Wooers here, and to their festival
Bear up with all the impudence he can
Bashful behaviour fits no needy man.

He heard, and did his will. Hold guest, said he,
Telemachus commends these cates to thee,
Bids thee bear up, and all these Wooers implore.
Wit must make impudent whom Fate makes poor

O Jove, said he, do my poor pray'rs the grace
To make him blessed st of the mortal race,
And ev'ry thought now in his gen'rous heart
To deeds that further my desires convert.

Thus took he in with both his hands his store,
And in the unconth scrip, that lay before
His ill-shod feet, repos'd it whence he fed
All time the music to the feasters play'd.
Both jointly ending, then began the Wooers
To put in old act their tumultuous pow'rs
When Pallas standing close did prompt her friend,
To prove how far the bounties would extend
Of those proud Wooers so to let him try
Who most, who least, had learn'd humanity
However no thought touch'd Minerva's mind,
That any one should scape his wreak design'd.
He handsomely became all, crept about

Ulysses ruthless fashion of entry to his own hall.

To ev'ry Wooer, held a forc'd hand out,
 And all his work did in so like a way,
 As he had practis'd begging many a day
 And though they knew all beggars could do this,
 Yet they admir'd it as no deed of his,
 Though far from thought of other, us'd expence
 And pity to him, who he was, and whence,
 Inquiring mutually Melanthius then
 "Hear me, ye Wooers of the far-fam'd queen,
 About this beggar I have seen before
 This face of his, and know for certain more,
 That this swain brought him hither What he is,
 Or whence he came, flies me " Reply to this
 Antinous made, and mock'd Eumæus thus

"O thou renown'd herdsman, why to us
 Brought'st thou this beggar? Serves it not our hands,
 That other land leapers, and cormorands,
 Profane poor knaves, lie on us, uncondemned,
 But you must bring them? So amiss instructed
 Art thou in course of thrift, as not to know
 Thy lord's goods wrack'd in this their overflow?
 Which think'st thou nothing, that thou call'st in
 these?"

Eumæus answer'd "Though you may be wise,
 You speak not wisely Who calls in a guest
 That is a guest himself? None call to feast
 Other than men that are of public use,
 Prophets, or poets, whom the Gods produce,
 Physicians for men's ills, or architects
 Such men the boundless earth affords respects
 Bounded in honour, and may call them well
 But poor men who calls? Who doth so excell
 In others' good to do himself an ill?
 But all Ulysses' servants have been still
 Eyesores in your way more than all that woo,
 And chiefly I But what care I for you,
 As long as these roofs hold as thralls to none
 The wise Penelope and her god-like son?"

"Forbear," said he, "and leave this tongue's bold
 ill

Antinous uses to be crossing still,
 And give sharp words his blood that humour bears,
 To set men still together by the ears.
 But, turning then t Antinous, O said he,
 "You entertain a father's care of me,
 To turn these eating guests out. 'Tis advice
 Of needful use for my poor faculties,
 But God doth not allow this there must be
 Some care of poor men in humanity
 What you yourselves take, give I not envy
 But give command that hospitality
 Be giv'n all strangers. Nor shall my pow'rs fear
 If this mood in me reach my mother's ear
 Much less the servants that are here to see
 Ulysses' house kept in his old degree.
 But you bear no such mind, your wits more cast
 To fill yourself than let another taste.

Antinous answer'd him Brave-spoken man!
 Whose mind's free fire see check'd no virtue can.
 If all we Wooers here would give as much
 As my mind serves, his * largess should be such
 As would for three months serve his far-off way
 From troubling your house with more cause of stay

This said, he took a stool up, that did rest,
 Beneath the board, his spangled feet at feast,
 And offer'd at him but the rest gave all
 And fill'd his fulsome scrip with festival.
 And so Ulysses for the present was,
 And for the future, furnish'd, and his pass
 Bent to the door to eat. Yet could not leave
 Antinous so, but said Do you too give,
 Lov'd lord your presence makes a show to me
 As you not worst were of the company
 But best, and so much that you seem the king,
 And therefore you should give some better thing
 Than bread, like others. I will spread your praise
 Through all the wide world, that have in my days
 Kept house myself, and trod the wealthy ways
 Of other men ev'n to the title Blest

His—intending Ulysses.

And often have I giv'n an erring guest
(How mean soever) to the utmost gain
Of what he wanted, kept whole troops of men,
And had all other comings in, with which
Men live so well, and gain the fame of rich
Yet Jove consum'd all, he would have it so,
To which, his mean was this He made me go
Far off, for Egypt, in the rude consort
Of all-ways-wand'ring pirates, where, in port,
I bade my lov'd men draw their ships ashore,
And dwell amongst them, sent out some t' explore
Up to the mountains, who, intemperate,
And their inflam'd bloods bent to satiate,
Forag'd the rich fields, hal'd the women thence,
And unwean'd children, with the foul expence
Both of their fames and bloods The cry then flew
Straight to the city, and the great fields grew
With horse and foot, and flam'd with iron arms,
When Jove (that breaks the thunder in alarms)
An ill flight cast amongst my men, not one
Inspir'd with spirit to stand, and turn upon
The fierce pursuing foe, and therefore stood
Their ill fate thick about them, some in blood,
And some in bondage, toils led by constraint
Fast'ning upon them Me along they sent
To Cyprus with a stranger-prince they met,
Dmetor Iasides, who th' imperial seat
Of that sweet island sway'd in strong command
And thus feel I here need's contemned hand "

"And what God sent," said he, "this suff'ring bane
To vex our banquet? Stand off, nor profane
My board so boldly, lest I show thee here
Cyprus and Egypt made more sour than there
You are a saucy set-fac'd vagabond
About with all you go, and they, beyond
Discretion, give thee, since they find not here
The least proportion set down to their cheer
But ev'ry fountain hath his under-floods
It is no bounty to give others' goods "

"O Gods," replied Ulysses, "I see now,

You bear no soul in this your goodly show
Beggars at your board, I perceive, should get
Scarce salt from your hands, if themselves brought
meat

Since, sitting where another's board is spread,
That flows with feast, not to the broken bread
Will your allowance reach. "Nay then, said he,
And look'd austerely if so saucy be
Your suffer'd language, I suppose, that clear
You shall not scape without some broken cheer."

Thus rapt he up a stool, with which he smit
The king's right shoulder 'twixt his neck and it.
He stood him like a rock. Antinous' dart
Nor stir'd Ulysses who in his great heart
Deep ills projected, which, for time yet, close
He bound in silence, shook his head, and went
Out to the entry where he then gave vent
To his full scarp, sat on the earth, and eat,
And talk'd still to the Wooers. Hear me yet
Ye Wooers of the Queen. It never grieves
A man to take blows, where for sheep, or beeves,
Or other main possessions, a man fights
But for his harmful belly thus man smites,
Whose love to many a man breeds many a woe.
And if the poor have Gods, and Furies too,
Before Antinous wear his nuptial wreath,
He shall be worn upon the dart of death.

"Harsh guest, said he, sit silent at your meat,
Or seek your desperate plight some safer seat,
Lest by the hands or heels youths drag your years,
And rend your rotten rags about your ears.

Thus made the rest as highly hate his folly
As he had violated something holy
When one, ev'n of the proudest, thus began

"Thou dost not nobly thus to play the man
On such an errant wretch. O ill dispos'd!
Perhaps some sacred Godhead goes enclos'd
Ev'n in his abject outside for the Gods
Have often visited these rich abodes
Like such poor stranger pilgrims, since their pow'rs

(Being always shapeful) glide through towns and
tow'rs,

Observing, as they pass still, who they be
That piety love, and who impiety "

This all men said, but he held sayings cheap
And all this time Telemachus did heap
Sorrow on sorrow on his beating heart,
To see his father stricken , yet let part
No tear to earth, but shook his head, and thought
As deep as those ills that were after wrought

The Queen now, hearing of her poor guest's stroke,
Said to her maid (as to her Wooer she spoke),

"I wish the famous-for-his-bow, the Sun,
Would strike thy heart so " Her wish, thus begun,
Her lady, fair Eurynome, pursued
Her execration, and did thus conclude

"So may our vows call down from heav'n his end,
And let no one life of the rest extend
His life till morning " "O Eurynomé,"

Replied the Queen, "may all Gods speak in thee,
For all the Wooers we should rate as foes,
Since all their weals they place in others' woes '
But this Antinous we past all should hate,
As one resembling black and cruel Fate
A poor strange wretch begg'd here, compell'd by need,
Ask'd all, and ev'ry one gave in his deed,
Fill'd his sad srip, and eas'd his heavy wants,
Only this man bestow'd unmanly taunts,
And with a cruel blow, his force let fly,
'Twixt neck and shoulders show'd his charity "

These minds, above, she and her maids did show,
While, at his srip, Ulysses sat below
In which time she Eumæus call'd, and said
"Go, good Eumæus, and see soon convey'd
The stranger to me , bid him come and take
My salutations for his welcome's sake,
And my desire serve, if he hath not heard
Or seen distress'd Ulysses, who hath err'd
Like such a man, and therefore chance may fall
He hath by him been met and spoke withal ?"

"O Queen," said he, I wish to heav'n your ear
 Were quit of this unrev'rend noise you hear
 From these rude Wooers, when I bring the guest
 Such words your ear would let into your breast
 As would delight it to your very heart.
 Three nights and days I did my roof impart
 To his fruition (for he came to me
 The first of all men since he fled the sea)
 And yet he had not giv'n a perfect end
 To his relation of what woes did spend
 The spite of Fate on him, but as you see *
 A singer breathing out of Deity
 Love-kindling lines, when all men seated near
 Are rapt with endless thirst to ever hear
 So sweeten'd he my bosom at my meat,
 Affirming that Ulysses was in Crete,
 Where first the memories of Minos were,
 A guest to him there dwelling then, as dear
 As his true father and from thence came he
 Tird on with sorrows, toss'd from sea to sea,
 To cast himself in dust, and tumble here,
 At Wooers feet, for blows and broken cheer
 But of Ulysses, where the Thespiois dwell,
 A wealthy people, fame, he says, did tell
 The still survival who his native light
 Was bound for now with treasure infinite.

Call him, said she, that he himself may say
 This over to me. We shall soon have way
 Giv'n by the Wooers they as well at gate,
 As set within doors, use to recreate
 Their high-fed spirits. As their humours lead
 They follow and may well for still they tread
 Uncharg'd ways here, their own wealth lying unwasted
 In poor-kept houses, only something tasted
 Their bread and wine is by their household swains,
 But they themselves let loose continual reins
 To our expenses, making slaughter still
 Of sheep, goats, oxen feeding past their fill,

Simile in which Ulysses is compared with poet for the
 sweetness of his speech.

And vainly lavishing our richest wine ,
 All these extending past the sacred line,
 For here lives no man like Ulysses now
 To curb these reins But should he once show
 His country-light his presence, he and his
 Would soon revenge these Wooers' injuries "

This said, about the house, in echoes round,
 Her son's strange neesings made a horrid sound , *
 At which the Queen yet laugh'd, and said "Go call
 The stranger to me Heard'st thou not, to all
 My words last utter'd, what a neesing brake
 From my Telemachus? From whence I make
 This sure conclusion That the death and fate
 Of ev'ry Wooer here is near his date
 Call, then, the guest, and if he tell as true
 What I shall ask him, coat, cloak, all things new,
 These hands shall yield him " This said, down he
 went,

And told Ulysses, "that the Queen had sent
 To call him to her, that she might enquire
 About her husband what her sad desire
 Urg'd her to ask , and, if she found him true,
 Both coat, and cassock (which he needed) new
 Her hands would put on him , and that the bread,
 Which now he begg'd amongst the common tread,
 Should freely feed his hunger now from her,
 Who all he wish'd would to his wants prefer "

His answer was "I will with fit speed tell
 The whole truth to the Queen , for passing well
 I know her lord, since he and I have shar'd
 In equal sorrows But I much am scar'd
 With this rude multitude of Wooers here,
 The rage of whose pride smites heav'n's brazen sphere
 Of whose rout, when one struck me for no fault,
 Telemachus nor none else turn'd th' assault
 From my poor shoulders Therefore, though she
 haste,

Beseech the Queen her patience will see past
 The day's broad light, and then may she enquire

* Neezing a good omen

'Tis but my closer pressing to the fire
In th' evening's cold, because my weeds, you know
Are passing thin for I made bold to show
Their bracks to you, and pray'd your kind supply

He heard, and hasted and met instantly
The Queen upon the pavement in his way
Who ask'd What Bring'st thou not? What
cause of stay

Find his austere supposes? Takes he fear
Of th' unjust Wooers? Or thus hard doth bear
On any other doubt the house objects?

He does me wrong, and gives too nice respects
To his fear'd safety He does right, said he

And what he fears should move the policy
Of any wise one taking care to shun
The violent Wooers. He bids bide, till sun
Hath hid his broad light. And, believe it, Queen,
'Twill make your best course, since you two, unseen
May pass th' encounter you to speak more free,
And he your ear gain less distractedly

'The guest is wise, said she, "and well doth give
The right thought use. Of all the men that live
Life serves none such as these proud Wooers are,
To give a good man cause to use his care.

Thus, all agreed, amongst the Wooers goes
Eumæus to the prince, and, whispering close,
Said Now my love, my charge shall take up me
(Your goods and mine). What here is, you must
see

In fit protection. But, in chief regard
Your own dear safeguard whose state study hard,
Lest suff'rance seize you. Many a wicked thought
Conceal these Wooers whom just Jove see brought
To utter ruin, ere it touch at us.

"So chance it, friend," replied Telemachus,
"Your bever taken, go. In first of day
Come, and bring sacrifice the best you may
To me and to th' Immortals be the care
Of whatsoever here the safeties are."

This said, he sat in his elaborate throne.

Eumæus (fed to satisfaction)
Went to his charge, left both the court and walls
Full of secure and fatal festivals,
In which the Wooers' pleasures still would sway
And now begun the even's near-ending day

THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES and rogue Iru fight
I envelope rookshaves her sight
To all her Wooters who present
Glist her shad with orient
A certain palke then wile
Betwixt a Wooter and the King

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Thyus The beggar's plea
The King's high fame
Odysseus to see
A nation's dame

THERE came a common beggar to the court
Who in the city begg'd of all resort,
Excell'd in madness of the gut, drunk, ate
Past intermission, was most hugely great
Yet had no fibres in him nor no force,
In sight a man, in mind a living corpse.
His true name was Amœus, for his mother
Impos'd it from his birth, and yet another
The elty youth would give him (from the course
He after took, deriv'd out of the force
That need held on him which was up and down
To run on all men's errands through the town)
Which sounded Iru. When whose gut was come,
He needs would bar Ulysses his own home,
And fell to chiding him. Old man, said he,
"Your way out of the entry quickly see
Be with fair language taken, lest your stay
But little longer see you dragg'd away
See, sir observe you not how all these make

Direct signs at me, charging me to take
 Your heels, and drag you out? But I take shame.
 Rise yet, y' are best, lest we two play a game
 At cuffs together " He bent brows, and said
 "Wretch ! I do thee no ill, nor once upbraid
 Thy presence with a word, nor, what mine eye
 By all hands sees thee giv'n, one thought envy
 Nor shouldst thou envy others Thou may'st see
 The place will hold us both , and seem'st to me
 A beggar like myself , which who can mend?
The Gods give most to whom they least are friend
The chief goods Gods give, is in good to end
 But to the hands' strife, of which y' are so free,
 Provoke me not, for fear you anger me ,
 And lest the old man, on whose scorn you stood,
 Your lips and bosom make shake hands in blood.
 I love my quiet well, and more will love
 To-morrow than to-day But if you move
 My peace beyond my right, the war you make
 Will never after give you will to take
 Ulysses' house into your begging walk "

"O Gods," said he, "how volubly doth talk
 This eating gulf! And how his fume breaks out,
 As from an old crack'd oven! Whom I will clout
 So bitterly, and so with both hands mall
 His chaps together, that his teeth shall fall
 As plain seen on the earth as any sow's,
 That ruts the corn-fields, or devours the mows
 Come, close we now, that all may see what wrong
 An old man tempts that takes at cuffs a young "

Thus in the entry of those lofty tow'rs
 These two, with all spleen, spent their jarring pow'rs
 Antinous took it, laugh'd, and said "O friends,
 We never had such sport! This guest contends
 With this vast beggar at the buffet's fight
 Come, join we hands, and screw up all their spite "

All rose in laughters , and about them bore
 All the ragg'd rout of beggars at the door
 Then mov'd Antinous the victor's hire
 To all the Wooers thus "There are now at fire

Two breasts of goat both which let jaw set down
 Before the man that wins the day's renown
 With all their fat and gravy And of both
 The glorious victor shall prefer his tooth,
 To which he makes his choice of from us all,
 And ever after banquet in our hall,
 With what our boards yield not a beggar more
 Allow'd to share, but all keep out at door
 This he propos'd and this they all approv'd.
 To which Ulysses answer'd O most lov'd,
 By no means should an old man, and one old
 In chief with sorrows, be so over bold
 To combat with his younger but, alas,
 Man's own-ill working belly needs will pass
 This work upon me, and enforce me, too,
 To beat this fellow But then, you must do
 My age no wrong to take my younger's part,
 And play me soul play making your strokes smart
 Help his to conquer for you easily may
 With your strengths crush me Do then right, and
 lay

Your honours on it in your oaths, to yield
 His part no aid, but equal leave the field.

All swore his will. But then Telemachus
 His father's scoffs with comforts serious
 Could not but answer and made this reply

"Guest! If thine own pow'rs cheer thy victory
 Fear no man's else that will not pass it free.
 He fights with many that shall touch but thee.
 I'll see thy guest-right paid. Thou here art come
 In my protection and to this the sum
 Of all these Wooers (which Antinous are
 And King Eurymachus) conjoin their care.

Both vow'd it. When Ulysses, laying by
 His upper weed, his inner beggary
 Near show'd his shame, which he with rags prevented
 Pluck'd from about his thighs, and so presented
 Their goodly sight, which were so white and great,
 And his large shoulders were to view so set
 By his bare rags, his arms, his breast, and all,

So broad, and brawny—their grace natural
Being kept by Pallas, ever standing near—
That all the Wooers his admirers were
Beyond all measure, mutual whispers driv'n
Through all their cluster, saying "Sure as heav'n
Poor Irus pull'd upon him bitter blows
Through his thin garment what a thigh he shows!"

They said, but Irus felt. His coward mind
Was mov'd at root. But now he needs must find
Facts to his brags, and forth at all parts fit
The servants brought him, all his art'ries smit
With fears and tremblings Which Antinous saw,
And said "Nay, now too late comes fear No law
Thou shouldst at first have giv'n thy braggart vein,
Nor should it so have swell'd, if terrors strain
Thy spirits to this pass, for a man so old,
And worn with penuries that still lay hold
On his ragg'd person Howsoever, take
This vow from me for firm That if he make
Thy forces stoop, and prove his own supreme,
I'll put thee in a ship, and down the stream
Send thee ashore where King Echetus reigns,
(The roughest tyrant that the world contains)
And he will slit thy nostrils, crop each ear,
Thy shame cut off, and give it dogs to tear"
This shook his nerves the more But both were now
Brought to the lists, and up did either throw
His heavy fists Ulysses, in suspense
To strike so home that he should fright from thence
His coward soul, his trunk laid prostrate there,
Or let him take more leisure to his fear,
And stoop him by degrees The last show'd best,
To strike him slightly, out of fear the rest
Would else discover him But, peace now broke,
On his right shoulder Irus laid his stroke
Ulysses struck him just beneath the ear,
His jawbone broke, and made the blood appear,
When straight he strew'd the dust, and made his cry
Stand for himself, with whom his teeth did lie,
Spit with his blood out, and against the ground

His heels lay sprawling Up the hands went round
Of all the Wooers, all at point to die
With violent laughers. Then the king did ply
The beggar's feet, and dragg'd him forth the hall
Along the entry to the gates and wall
Where leaving him, he put into his hand
A staff, and bade him there use his command
On swine and dogs, and not presume to be
Lord of the guests, or of the beggary
Since he of all men was the scum and curse
And so bade please with that, or fare yet worse.
Then cast he on his scrip, all patch'd and rent,
Hung by a rotten cord, and back he went
To greet the entry's threshold with his seat.

The Wooers throng'd to him, and did entreat
With gentle words his conquest, laughing still,
Pray'd Jove and all the Gods to give his will
What most it wish'd him and would joy him most,
Since he so happily had clear'd their coast
Of that unsavoury morsel whom they vow'd
To see with all their utmost haste bestow'd
Aboard a ship, and for Epirus sent
To King Echetus, on whose throne was spent
The worst man's seat that breath'd. And thus was
grac'd

Divine Ulysses, who with joy embrac'd
Ev'n that poor conquest. Then was set to him
The goodly goat's breast promis'd (that did swim
In fat and gravy) by Antinous,
And from a basket, by Amphinomus,
Were two breads giv'n him who, besides, renown'd
His banquet with a golden goblet crown'd,
And this high salutation "Frolic, guest,
And be those riches that you first possess
Restor'd again with full as many joys,
As in your poor state I see now annoys.

Amphinomus, said he, "you seem to me
Exceeding wise, as being the progeny
Of such a father as authentic Fame
Hath told me was so, one of honour'd name,

And great renown, in Dulichium,
His fair name Nestor. He is beloved thus
And you to be beloved, in a noble heart,
As well as wealth, in state in no slight manner,
To prove which always, let me tell you this,

(As warning you to shun the miserie
That follow full state, if they be not held
With wisdom still at full, and so compelled
To courses that abide not in their brow,
By too much wing their sudden overto -)
*Of all things best to see, or to do on or earth,
Nought is more virtuous than a man be wised
Bless'd men there are, & they are curs'd too,
While are their tests to prove a true*

But when the bless'd Gods make them feel that
smart,

That fled their fault so, as they had no heart
They bear their sufferings, and, what well they might
Have clearly shunn'd they then meet in despite

*The mind of man flies still out of his way,
Unless God guide and prompt it e'er a day*

I thought me once a blessed man with men
And fashon'd me to all so counted then,
Did all injustice like them, what for lust,
Or any pleasure, never so unjust

I could by pow'r or violence obtain,
And gave them both in all their pow'rs the rein,
Bold of my fathers and my brothers still,
While which held good my arts seem'd never ill
And thus is none held simply good or bad,
But as his will is either miss'd or had

All goods God's gifts man calls, how'er he gets them,
And so takes all, what price so'er God sets them
Says nought how all they come, nor will controul
That ravine in him, though it cost his soul
And these parts here I see these Wooers play,
Take all that falls, and all dishonours lay

On that man's Queen, that, tell your friends, doth
bear

No long time's absence, but is passing near

Let God then guide thee home, lest he may meet
In his return thy undeparted feet

For when he enters, and sees men so rude,
The quarrel cannot hut in blood conclude.

This said, he sacrific'd, then drunk, and then
Referr'd the giv'n bowl to the guide-of men
Who walk'd away afflicted at his heart,
Shook head, and fear'd that these facts would convert
To ill in th' end yet had not grace to fly
Minerva stay'd him, being ordain'd to die
Upon the lance of young Ulyssides.

So down he sat and then did Pallas please
T' incline the Queen's affections to appear
To all the Wooers, to extend their cheer
To th' utmost lightning that still ushers death,
And made her put on all the painted sheath,
That might both set her Wooers' fancies high,
And get her greater honour in the eye
Ev'n of her son and sov'reign than before.
Who laughing yet, to show her humour bore
No serious appetite to that light show
She told Eurynomé, that not till now
She ever knew her entertain desire
To please her Wooers' eyes, but oft on fire
She set their hate, in keeping from them still
Yet now she pleas'd t' appear though from no will
To do them honour vowing she would tell
Her son that of them that should fit him well
To make use of which was, not to converse
Too freely with their pride, nor to disperse
His thoughts amongst them, since they us'd to give
Good words, but through them ill intents did drive.

Eurynomé replied ' With good advise
You vow his counsel, and your open guise.
Go then, advise your son, nor keep more close
Your cheeks, still drown'd in your eyes' overflows,
But bathe your body and with balms make clear
Your thicken'd count'nance. *Uncomposed cheer
And ever mourning will the marrow wear*
Nor have you cause to mourn your son hath now

Put on that virtue which, in chief, your vow
Wish'd, as your blessing, at his birth, might deck
His blood and person " "But forbear to speak
Of baths, or balmings, or of beauty, now,"
The Queen replied, "lest, urging comforts, you
Discomfort much, because the Gods have won
The spoil of my looks since my lord was gone
But these must serve Call hither then to me
Hippodamia and Autonoë,
That those our train additions may supply
Our own deserts And yet, besides, not I,
With all my age, have learn'd the boldness yet
T' expose myself to men, unless I get
Some other gracers " This said, forth she went
To call the ladies, and much spirit spent
To make their utmost speed, for now their Queen
Would both herself show, and make them be seen

But now Minerva other projects laid,
And through Icarus' daughter's veins convey'd
Sweet sleep's desire, in whose soft fumes involv'd
She was as soon as laid, and quite dissolv'd
Were all her lineaments The Goddess then
Bestow'd immortal gifts on her, that men
Might wonder at her beauties, and the beams
That glister in the Deified Supremes
She clear'd her mourning count'nance up withall
Ev'n such a radiance as doth round empall
Crown'd Cytherea, when her order'd places
Conduct the bevy of the dancing Graces,
She added to her own, more plump, more high,
And fairer than the polish'd ivory,
Rend'ring her parts and presence This grace done,
Away the Deity flew, and up did run
Her lovely-wristed ladies, with a noise
That blew the soft chains from her sleeping joys,
When she her fair eyes wip'd, and, gasping, said
"O me unblest ! How deep a sweet sleep spread
His shades about me ! Would Diana pleas'd
To shoot me with a death no more diseas'd,
As soon as might be, that no more my moan

Might waste my blood in weepings never done,
For want of that accomplish'd virtue spher'd
In my lov'd lord, to all the Greeks prefer'd!

Then she descended with her maids, and took
Place in the portal whence her beamy look
Reach'd ev'ry Wooer's heart yet cast she on
So thin a veil, that through it quite there shone
A grace so stol'n, it pleas'd above the clear
And sunk the knees of ev'ry Wooer there,
Their minds so melted in love's vehement fires,
That to her bed she heighten'd all desires.

The prince then coming near she said O son,
Thy thoughts and judgments have not yet put on
That constancy in what becomes their good,
Which all expect in thee. Thy younger blood
Did sparkle choicer spirits but, arriv'd
At this full growth, wherein their form hath thriv'd
Beyond the bounds of childhood, and when now
Beholders should affirm, This man doth grow
Like the rare son of his matchless Sire,
(His goodness, his beauty and his fire
Of soul aspir'd to) thou mak'st nothing good
Thy fate, nor fortune, nor thy height of blood,
In manage of thy actions. What a deed
Of soul desert hath thy gross suff'rance freed
Beneath thine own roof! A poor stranger here
Us'd most unmanly! How will this appear
To all the world, when Fame shall trumpet out,
That thus, and thus, are our guests beat about
Our court unrighted? 'Tis a blaze will show
Extremely shameful to your name and you.

I blame you not, O mother, he replied,
"That, this clear wrong sustain'd by me, you chide
Yet know I both the good and bad of all,
Being past the years in which young errors fall.
But, all this known, skill is not so exact
To give, when once it knows, things fit their fact.
I well may doubt the praise of strangers here,
Who, bent to ill, and only my nerves near
May do it in despite. And yet the jar

Betwixt our guest and Irus was no war
Wrought by the Wooers, nor our guest sustain'd
Wrong in that action, but the conquest gain'd
And would to Jove, Minerva, and the Sun,
That all your Wooers might serve Contention
For such a purchase as the beggar made,
And wore such weak heads! Some should death
invade,

Strew'd in the entry, some embrue the hall,
Till ev'ry man had vengeance capital,
Sattled like Irus at the gates, his head
Ev'ry way nodding, like one forfeited
To reeling Bacchus, knees nor feet his own,
To bear him where he's better lov'd or known "

Their speeches giv'n this end, Eurymachus
Began his courtship, and express'd it thus

"Most wise Icarus' daughter! If all those,
That did for Colchos vent'rous sail dispose
For that rich purchase, had before but seen
Earth's richer prize in th' Ithacensian Queen,
They had not made that voyage, but to you
Would all their virtues and their beings vow
Should all the world know what a worth you store,
To-morrow than to-day, and next light, more
Your court should banquet, since to all dames you
Are far preferr'd, both for the grace of show,
In stature, beauty, form in ev'ry kind
Of all parts outward, and for faultless mind "

"Alas," said she, "my virtue, body, form,
The Gods have blasted with that only storm
That ravish'd Greece to Ilion, since my lord,
For that war shipp'd, bore all my goods aboard
If he, return'd, should come and govern here
My life's whole state, the grace of all things there
His guide would heighten, as the spirit it bore,
Which dead in me lives, giv'n him long before
A sad course I live now, Heav'n's stern decree
With many an ill hath numb'd and deaded me
He took life with him, when he took my hand
In parting from me to the Trojan strand,

These words my witness Woman! I conceive
 That not all th' Achives bound for Troy shall leave
 Their native earth their safe return'd bones,
 Fame saying, that Troy trains up approved sons
 In deeds of arms, brave putters-off of shafts,
 For winging lances masters of their crafts,
 Unmatch'd riders, swift of foot, and straight
 Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.
 Hope then can scarce fill all with life's supply
 And of all any failing, why not I?
 Nor do I know if God hath marshall'd me
 Amongst the safe return'd or his decree
 Hath left me to the thraldom order'd there.
 However all cares be thy burthens here,
 My sire and mother tend as much as now
 I further off, more near in cares be you
 Your son to man's state grown, wed whom you will
 And, you gone, his care let his household fill.
 Thus made my lord his will, which Heav'n sees
 prov'd

Almost at all parts for the Sun remov'd
 Down to his set, ere long, will lead the night
 Of those abhorr'd nuptials, that should fright
 Each worthy woman, which her second are
 With any man that breathes, her first lord's care
 Dead, because he to flesh and blood is dead,
 Which I fear I shall yield to, and so wed
 A second husband and my reason is,
 Since Jove hath taken from me all his bliss.
*Whom God gives over they themselves forsake
 Their griefs their joys their God their devil, make*
 And tis a great grief, nor was seen till now
 In any fashion of such men as woo
 A good and wealthy woman, and contend
 Who shall obtain her that those men should spend
 Her beeves and best sheep, as their chiefest ends,
 But rather that herself and all her friends
 They should with banquets and rich gifts entreat.
Their life is death that live with other's meat
 Divine Ulysses much rejoic'd to hear

His Queen thus fish for gifts, and keep in cheer
 Their hearts with hope that she would wed again,
 Her mind yet still her first intent retain

Antinous saw the Wooers won to give,
 And said "Wise Queen, by all your means receive,
 Whatever bounty any Wooer shall use
 Gifts freely giv'n 'tis folly to refuse
 For know, that we resolve not to be gone
 To keep our own roofs, till of all some one,
 Whom best you like, your long-woo'd love shall win"

This pleas'd the rest, and ev'ry one sent in
 His present by the herald First had place
 Antinous' gift A robe of special grace,
 Exceeding full and fair, and twenty hues
 Chang'd lustre to it, to which choice of shows,
 Twelve massy plated buttons, all of gold,
 Enrich'd the substance, made to fairly hold
 The robe together, all lac'd down before,
 Where keeps and catches both sides of it wore

Eurymachus a golden tablet gave,
 In which did Art her choicest works engrave,
 And round about an amber verge did run,
 That cast a radiance from it like the Sun

Eurydamas two servants had that bore
 Two goodly earrings, whose rich hollows wore
 Three pearls in either, like so many eyes,
 Reflecting glances radiant as the skies

The king Pisander, great Polyctor's heir,
 A casket gave, exceeding rich and fair

The other other wealthy gifts commended
 To her fair hand, which took, and straight ascended
 This Goddess of her sex her upper state
 Her ladies all her gifts elaborate
 Up bearing after All to dancing then
 The Wooers went, and song's delightful strain,
 In which they frolick'd, till the evening came,
 And then rais'd sable Hesperus his flame
 When, for their lights within, they set up there
 Three lamps, whose wicks were wood exceeding sere,
 And passing porous, which they caus'd to burn,

Their matter ever minister'd by turn
Of sev'ral handmaids. Whom Ulysses seeing
Too conversant with Wooers, ill agreeing
With guise of maids, advis'd in this fair sort

Maids of your long lack'd King, keep you the port
Your Queen's chaste presence bears. Go up to her
Employ your looms, or rocks, and keep ye there
I'll serve to feed these lamps, should these lords'
dances

Last till Aurora cheer'd us with their glances.
They cannot weary me, for I am one
Born to endure when all men else have done.

They wantonly brake out in laughter all,
Look'd on each other and to terms did fall
Cheek-proud Melantho, who was Dolus' seed,
Kept by the Queen, that gave her dainty bread
Fit for her daughter and yet won not so
Her heart to her to share in any woe

She suffer'd for her lord, but she was great
With great Eurymachus, and her love's heat
In his bed quench'd. And this choleric thing
Bestow'd this railing language on the King

"Base stranger you are taken in your brain,
You talk so wildly. Never you again
Can get where you were born and seek your bed
In some smith's hovel, or the marketstead,
But here you must take confidence to prate
Before all these for fear can get no state
In your wine-hardy stomach. Or 'tis like
To prove your native garb, your tongue will strike
On this side of your mouth still, being at best.
Is the man idle brand for want of rest?
Or proud because he beat the rogish beggar?
Take heed, Sir lest some better man beleager
Your ears with his fists, and set headlong hence
Your bold abode here with your blood's expence.

He, looking sternly on her, answer'd her
"Dog! What broad language giv'st thou? I'll prefer
Your usage to the prince, that he may fall
Foul on your fair limbs till he tell them all.

This fray'd the wenches, and all straight got gone
In fear about their business, ev'ry one
Confessing he said well But he stood now
Close by the cressets, and did looks bestow
On all men there, his brain employ'd about
Some sharper business than to dance it out,
Which had not long to go Nor therefore would
Minerva let the Wooers' spleens grow cold
With too good usuage of him, that his heart
Might fret enough, and make his choler smart
Eurymachus provok'd him first, and made
His fellow laugh, with a conceit he had
Fetch'd far from what was spoken long before,
That his poor form perhaps some Deity bore
"It well may chance," said he, "some God doth bear
This man's resemblance, for, thus standing near
The glist'ring torches, his slick'd head doth throw
Beams round about it as those cressets do,
For not a hair he hath to give it shade
Say, will thy heart serve t' undertake a trade
For fitting wages? Should I take thee hence
To walk my grounds, and look to ev'ry fence,
Or plant high trees, thy hire should raise thy forces
Food store, and clothes But these same idle courses
Thou art so prompt in that thou wilt not work,
But forage up and down, and beg, and lurk
In ev'ry house whose roofs hold any will
To feed such fellows That thy gut may fill,
Gives end to all thy being" He replied

"I wish, at any work we two were tried,
In height of spring-time, when heav'n's lights are long
I a good crook'd scythe that were sharp and strong,
You such another, where the grass grew deep,
Up by day-break, and both our labours keep
Up till slow darkness eas'd the labouring light,
Fasting all day, and not a crumb till night,
We then should prove our either workmanship
Or if, again, beeves, that the goad or whip
Were apt t' obey before a tearing plow,
Big lusty beasts, alike in bulk and brow,

Alike in labour, and alike in strength,
Our task four acres, to be till'd in length
Of one sole day—again then you should try
If the dull glebe before the plow should fly
Or I a long sutch could bear clean and even.
Or lastly if the Guide of earth and heaven
Should stir stern war up, either here or there,
And that at this day I had double spear
And shield, and steel casque fitting for my brows
At this work likewise, midst the foremost blows,
Your eyes should note me, and get little cause
To twit me with my belly's sole applause.
But you affect t' affect with injury
Your mind ungente, seem in valour high,
Because gainst few and those not of the best,
Your conversation hath been still profest.
But if Ulysses, landed on his earth,
And enter'd on the true right of his birth
Should come and front ye, straight his ample gates
Your feet would hold too narrow for your fates.

He frown'd, rag'd, call'd him wretch, and vow'd
To be his death, since he durst prove so proud
Amongst so many to tell him so home
What he affected ask'd, if overcome
With wine he were, or as his minion said,
Talk'd still so idly and were palsied
In his mind's instruments, or was proud because
He gat from Irus off with such applause?
With all which, snatching up a stool, he threw
When old Ulysses to the knees withdrew
Of the Dulichian lord, Amphinomus,
As if he fear'd him. His dart missing thus
His aged object, and his page's hand
(A boy that waited on his cup's command,
Now holding of an ewer to him) he smit.
Down fell the sounding ewer and after it
The guiltless page lay sprawling in the dust,
And crying out. When all the Wooers thrust
A tumult up amongst them, wishing all
The rogue had perish'd in some hospital,

Before his life there stirr'd such uproars up,
 And with rude speeches spice their pleasures' cup
 And all this for a beggar to fulfill
 A filthy proverb *Good still yields to ill*

The prince cried out on them, to let the bad
 Obscure the good so, told them they were mad,
 Abus'd their banquet, and affirm'd some God
 Tried mast'ries with them, bade them take their load
 Of food and wine, sit up, or fall to bed
 At their free pleasures, and since he gave head
 To all their freedoms, why should they mistake
 Their own rich humours for a beggar's sake?

All bit their lips to be so taken down,
 And taught the course that should have been their
 own,

Admir'd the prince, and said he bravely spoke
 But Nisus' son then struck the equal stroke,
 And said "O friends, let no man here disdain
 To put up equal speeches, nor maintain
 With serious words an humour, nor with stroke
 A stranger in another's house provoke,
 Nor touch the meanest servant, but confine
 All these dissensions in a bowl of wine,
 Which fill us, cup-bearer, that, having done
 Our nightly sacrifice, we may atone
 Our pow'rs with sleep, resigning first the guest
 Up to the prince, that holds all interest
 In his dispose here, the house being his
 In just descent, and all the faculties"

This all approv'd, when noble Mulus,
 Herald-in-chief to lord Amphinomus,
 The wine distributed with rev'rend grace
 To ev'ry Wooer, when the Gods giv'n place
 With service fit, they serv'd themselves, and took
 Their parting cups, till, when they all had shook
 The angry humour off, they bent to rest,
 And ev'ry Wooer to sev'ral roofs address

THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES and his son eschew
Offending of the Wooders' view
With any armour His birth's seat
Ulysses tells his Queen, is Crete,
Euryclea the truth yet found,
Discover'd by scar heal'd wound,
Which in Parnassu tops bore
Struck by him in his chase did gore.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Tell The king still had
By what he said
By what he did
Informs his maid.

Yet did divine Ulysses keep his roof
And with Minerva plotted still the proof
Of all the Wooders' deaths when thus his son
He taught with these fore-counsels We must run
A close course with these arms, and lay them by
And to the Wooders make so fair a sky
As it would never thunder Let me then,
'That you may well retain, repeat again
What in Eumæus' cottage I advis'd
If when they see no leisure exercis'd
In fetching down your arms, and ask what use
Your mind will give them, say 'tis their abuse
With smoke and rust that makes you take them
down,
This not being like the armory well known
To be the leavings of Laertes' son
Consorting the design for Ilion ;

Your eyes may see how much they are infected,
 As all fires' vapours ever since reflected
 On those sole arms Besides, a graver thought
 Jove graves within you, lest, their spirits wrought
 Above their pitch with wine, they might contend
 At some high banquet, and to wounds transcend,
 Their feast inverting, which, perhaps, may be
 Their nuptial feast with wise Penelopé
The ready weapon, when the blood is up,
Doubles the uproar heighten'd by the cup
Wrath's means for act, curb all the ways ye can,
As loadstones draw the steel, so steel draws man
 Retain these words, nor what is good think, thus
 Receiv'd at second hand, superfluous"

The son, obeying, did Euryclea call,
 And bade her shut in th' utter porches all
 The other women, till himself brought down
 His father's arms, which all were overgrown
 By his neglect with rust, his father gone,
 And he too-childish to spend thoughts upon
 Those manly implements, but he would now
 Reform those young neglects, and th' arms bestow
 Past reach of smoke The loving nurse replied

"I wish, O son, your pow'rs would once provide
 For wisdom's habit, see your household were
 In thrifty manage, and tend all things there
 But if these arms must down, and ev'ry maid
 Be shut in utter rooms, who else should aid
 Your work with light?" He answer'd "This my
 guest.

There shall no one in my house taste my feast,
 Or join in my nave, that shall idly live,*
 However far hence he his home derive"

He said, and his words stood The doors she
 shut

* *Χολνικὸς ἀππηται*, they will needs turn this, *quadiam* (for *modium*) *gustet* Though the words bear no such signification, but give a proverb then in use repetition, which was *he shall not join or make a spoke in the nave of my chariot or chariot-wheel* *Χολνικόν*, or *χολνικίς*, signifying *modiolus rotæ*, and *ἄπρω*, *necto*

Of that so well-fill'd house. And th' other put
Their thoughts in act best shields, helms, sharpen'd
lances,

Brought down and Pallas before both advances
A golden cresset, that did cast a light
As if the Day sat in the throne of Night.

When, half-amaz'd, the prince said O my father
Mine eyes my soul's powers all in wonder gather
For though the walls, and goodly wind-beams here,
All all these pillars, that their heads so rear
And all of fir they seem yet all of fire,
Some God is surely with us. His wise sire
Bade peace, and keep the counsels of the Gods,
Nor ask a word "These Pow'rs, that use abodes
Above the stars, have pow'r from thence to shine
Through night and all shades to earth's inmost mine.
Go thou for sleep, and leave me here to wake
The women, and the Queen whose heart doth ache
To make inquiry for myself of me.

He went to sleep where lights did endlessly
Burn in his night rooms where he feasted rest,
Till day's fair weed did all the world invest.
Thus was divine Ulysses left alone
With Pallas, plotting soul confusion
To all the Wooers. Forth then came the Queen
Phoebe, with golden Cytherea seen,
Her port presented. Whom they set a chair
Aide the fire, the fashion circular
The substance silver and rich elephant
Whose fabric did the cunning finger vaunt
Of great Iemalfus, who besides had done
A footstool for her that did suit her throne,
On which they cast an ample skin, to be
The cushion for her other royalty
And there she sat about whom came her maids,
Who brought upon a table store of breads,
And bowls that with the Wooers' wine were crown'd.
The embers then they cast upon the ground
From out the lamps, and other fuel added,
That still with cheerful flame the sad house gladdened.

Melantho seeing still Ulysses there,
 Thus she held out her spleen "Still, stranger, here?
 Thus late in night? To see what ladies do?
 Avaunt you, wretch, hence, go without doors, go,
 And quickly, too, lest ye be singed away
 With burning firebrands" He, thus seeing their fray
 Continued by her with such spleen, replied

"Minion! What makes your angry blood thus
 chide

My presence still? Is it because you see
 I shine not in your wanton bravery,
 But wear these rags? It fits the needy fate
 That makes me beg thus of the common state
 Such poor souls, and such beggars, yet are men,
 And ev'n my mean means means had to maintain
 A wealthy house, and kept a manly press,
 Was counted blessed, and the poor access
 Of any beggar did not scorn, but feed
 With often hand, and any man of need
 Reliev'd as fitted, kept my servants, too,
 Not few, but did with those additions go
 That call choice men *The Honest*, who are styl'd
 The rich, the great But what such great ones build
 Jove oft pulls down, as thus he ruin'd me,
 His will was such, which is his equity
 And therefore, woman, bear you fitting hand
 On your behaviour, lest your spirit thus mann'd,
 And cherish'd with your beauties, when they wane,
 Comes down, your pride now being then your bane,
 And in the mean space shun the present danger,
 Lest your bold fashion breed your sov'reign's anger,
 Or lest Ulysses come, of whom ev'n yet
 Hope finds some life in Fate Or, be his seat
 Amongst the merely ruin'd, yet his son,
 Whose life's heat Phœbus saves, is such a one
 As can discover who doth well deserve
 Of any woman here his years now serve"

The Queen gave ear, and thus suppress'd the flame
 "Thou quite without a brow, past female shame,
 I hear thy monstrous boldness, which thy head

Shall pay me pains for Thou hast heard it said,
And from myself too, and ev'ry part
Thy knowledge serves thee, that, to ease my heart
So punish'd in thy witness, my desire
Dwelt on this stranger that I might inquire
My lost friend's being But tis ever tried,
Both man and God are still forgot with pride.
Eurynome, bring here this guest a seat,
And cushion on it, that we two may treat
Of the affair in question. Set it near
That I may softly speak, yet he well hear "

She did this little freely and he sat
Close by the Queen, who ask'd him, Whence, and
what

He was himself? And what th inhabited place
Where liv'd his parents? Whence he fetch'd his race?

O woman, he replied, with whom no man,
That moves in earth's unbounded circle, can
Maintain contention for true honour giv'n,
Whose fame hath reach'd the fairly flowing heav'n
Who, like a never ill-deserving king,
'That is well-spoke of first, for worshipping,
And striving to resemble God in empire
Whose equal hand impartially doth temper
Greatness and Goodness to whom therefore bears
The black earth store of all grain, trees confers
Cracking with burthen, long-liv'd herds creates,
All which the sea with her sorts emulates
And all this feeds beneath his pow'ful hand
Men, valiant, many making strong his land
With happy lives led nothing else the cause
Of all these blessings, but well-order'd laws
Like such a king are you, in love, in fame,
And all the bliss that defies a dame.
And therefore do not mix this with a moan
So wretched as is now in question
Ask not my race nor country lest you fill
My heart yet fuller with repeated ill
For I must follow it with many tears,
Though tis not seemly to sit wounding ears

In public roofs with our particular life
Time's worst expense is still-repeated grief
I should be irksome to your ladies here,
And you yourself would say you urg'd your ear
To what offends it, my still-broken eyne
Supposing wounded with your too-much wine "

"Stranger," said she, "you fear your own excess
With giving me too great a nobleness
The Gods my person, beauty, virtue too,
Long since subverted, when the Ilion woe
The Greek design attempted, in which went
My praise and honour In his government
Had I deserv'd your utmost grace, but now
Sinister Deity makes dishonour woo,
In show of grace, my ruin All the peers
Sylvan Zacynthus, and Dulichius, spheres,
Samos and Ithaca, strange strifes have shown
To win me, spending on me all mine own,
Will wed me, in my spite, and these are those
That take from me all virtue to dispose
Or guest or suppliant, or take any course
Amongst my heralds, that should all disburse,
To order anything Though I need none
To give me grief at home, abroad errs one
That my veins shrink for, whom these holding gone,
Their nuptials hasten, and find me as slow
Good spirits prompted me to make a show
Of undertaking a most curious task,
That an unmeasur'd space of time would ask,
Which they enduring long would often say,
When ends thy work? I soon had my delay,
And pray'd their stay, for though my lord were dead,
His father's life yet matter ministred
That must employ me, which, to tell them true,
Was that great work I nam'd For now near drew
Laertes' death, and on my hand did lie
His funeral-robe, whose end, being now so nigh,
I must not leave, and lose so much begun,
The rather lest the Greek dames might be won
To tax mine honour, if a man so great

Should greet his grave without his winding sheet.
 Pride made them credulous, and I went on
 When whatsoever all the day had done
 I made the night help to undo again,
 Though oil and watch it cost, and equal pain.
 Three years my wit secur'd me undiscern'd,
 Yet, when the fourth came, by my maids discern'd,
 False careless wenches, how they were deluded
 When, by my light discern'd, they all intruded,
 Used threat'ning words, and made me give it end,
 And then could I to no more length extend
 My linger'd nuptials not a counsel more
 Was to be stood upon my parents bore
 Continual hand on me to make me wed
 My son grew angry that so ruin'd
 His goods were by them. He is now a man
 Wise in a great degree, and one that can
 Himself give order to his household fare
 And Jove give equal glory to his care.
 But thus you must not pass me I must know
 It may be for more end, from whence doth grow
 Your race and you for I suppose you none
 Sprung of old oak, or justled out of stone.

He answer'd "O Ulysses' rev'rend wife!
 Yet hold you purpose to inquire my life?
 I'll tell you, though it much afflict me more
 Than all the sorrows I have felt before.
 As worthily it may since so long time
 As I have wander'd from my native clime,
 Through human cities, and in suff'rance still,
 To rip all wounds up, though of all their ill
 I touch but part, must actuate all their pain
 But, ask you still, I'll tell, though still sustain.

In middle of the sable sea there lies
 An isle call'd Crete, a ravisher of eyes,
 Fruitful, and mann'd with many an infinite store
 Where ninety cities crown the famous shore,
 Mix'd with all-languag'd men. There Greeks survive,
 There the great minded Eteocretans live,
 There the Dorensians never dūt of war

The Cydons there, and there the singular
Pelagian people There doth Cnossus stand,
That mighty city, where had most command
Great Jove's disciple, Minos, who nine years
Conferr'd with Jove, both great familiars
In mutual counsels And this Minos' son,
The mighty-minded king Deucalion,
Was sire to me and royal Idomen,
Who with Atrides went to Ilion then,
My elder brother and the better man,
My name Aethon At that time began
My knowledge of Ulysses, whom my home
Receiv'd with guest-rites He was thither come
By force of weather, from the Malean coast
But new got off, where he the navy lost,
Then under sail for Troy, and wind-bound lay
Long in Amnisus, hardly got away
From horrid storms, that made him anchor there,
In havens that sacred to Lucina were,
Dreadful and dang'rous, in whose bosom-crept
Lucina's cavern But in my roof slept
Ulysses, shor'd in Crete, who first inquir'd
For royal Idomen, and much desir'd
To taste his guest-rites, since to him had been
A welcome guest my brother Idomen
The tenth or 'leventh light on Ulysses shin'd
In stay at Crete, attending then the wind
For threaten'd Ilion All which time my house
With love and entertainments curious
Embrac'd his person, though a number more
My hospitable roofs receiv'd before
His men I likewise call'd, and from the store
Allow'd them meal and heat-exciting wine,
And oxen for their slaughter, to confine
In my free hand the utmost of their need
Twelve days the Greeks stay'd, ere they got them
freed,
A gale so bitter blew out of the north,
That none could stand on earth, being tumbled forth
By some stern God But on the thirteenth day

The tempest ceas'd, and then went Greeks their way

Thus many tales Ulysses told his wife,
At most but painting, yet most like the life
Of which her heart such sense took through her ears,
It made her weep as she would turn to tears.
And as from off the mountains melts the snow
Which Zephyr's breath conceal'd, but was made flow
By hollow Fumus, which so fast pours down,
That with their torrent floods have overflown
So down her fair cheeks her kind tears did glide,
Her miss'd lord mourning set so near her side.

Ulysses much was mov'd to see her mourn,
Whose eyes yet stood as dry as iron or horn
In his untroubled lids, which in his craft
Of bridling passion he from issue saft.

When she had giv'n her moan so many tears,
That now twas satiate, her yet loving fears
Ask'd thus much further You have thus far tried
My love's credulity but if gratified
With so long stay he was with you, you can
Describe what weed he wore, what kind of man
Both he himself was, and what followers
Observ'd him there. Alas, said he, "the years
Have grown so many since—this making now
Their twentieth revolution—that my show
Of these slight notes will set my memory sore,
But, to my now remembrance, thus he wore
A double purple robe, drawn close before
With golden buttons, plated thick, and bore
A facing where a hundred colours shind.
About the skirts a hound a freckled hmd
In full course hunted on the foreskirts, yet,
He pinch'd and pull'd her down, when with her feet,
And all her force, she struggled hard for flight.
Which had such life in gold, that to the sight
It seem'd the hmd itself for ev'ry hue,
The hound and all so answering the view
That all admir'd all. I observ'd beside
His inner weed, so rarely beautified
That dumb amaze it bred, and was as thin

As any dry and tender onion skin ,
 As soft 'twas, too, and glister'd like the sun
 The women were to loving wonder won
 By him and by his weeds But, by the way,
 You must excuse me, that I cannot say
 He brought this suit from home, or had it there
 Sent for some present, or, perhaps, elsewhere
 Receiv'd it for his guest-gift, for your lord
 Had friends not few, the fleet did not afford
 Many that had not fewer I bestow'd
 A well-edg'd sword on him, a robe that flow'd
 In folds and fulness, and did reach his feet,
 Of richest purple, brought him to his fleet
 With all my honour, and besides, to add
 To all this sifted circumstance, he had
 A herald there, in height a little more
 Put from the earth, that thicker shoulders wore,
 A swarth complexion and a curl'd head,
 His name Eurybates, and much in stead
 He stood your king, employ'd in most command,
 Since most of all his mind could understand "

When all these signs she knew for chiefly true,
 Desire of moan upon her beauties grew,
 And yet, ev'n that desire suffic'd, she said

"Till this, my guest, a wretched state array'd
 Your ill-us'd person, but from this hour forth
 You shall be honour'd, and find all the worth
 That fits a friend Those weeds these hands bestow'd
 From out my wardrobe, those gold buttons sew'd
 Before for closure and for ornament
 But never more must his return present
 The person that gave those adornments state,
 And therefore, under an abhorr'd fate,
 Was he induc'd to feed the common fame,
 To visit vile Troy, ay too vile to name "

"No more yet mourn," said he, "nor thus see pin'd
 Your lovely person *Weeping wastes the mind* ,
 And yet I blame you not, for any dame
 That weds one young, and brings to him his name,
 Whatever man he is, will mourn his loss

Much more respectful then must show your woes
That weep thus for Ulysses, who, Fame says,
Was equal with the Gods in all his ways.
But where no cause is there must be no moan,
And therefore hear me, my relation
Shall lay the clear truth naked to your view
I heard amongst the Thesprotis for most true,
That lord Ulysses liv'd, and stood just now
On his return for home that wealth did flow
In his possession, which he made not known,
But begg'd amongst the people, since alone
He quite was left, for all his men were lost
In getting off from the Trinacrian coast
Jove and the Sun was wroth with them for rape
Made of his oxen, and no man let scape
The rugged deeps of Neptune only he,
The ship's keel only keeping, was by sea
Cast on the fair Phæacian continent,
Where men survive that are the Gods' descent,
And like a God receiv'd him, gave him heaps
Of wealthy gifts, and would conduct his steps
Themselves safe home which he might long ago
His pleasure make, but profit would not so.
He gather'd going, and had mighty store
Of gold in safeguard so beyond the shore
That common sails kept, his high flood of wit
Bore glorious top, and all the world for it
Hath far exceeded. All this Phædon told,
That doth the sceptre of Thesprotia hold,
Who swore to me, in household sacrifice,
The ship was launch'd, and men to man the prize,
That soon should set him on his country earth,
Show'd me the goods, enough to serve the birth
That in the tenth age of his seed should spring,
Yet in his court contain'd. But then the king,
Your husband, for Dodona was in way
That from th' Oraculous Oak he might display
Jove's will what course for home would best prevail,
To come in pomp, or bear a secret sail.
But me the king dispatch'd in course before,

A ship then bound for the Dulichian shore
So thus you see his safety whom you mourn ,
Who now is passing near, and his return
No more will punish with delays, but see
His friends and country All which truth to thee
I'll seal with sacred oath Be witness, Jove,
Thou first and best of all the thron'd above !
And thou house of the great Laertes' heir,
To whose high roofs I tender my repair,
That what I tell the Queen event shall crown !
This year Ulysses shall possess his own,
Nay ere the next month ends shall here arrive,
Nay, ere it enters, here abide alive !”

“O may this prove,” said she , “gifts, friendship,
then

Should make your name the most renown'd of men
But 'tis of me receiv'd, and must so sort,
That nor my lord shall ever see his court,
Nor you gain your deduction thence, for now
The alter'd house doth no such man allow
As was Ulysses, if he ever were,
To entertain a rev'rend passenger,
And give him fair dismissal But, maids, see
Ye bathe his feet, and then with tapestry,
Best sheets and blankets, make his bed, and lay
Soft waistcoats by him, that, lodg'd warm, he may
Ev'n till the golden-seated morning's ray
Enjoy good rest , and then, with her first light,
Bathe, and give alms, that cherish'd appetite
He may apply within our hall, and sit
Safe by Telemachus Or, if th' unfit
And harmful mind of any be so base
To grieve his age again, let none give grace
Of doing any deed he shall command,
How wroth soever, to his barbarous hand
For how shall you, guest, know me for a dame
That pass so far, nay, turn and wind the fame
Of other dames for wisdom, and the frame
Of household usage, if your poor thin weeds
I let draw on you want, and worser deeds,

That may perhaps, cause here your latest day?
The life of man is short and flies away
And if the ruler's self of households be
Ungentle, studying inhumanity
The rest prove worse, but he bears all the blame
All men will, living, vow against his name
Mischiefs and miseries, and, dead, supply
With bitter epitaphs his memory
But if himself be noble—noble things
Doing and knowing—all his underlings
Will imitate his noblesse, and all guests
Give it, in many many interests.

"But, worthiest Queen, said he, where you
command

Baths and rich beds for me, I scorn to stand
On such state now nor ever thought it yet,
Since first I left the snowy hills of Crete.
When once I fell a shipboard those thoughts fled
I love to take now as long since, my bed.
Though I began the use with sleepless nights,
I many a darkness with right homely rites
Have spent ere this hour and desired the morn
Would come, and make sleep to the world a scorn.
Nor run these dainty baths in my rude head
Nor any handmaid, to your service bred,
Shall touch my ill kept feet, unless there live
Some poor old drudge here, that hath learn'd to give
Old men good usage, and no work will fly
As having suffer'd ill as much as I
But if there live one such in your command,
I will not shame to give my foot her hand.

She gave this answer "O my lov'd guest,
There never enter'd these kind roofs for rest
Stranger or friend that so much wisdom laid
In gage for guest rites, as your lips have paid
There lives an old maid in my charge that knows
The good you speak of by her many woes
That nourish'd and brought up, with curious care,
Th' unhappy man your old familiar
Ev'n since his mother let him view the light,

And oft hath felt in her weak arms his weight ,
 And she, though now much weaker, shall apply
 Her maiden service to your modesty
 Euryclea, rise, and wash the feet of one
 That is of one age with your sov'reign gone,
 Such hands, such feet hath, though of alter'd grace
Much grief in men will bring on change apace "

She, from her aged slumber wak'd, did clear
 Her heavy eyes, and instantly, to hear
 Her sov'reign's name, had work enough to dry
 Her cheeks from tears, and to his memory
 These moans did offer "O my son," said she,
 "I never can take grief enough for thee,
 Whom Goodness hurts, and whom ev'n Jove's high
 spleen,

Since thou art Jove-like, hates the most of men
 For none hath offer'd him so many thighs,
 Nor such whole hecatombs of sacrifice,
 Fat and selected, as thy zeal hath done ,
 For all, but praying that thy noble son,
 Thy happy age might see at state of man
 And yet hath Jove with mists Cimmerian
 Put out the light of his returning day
 And as yourself, O father, in your way
 Took these fair roofs for hospitable rites,
 Yet find, for them, our dogged women's spites ,
 So he, in like course, being driven to proof,
 Long time ere this, what such a royal roof
 Would yield his mis'ries, found such usage there
 And you, now flying the foul language here,
 And many a filthy fact of our fair dames,
 Fly me like them, and put on causeless shames
 To let me cleanse your feet For not the cause
 The Queen's command yields is the pow'r that draws
 My will to wash your feet, but what I do
 Proceeds from her charge and your rev'rence too ,
 Since I in soul am stricken with a ruth
 Of your distresses, and past show of truth , *
 Your strangeness claiming little interest

* Intending with truth itself, not his show only

In my affections. And yet many a guest
Of poor condition hath been harbour'd here,
But never any did so right appear
Like king Ulysses as yourself for state
Both of your stature, voice, and very gait.

So all have said, said he, "that ever yet
Had the proportions of our figures met
In their observance so right your eye
Proves in your soul your judging faculty

Thus took she up a caldron brightly scour'd,
To cleanse his feet in and into it pour'd
Store of cold wave, which on the fire she set
And therein bath'd, being temperately heat,
Her sovereign's feet. Who turn'd him from the light,
Since suddenly he doubted her conceit,
So rightly touching at his state before,
A scar now seeing on his foot, that bore
An old note, to discern him, might descry
The absolute truth which, witness'd by her eye,
Was straight approv'd. He first receiv'd this sore
As in Parnassus tops a white tooth'd bear
He stood in chase withal, who struck him there,
At such time as he liv'd a sojourner
With his grandsire, Autolycus who th art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart,
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
By Jove's descent, ingenious Mercury
Who did bestow it, since so many a thigh
Of lambs and kids he had on him bestow'd
In sacred flames, who therefore when he vow'd
Was ever with him. And this man impos'd
Ulysses' name, the light being first disclos'd
To his first sight then, when his grandsire came
To see the then preferrer of his fame,
His lov'd daughter. The first supper done,
Euryclea put in his lap her son,
And pray'd him to bethink and give his name,
Since that desire did all desires inflame.

"Daughter and son-in-law said he, "let then

The name that I shall give him stand with men
 Since I arriv'd here at the hour of pain,
 In which mine own kind entrails did sustain
 Moan for my daughter's yet unended throes,
 And when so many men's and women's woes,
 In joint compassion met of human birth,
 Brought forth t' attend the many-feeding earth,
 Let Odysseus be his name, as one *
 Expos'd to just constraint of all men's moan
 When here at home he is arriv'd at state
 Of man's first youth he shall initiate
 His practis'd feet in travel made abroad,
 And to Parnassus, where mine own abode
 And chief means lie, address his way, where I
 Will give him from my open'd treasury
 What shall return him well, and fit the fame
 Of one that had the honour of his name "

For these fair gifts he went, and found all grace
 Of hands and words in him and all his race
 Amphithea, his mother's mother, too,
 Applied her to his love, withal, to do
 In grandame's welcomes, both his fair eyes kist,
 And brows, and then commanded to assist
 Were all her sons by their respected sire
 In furnishing a feast, whose ears did fire
 Their minds with his command, who home straight
 led

A five-years-old male ox, fell'd, slew, and flay'd,
 Gather'd about him, cut him up with art,
 Spitted, and roasted, and his ev'ry part
 Divided orderly So all the day
 They spent in feast, no one man went his way
 Without his fit fill When the sun was set,
 And darkness rose, they slept, till day's fire het
 Th' enlighten'd earth, and then on hunting went
 Both hounds and all Autolycus' descent

* Autolycus gives his grandchild Ulysses his name from whence the Odysseys is derived, 'Οδυσσεύς, derived of ὀδύζομαι, ἐν ὀδύρῃ factum, signifying *dolorem propriæ corporis, nam ira ex dolore oritur*

In whose guide did divine Ulysses go,
Climb'd steep Parnassus, on whose forehead grow
All sylvan offsprings round. And soon they reach'd
The concaves, whence air's sounding vapours fetch'd
Their loud descent. As soon as any sun
Had from the ocean, where his waters run
In silent deepness, rais'd his golden head,
The early huntsmen all the hill had spread,
Their hounds before them on the searching trail
They near and ever eager to assail
Ulysses brandishing a lengthful lance,
Of whose first fight he long'd to prove the chance.

Then found they lodg'd a boar of bulk extreme,
In such a queach as never any beam
The sun shot pierc'd, nor any pass let find
The moist impressions of the fiercest wind,
Nor any storm the sternest winter drives,
Such proof it was yet all within lay leaves
In mighty thickness and through all this flew
The hounds' loud mouths. The sounds the tumult
threw

And all together rous'd the boar that rush'd
Amongst their thickest, all his bristles push'd
From forth his rough neck and with flaming eyes
Stood close, and dar'd all. On which horrid prize
Ulysses first charg'd whom above the knee
The savage struck, and rac'd it crookedly
Along the skin, yet never reach'd the bone.
Ulysses lance yet through him quite was thrown,
At his right shoulder entering, at his left
The bright head passage to his keenness cleft,
And show'd his point gilt with the gushing gore.
Down in the dust fell the extended boar
And forth his life flew To Ulysses round
His uncle drew who, woeful for his wound,
With all art bound it up and with a charm
Stay'd straight the blood, went home, and, when the
harm

Receiv'd full cure, with gifts, and all event
Of joy and love to his lov'd home they sent

Their honour'd nephew, whose return his sire
And rev'rend mother took with joys entire,
Enquir'd all passages, all which he gave
In good relation, nor of all would save
His wound from utt'rance, by whose scar he came
To be discover'd by this aged dame

Which when she cleansing felt, and noted well,
Down from her lap into the caldron fell
His weighty foot, that made the brass resound,
Turn'd all aside, and on th' embrewéd ground
Spilt all the water Joy and grief together
Her breast invaded, and of weeping weather
Her eyes stood full, her small voice stuck within
Her part expressive, till at length his chin
She took and spake to him "O son," said she,
"Thou art Ulysses, nor canst other be,
Nor could I know thee yet, till all my king
I had gone over with the warméd spring"

Then look'd she for the Queen to tell her all,
And yet knew nothing sure, though nought could fall
In compass of all thoughts to make her doubt,
Minerva that distraction struck throughout
Her mind's rapt forces that she might not tell
Ulysses, noting yet her aptness well,
With one hand took her chin, and made all show
Of favour to her, with the other drew
Her offer'd parting closer, ask'd her why
She, whose kind breast had nurs'd so tenderly
His infant life, would now his age destroy,
Though twenty years had held him from the joy
Of his lov'd country? But, since only she,
God putting her in mind, now knew 'twas he,
He charg'd her silence, and to let no ear
In all the court more know his being there,
Lest, if God gave into his wreakful hand
Th' insulting Wooers' lives, he did not stand
On any partial respect with her,
Because his nurse, and to the rest prefer
Her safety therefore, but, when they should feel
His punishing finger, give her equal steel.

What words, said she, fly your retentive pow'rs?
You know you lock your counsels in your tow'rs
In my firm bosom, and that I am far
From those loose frailties. Like an iron bar
Or bolt of solid stone, I will contain
And tell you this besides that if you gam,
By God's good aid, the Wooers' lives in yours,
What dames are here their shameless paramours,
And have done most dishonour to your worth,
My information well shall paint you forth.

"It shall not need, said he, myself will soon,
While thus I mark here, set on ev'ry one
My sure observance of the worst and best.
Be thou then silent, and leave God the rest.

Thus said, the old dame for more water went,
The rest was all upon the pavement spent
By known Ulysses' foot. More brought, and he
Supplied beside with sweetest ointments, she
His seat drew near the fire, to keep him warm
And with his piec'd rags hiding close his harm.
The Queen came near and said Yet, guest, afford
Your further patience, till but in a word
I'll tell my woes to you for well I know
That Rest's sweet hour her soft foot orders now
When all poor men, how much soever griev'd,
Would gladly get their woe watch'd pow'rs reliev'd.
But God hath giv'n my grief a heart so great
It will not down with rest, and so I set
My judgment up to make it my delight.
All day I mourn, yet nothing let the night
I owe my charge both in my work and mads
And when the night brings rest to others' aids
I toss my bed Distress, with twenty points,
Slaught'ring the pow'rs that to my turning joints
Convey the vital heat. And as all night
Pandareus daughter poor Edone, sings,
Clad in the verdure of the yearly springs,
When she for Itylus, her lov'd son,
By Zethus' issue in his madness done
To cruel death, pours out her hourly moan,

And draws the ears to her of ev'ry one ,
So flows my moan that cuts in two my mind,
And here and there gives my discourse the wind,
Uncertain whether I shall with my son
Abide still here, the safe possession
And guard of all goods, rev'rence to the bed
Of my lov'd lord, and to my far-off spread
Fame with the people, putting still in use,
Or follow any best Greek I can chuse
To his fit house, with treasure infinite,
Won to his nuptials While the infant plight
And want of judgment kept my son in guide,
He was not willing with my being a bride,
Nor with my parting from his court , but now,
Arriv'd at man's state, he would have me vow
My love to some one of my Wooers here,
And leave his court , offended that their cheer
Should so consume his free possessions
To settle then a choice in these my moans,
Hear and expound a dream that did engrave
My sleeping fancy Twenty geese I have,
All which, methought, mine eye saw tasting wheat
In water steep'd, and joy'd to see them eat ,
When straight a crook-beak'd eagle from a hill
Stoop'd, and truss'd all their necks, and all did kill ,
When, all left scatter'd on the pavement there,
She took her wing up to the Gods' fair sphere
I, ev'n amid my dream, did weep and mourn
To see the eagle, with so shrewd a turn,
Stoop my sad turrets , when, methought, there came
About my mournings many a Grecian dame,
To cheer my sorrows , in whose most extreme
The hawk came back, and on the prominent beam
That cross'd my chamber fell, and us'd to me
A human voice, that sounded horribly,
And said 'Be confident, Icarus' seed,
This is no dream, but what shall chance indeed.
The geese the Wooers are, the eagle, I,
Was heretofore a fowl, but now imply
Thy husband's being, and am come to give

The Wooers' death, that on my treasure live.
With this sleep left me, and my waking way
I took, to try if any violent prey
Were made of those my fowls, which well enough
I as before, found feeding at their trough
Their yoted wheat. O woman, he replied,

Thy dream can no interpretation bide
But what the eagle made, who was your lord,
And said himself would sure effect afford
To what he told you that confusion
To all the Wooers should appear and none
Escape the fate and death he had decreed.

She answer'd him O guest, these dreams exceed
The art of man t' interpret and appear
Without all choice or form nor ever were
Perform'd to all at all parts. But there are
To these light dreams, that like thin vapours fare,
Two two-leav'd gates, the one of ivory
The other horn. Those dreams, that fantasy
Takes from the polish'd ivory port, delude
The dreamer ever and no truth include
Those, that the glittering horn-gate lets abroad,
Do evermore some certain truth abode.
But this my dream I hold of no such sort
To fly from thence yet, whichever port
It had access from, it did highly please
My son and me. And this my thoughts profess
That day that lights me from Ulysses' court
Shall both my infamy and curse consort.
I, therefore, purpose to propose them now
In strong contention, Ulysses' bow
Which he that eas'ly draws, and from his draft
Shoots through twelve axes (as he did his shaft,
All set up in a row and from them all
His stand-far-off kept firm) my fortunes shall
Dispose, and take me to his house from hence,
Where I was wed a maid, in confluence
Of feast and riches such a court here then
As I shall ever in my dreams retain

Do not, said he, "defer the gameful prize,

But set to task their importunities
With something else than nuptials, for your lord
Will to his court and kingdom be restor'd
Before they thread those steels, or draw his bow "

"O guest," replied Penelope, "would you
Thus sit and please me with your speech, mine ears
Would never let mine eyelids close their spheres '¹
But none can live without the death of sleep
Th' Immortals in our mortal memories keep
Our ends and deaths by sleep, dividing so,
As by the fate and portion of our woe,
Our times spent here, to let us nightly try
That while we live, as much live as we die
In which use I will to my bed ascend,
Which I bedew with tears, and sigh past end
Through all my hours spent, since I lost my joy
For vile, lewd, never-to-be-naméd, Troy
Yet there I'll prove for sleep, which take you here,
Or on the earth, if that your custom were,
Or have a bed, dispos'd for warmer rest "
Thus left she with her ladies her old guest,
Ascended her fair chamber, and her bed,
Whose sight did ever duly make her shed
Tears for her lord, which still her eyes did steep,
Till Pallas shut them with delightsome sleep

THE END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

ULYSSES, in the Wooers' beds,
Resolving first to kill the males.
That sentence giving off his care
For other objects doth prepare.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Ψ Jove's thunder chides,
But cheers the King,
The Wooers' prides
Discomfiting.

ULYSSES in the entry laid his head,
And under him an ox hide newly flay'd,
Above him sheep-fells store and over those
Eurynomé cast mantles. His repose
Would bring no sleep yet, studying the ill
He wish'd the Wooers who came by him still
With all their wenches, laughing, wantoning,
In mutual lightness which his heart did sting,
Contending two ways, if all patience fled,
He should rush up and strike those strumpets dead,
Or let that night be last, and take the extreme
Of those proud Wooers, that were so supreme
In pleasure of their high-fed fantasies.
His heart did bark within him to surprise
Their sports with spoils no fell she mastiff can,
Amongst her whelps, fly eag'rer on a man
She doth not know yet scents him something near
And fain would come to please her tooth, and tear
Than his disdain, to see his roof so fill'd
With those foul fashions, grew within him wild
To be in blood of them. But, finding best
In his free judgment to let passion rest,

He chid his angry spirit, and beat his breast,
And said "Forbear, my mind, and think on this
There hath been time when bitter agonies
Have tried thy patience Call to mind the day
In which the Cyclop, which pass'd manly sway
Of violent strength, devour'd thy friends, thou then
Stood'st firmly bold, till from that hellish den
Thy wisdom brought thee off, when nought but death
Thy thoughts resolv'd on" This discourse did
breathe

The fiery boundings of his heart, that still
Lay in that æsture, without end his ill
Yet manly suff'ring But from side to side
It made him toss apace You have not tried
A fellow roasting of a pig before
A hasty fire, his belly yielding store
Of fat and blood, turn faster, labour more
To have it roast, and would not have it burn,
Than this and that way his unrest made turn
His thoughts and body, would not quench the fire,
And yet not have it heighten his desire
Past his discretion, and the fit enough
Of haste and speed, that went to all the proof
His well-laid plots, and his exploits requir'd,
Since he, but one, to all their deaths aspir'd

In this contention Pallas stoop'd from heav'n,
Stood over him, and had her presence giv'n
A woman's form, who sternly thus began
"Why, thou most sour and wretched-fated man
Of all that breathe, yet liest thou thus awake?
The house in which thy cares so toss and take
Thy quiet up is thine, thy wife is there,
And such a son, as if thy wishes were
To be suffic'd with one they could not mend"

"Goddess," said he, "'tis true, but I contend
To right their wrongs, and, though I be but one,
To lay unhelp'd and wreakful hand upon
This whole resort of impudents, that here
Their rude assemblies never will forbear
And yet a greater doubt employs my care,

That if their slaughters in my reaches are,
And I perform them, Jove and you not pleas'd,
How shall I fly their friends? And would stand
sees d

Of counsel to resolve this care in me."

"Wretch, she replied, a friend of worse degree
Might win thy credence, that a mortal were,
And us'd to second thee, though nothing near
So pow'ful in performance nor in care
Yet I, a Goddess, that have still had share
In thy achievements, and thy person's guard,
Must still be doubted by thy brain, so hard
To credit anything above thy pow'r
And that must come from heav'n if ev'ry hour
There be not personal appearance made,
And aid direct giv'n, that may sense invade.
I'll tell thee, therefore, clearly If there were
Of drivers-languag'd men an army here
Of fifty companies, all driving hence
Thy sheep and oxen, and with violence
Offer'd to charge us, and besedge us round,
Thou shouldst their prey reprise, and them confound.
Let sleep then seize thee. *To keep watch all night
Consumes the spirits, and makes dull the sight*
Thus potur'd the Goddess sleep into his eyes,
And reascended the Olympian skies.

When care-and-lineament resolving sleep
Had laid his temples in his golden steep,
His-wise-in-chaste-wit worthy wife did rise,
First sitting up in her soft bed, her eyes
Open'd with tears, in care of her estate,
Which now her friends resolv'd to terminate
To more delays, and make her marry one.
Her silent tears then ceas'd, her onson
This Queen of women to Diana made

"Rev'rend Diana, let thy darts invade
My woeful bosom, and my life deprive,
Now at this instant, or soon after drive
My soul with tempests forth, and give it way
To those far-off dark vaults, where never day

Hath pow'r to shine, and let them cast it down
Where refluent Oceanus doth crown
His curléd head, where Pluto's orchard is,
And entrance to our after miseries
As such stern whirlwinds ravish'd to that stream
Pandareus' daughters, when the Gods to them
Had reft their parents, and them left alone,
Poor orphan children, in their mansion,
Whose desolate life did Love's sweet Queen incline
To nurse with presséd milk and sweetest wine,
Whom Juno deck'd beyond all other dames
With wisdom's light, and beauty's moving flames,
Whom Phœbe goodliness of stature render'd,
And to whose fair hands wise Minerva tender'd
The loom and needle in their utmost skill,
And while Love's Empress scal'd th' Olympian hill
To beg of lightning-loving Jove (since he
The means to all things knows, and doth decree
Fortunes, infortunes, to the mortal race)
For those poor virgins, the accomplish'd grace
Of sweetest nuptials, the fierce Harpies prey'd
On ev'ry good and miserable maid,
And to the hateful Furies gave them all
In horrid service, yet, may such fate fall
From steep Olympus on my loathéd head,
Or fair-chair'd Phœbe strike me instant dead,
That I may undergo the gloomy shore
To visit great Ulysses' soul, before
I soothe my idle blood and wed a worse
And yet, beneath how desperate a curse
Do I live now! It is an ill that may
Be well endur'd, to mourn the whole long day,
So night's sweet sleeps, that make a man forget
Both bad and good, in some degree would let
My thoughts leave grieving, but, both day and night,
Some cruel God gives my sad memory sight
This night, methought, Ulysses grac'd my bed
In all the goodly state with which he led
The Grecian army, which gave joys extreme
To my distress, esteeming it no dream,

But true indeed and that conceit I had,
That when I saw it false I might be mad.
Such cruel fates command in my life's guide.

By this the morning's orient dew had dyed
The earth in all her colours when the King,
In his sweet sleep, suppos'd the sorrowing
That she us'd waking in her plaintive bed
To be her mourning, standing by his head,
As having known him there who straight arose,
And did again within the hall dispose
The carpets and the cushions, where before
They serv'd the seats. The hide without the door
He turned back, and then, with held-up hands,
He pray'd to Him that heav'n and earth commands

O Father Jove, if through the moist and dry
You, willing brought me home, when misery
Had punish'd me enough by your free dooms,
Let some of these within those inner rooms,
Startled with horror of some strange oment,
Come here, and tell me that great Jove hath bent
Threatnings without at some lewd men within.

To this his pray'r Jove shook his sable chin,
And thunder'd from those pure clouds that, above
The breathing air in bright Olympus move.
Divine Ulysses joy'd to hear a roar
Report of which a woman-miller bore
Straight to his ears for near to him there ground
Mills for his corn, that twice six women found
Continual motion, grinding barley meal,
And wheat, man's marrow Sleep the eyes did seal
Of all the other women, having done
Their usual task which yet this dame alone
Had scarce giv'n end to, being, of all the rest,
Least fit for labour But when these sounds prest
Her ears, above the rumbling of her mill,
She let that stand, look'd out, and heav'n's steep hill
Saw clear and temperate which made her (unware
Of giving any comfort to his care
In that strange sign he pray'd for) thus invoke
O King of men and Gods, a mighty stroke

Thy thund'ring hand laid on the cope of stars,
No cloud in all the air, and therefore wars
Thou bidst to some men in thy sure ostent!
Perform to me, poor wretch, the main event,
And make this day the last, and most extreme,
In which the Wooers' pride shall solace them
With whorish banquets in Ulysses' roof,
That, with sad toil to grind them meal enough,
Have quite dissolv'd my knees Vouchsafe, then, now
Thy thunders may their latest feast foreshow "
This was the boon Ulysses begg'd of Jove,*
Which, with his thunder, through his bosom drove
A joy, that this vaunt breath'd "Why now these men,
Despite their pride, will Jove make pay me pain "

By this had other maids, than those that lay
Mix'd with the Wooers, made a fire like day
Amidst the hearth of the illustrious hall,
And then the Prince, like a Celestial,
Rose from his bed, to his embalm'd feet tied
Fair shoes, his sword about his breast applied,
Took to his hand his sharp-pil'd lance, and met,
Amidst the entry, his old nurse, that set
His haste at sudden stand, to whom he said
"O, my lov'd nurse, with what grace have you laid
And fed my guest here? Could you so neglect
His age, to lodge him thus? Though all respect
I give my mother's wisdom, I must yet
Affirm it fail'd in this, for she hath set
At much more price a man of much less worth,
Without his person's note, and yet casts forth
With ignominious hands, for his form sake,
A man much better " "Do not faulty make,
Good son, the faultless He was giv'n his seat
Close to her side, and food till he would eat,
Wine till his wish was serv'd, for she requir'd
His wants, and will'd him all things he desir'd,
Commanded her chief maids to make his bed,
But he, as one whom sorrow only fed

* Viz That some from within might issue, and witness in his hearing some wreakful ostent to his enemies from heaven

And all infortune, would not take his rest
In bed, and coverings fit for any guest,
But in the entry on an ox's hide
Never at tanner's, his old limbs implied,
In warm sheep-sells yet over all we cast
A mantle, sitting for a man more grac'd.

He took her answer, left the house, and went,
Attended with his dogs, to sift the event
Of private plots, betwixt him and his sire
In common counsel. Then the crew entire
Of all the household maids Euryclea bad
Bestir them through the house, and see it clad
In all best form gave all their parts and one
She set to furnish ev'ry seat and throne
With needleworks, and purple clothes of state
Another set to scour and cleanse the plate
Another all the tables to make proud
With porous sponges others she bestow'd
In all speed to the spring, to fetch from thence
Fit store of water all at all expence
Of pains she wou'd to be for this to all
Should be a day of common festival,
And not a Wooer now should seek his home,
Elsewhere than there, but all were bid to come
Exceeding early and be rais'd to heav'n
With all the entertainment could be giv'n.

They heard with greedy ears, and ev'rything
Put straight in practice. Twenty to the spring
Made speed for water many in the house
Took pains and all were both laborious
And skill'd in labour many fell to fell
And cleave their wood and all did more than well.

Then troop'd the lusty Wooers in and then
Came all from spring at their heels loaded men
With slaughter'd brawns, of all the herd the prize,
That had been long fed up in sev'ral styes
Eumæus and his men convey'd them there
He, seeing now the king, began to cheer
And thus saluted him "How now my guest?
Have yet your virtues found more interest

In these great Wooers' good respects? Or still
Pursue they you with all their wonted ill?"

"I would to heav'n, Eumæus," he replied,
"The Deities once would take in hand their pride,
That such unseemly fashions put in frame
In others' roofs, as show no spark of shame"

Thus these, and to these came Melanthius,
Great guardian of the most egregious
Rich Wooers' herds, consisting all of goats,
Which he, with two more, drave, and made their cotes
The sounding porticos of that fair court
Melanthius, seeing the king, this former sort
Of upland language gave "What? Still stay here,
And dull these Wooers with thy wretched cheer?
Not gone for ever yet? Why now I see
This strife of cuffs betwixt the beggary,
That yesterday assay'd to get thee gone,
And thy more roguery, needs will fall upon
My hands to arbitrate Thou wilt not hence
Till I set on thee, thy ragg'd impudence
Is so fast-footed Are there not beside
Other great banquetants, but you must ride
At anchor still with us?" He nothing said,
But thought of ill enough, and shook his head

Then came Philœtus, a chief of men,
That to the Wooers' all-devouring den
A barren steer drave, and fat goats, for they
In custom were with traffickers by sea,
That who they would sent, and had utt'rance there
And for these likewise the fair porches were
Hurdles and sheep-pens, as in any fair
Philœtus took note in his repair
Of seen Ulysses, being a man as well
Giv'n to his mind's use as to buy and sell,
Or do the drudg'ry that the blood desir'd,
And, standing near Eumæus, this enquir'd
"What guest is this that makes our house of late
His entertainer? Whence claims he the state
His birth in this life holds? What nation?
What race? What country stands his speech upon?"

O'er hardly portion'd by the terrible Fates,
The structure of his *lineaments* relates
A king's resemblance in his pomp of reign
Ev'n thus in these rags But poor erring men
That have no firm home, but range here and there
As need compels, God keeps in this earth's sphere,
As under water and this tune he sings,
When he is spinning ev'n the cares of kings.

Thus coming to him, with a kind of fear
He took his hand, and, touch'd exceeding near
With mere imagination of his worth
This salutation he sent loudly forth

Health! Father stranger! In another world
Be rich and happy though thou here art hurl'd
At feet of never such insulting Need.
O Jove, there lives no one God of thy seed
More ill to man than thou. Thou tak'st no ruth—
When thou thyself hast got him in most truth—
To wrap him in the straits of most distress,
And in the curse of others' wickedness.
My brows have swet to see it, and mine eyes
Broke all in tears, when this being still the guise
Of worthiest men I have but only thought,
That down to these ills was Ulysses wrought,
And that, thus clad, ev'n he is error-dru'n
If yet he live and sees the light of heav'n
But, if now dead, and in the house of hell
O me! O good Ulysses! That my weal
Did ever wish, and when, but half a man
Amongst the people Cephallenian,
His bounty to his oxen's charge preferr'd
One in that youth which now is grown a herd
Unspeakable for number and feed there
With their broad heads, as thick as of his ear
A field of corn is to a man Yet these
Some men advise me with this noted prease
Of *Wooers* may devour and wish me drive
Up to their feasts with them, that neither give
His son respect, though in his own free roof
Nor have the wit to fear th' infallible proof

Of Heav'nly vengeance, but make offer now
 The long-lack'd King's possessions to bestow
 In their self-shares Methinks the mind in me
 Doth turn as fast, as in a flood or sea
 A raging whirlpit doth, to gather in
 To fishy death those swimmers in their sin,
 Or feeds a motion as circular
 To drive my herds away But while the son
 Bears up with life, 'twere heinous wrong to run
 To other people with them, and to trust
 Men of another earth And yet more just
 It were to venture their laws, the main right
 Made still their masters, than at home lose quite
 Their right and them, and sit and grieve to see
 The wrong autoriz'd by their gluttony
 And I had long since fled, and tried th' event
 With other proud kings, since more insolent
 These are than can be borne, but that ev'n still
 I had a hope that this, though born to ill,
 Would one day come from some coast, and their last
 In his roofs strew with ruins red and vast "

"Herdsman," said he, "because thou art in show
 Nor lewd nor indiscreet, and that I know
 There rules in thee an understanding soul,
 I'll take an oath, that in thee shall control
 All doubt of what I swear Be witness, Jove,
 That sway'st the first seat of the thron'd above,
 This hospitable table, and this house,
 That still hold title for the strenuous
 Son of Laertes, that, if so you please,
 Your eyes shall witness Laertiades
 Arriv'd at home, and all these men that reign
 In such excesses here shall here lie slain !"

He answer'd "Stranger ! Would just Jove would
 sign
 What you have sworn ! In your eyes' beams should
 shine

What pow'rs I manage, and how these my hands
 Would rise and follow where he first commands "

So said Eumæus, praying all the Sky

That wise Ulysses might arrive and try

Thus while they vow'd, the Wooers sat as hard
On his son's death, but had their counsels scar'd,
For on their left hand did an eagle soar
And in her serres a fearful pigeon bore.
Which seen, Amphinomus presag'd O friends,
Our counsels never will receive their ends
In this man's slaughter Let us therefore ply
Our bloody feast, and make his oxen die.

Thus came they in, cast off on seats their cloaks,
And fell to giving sacrificing strokes
Of sheep and goats, the chiefly fat and great,
Slew fed-up swine, and from the herd a neat

The inwards roasted they dispos'd bewixt
Their then observers, wine in flagons mixt.

The bowls Eumæus brought, Phileteus bread,
Melanthrus fill'd the wine. Thus drank and fed
The feastful Wooers. Then the prince, in grace
Of his close project, did his father place
Amidst the paved entry in a seat
Seemless and abject, a small board and meat
Of th' only inwards in a cup of gold
Yet sent him wine, and bade him now drink bold,
All his approaches he himself would free
'Gainst all the Wooers, since he would not see
His court made popular but that his sire
Built it to his use. Therefore all the fire
Blown in the Wooers' spleens he bade suppress,
And that in hands nor words they should digress
From that set peace his speech did then proclaim.
They bit their lips and wonder'd at his aim
In that brave language when Antinous said

Though this speech, Grecians, be a mere upbraid,
Yet this time give it pass. The will of Jove
Forbids the violence of our hands to move,
But of our tongues we keep the motion free,
And, therefore, if his further jollity
Tempt our encounter with his braves, let's check
His growing insolence, though pride to speak
Fly passing high with him. The wise prince made

No more spring of his speech, but let it fade
And now the heralds bore about the town
The sacred hecatomb, to whose renown
The fair-hair'd Greeks assembled, and beneath
Apollo's shady wood the holy death
They put to fire, which, made enough, they drew,
Divided all, that did in th' end accrue
To glorious satisfaction Those that were
Disposers of the feast did equal cheer
Bestow on wretched Laertiades,
With all the Wooers' souls, it so did please
Telemachus to charge them And for these
Minerva would not see the malices
The Wooers bore too much contain'd, that so
Ulysses' mov'd heart yet might higher flow
In wreakful anguish There was wooing there,
Amongst the rest, a gallant that did bear
The name of one well-learn'd in jests profane,
His name Ctesippus, born a Samian,
Who, proud because his father was so rich,
Had so much confidence as did bewitch
His heart with hope to wed Ulysses' wife,
And this man said "Hear me, my lords, in strife
For this great widow This her guest did share
Even feast with us, with very comely care
Of him that order'd it, for 'tis not good
Nor equal to deprive guests of their food,
And specially whatever guest makes way
To that house where Telemachus doth sway,
And therefore I will add to his receipt
A gift of very hospitable weight,
Which he may give again to any maid
That bathes his grave feet, and her pains see paid,
Or any servant else that the divine
Ulysses' lofty battlements confine"

Thus snatch'd he with a valiant hand, from out
The poor folks' common basket, a neat's foot,
And threw it at Ulysses, who his head
Shrunk quietly aside, and let it shed
His malice on the wall, the suff'ring man

A laughter raising most Sardinian,
With scorn and wrath mix'd, at the Samian.
Whom thus the prince reprov'd Your valour wan
Much grace, Ctesippus, and hath eas'd your mind
With mighty profit, yet you see it find
No mark it aim'd at the poor stranger's part
Himself made good enough, to scape your dart.
But should I serve thee worthily my lance
Should strike thy heart through, and, in place t' advance
Thyself in nuptials with his wealth, thy sire
Should make thy tomb here that the foolish fire
Of all such valours may not dare to show
These foul indecencies to me. I now
Have years to understand my strength, and know
The good and bad of things, and am no more
At your large suffrance, to behold my store
Consum'd with patience, see my cattle slain,
My wine exhausted, and my bread in vain
Spent on your license for to one then young
So many enemies were match too strong
But let me never more be witness to
Your hostile minds, nor those base deeds ye do
For should ye kill me in my offer'd wreat,
I wish it rather and my death would speak
Much more good of me, than to live and see
Indignity upon indignity
My guests provok'd with bitter words and blows,
My women-servants dragg'd about my house
To lust and rapture. This made silence seize
The house throughout till Damastorides
At length the calm brake, and said Friend, forbear
To give a just speech a disdainful ear
The guest no more touch, nor no servant here.
Myself will to the Prince and Queen commend
A motion grateful, if they please to lend
Grateful receipt. As long as any hope
Left wise Ulysses any passage ope
To his return in our conceits, so long
The Queen's delays to our demands stood strong
In cause and reason, and our quarrels thus

With guests, the Queen, or her Telemachus,
Set never foot amongst our liberal feast,
For should the King return, though thought deceas'd,
It had been gain to us, in finding him.
To lose his wife But now, since nothing dim
The days break out that show he never more
Shall reach the dear touch of his country shore,
Sit by your mother, in persuasion
That now it stands her honour much upon
To choose the best of us, and, who gives most,
To go with him home For so, all things lost
In sticking on our haunt so, you shall clear
Recover in our no more concourse here,
Possess your birth-right wholly, eat and drink,
And never more on our disgraces think'

"By Jove, no, Agelaus! For I swear
By all my father's sorrows, who doth err
Far off from Ithaca, or rests in death,
I am so far from spending but my breath
To make my mother any more defer
Her wish'd nuptials, that I'll counsel her
To make her free choice, and besides will give
Large gifts to move her But I fear to drive
Or charge her hence, for God will not give way
To any such course, if I should assay"

At this, Minerva made for foolish joy
The Wooers mad, and rous'd their late annoy
To such a laughter as would never down
They laugh'd with others' cheeks, ate meat o'erflown
With their own bloods, their eyes stood full of tears
For violent joys, their souls yet thought of fears,
Which Theoclymenus express'd, and said

"O wretches! Why sustain ye, well apaid,
Your imminent ill? A night, with which death sees,
Your heads and faces hides beneath your knees,
Shrieks burn about you, your eyes thrust out tears,
These fix'd walls, and that main beam that bears
The whole house up, in bloody torrents fall,
The entry full of ghosts stands, full the hall
Of passengers to hell, and under all

The dismal shades the sun sinks from the poles
And troubled air pours bane about your souls."

They sweetly laughed at this. Eurymachus
To mocks dispos'd, and said "This new-come-t' us
Is surely mad, conduct him forth to light
In th' open market-place he thinks tis night
Within the house. "Eurymachus, said he,
"I will not ask for any guide of thee,
I both my feet enjoy have ears and eyes,
And no mad soul within me and with these
Will I go forth the doors, because I know
That imminent mischief must abide with you,
Which not a man of all the Woovers here
Shall fly or scape. Ye all too highly bear
Your uncurb'd heads. Impieties ye commit,
And ev'ry man affect with forms unfit."
This said, he left the house, and took his way
Home to Piræus who, as free as day
Was of his welcome. When the Woovers' eyes
Chang'd looks with one another and, their guise
Of laughters still held on, still eas'd their breasts
Of will to set the Prince against his guests,
Affirming that of all the men alive
He worst luck had, and prov'd it worst to give
Guests entertainment for he had one there
A wand'ring hunter-out of provender
An errant beggar ev'ry way yet thought
(He was so hungry) that he needed nought
But wine and victuals, nor knew how to do,
Nor had a spirit to put a knowledge to,
But liv'd an idle burthen to the earth.

Another then stepp'd up, and would lay forth
His lips in prophecy thus But, would he hear
His friends' persuasions, he should find it were
More profit for him to put both aboard
For the Sicilian people, that afford
These feet of men good price and this would bring*
Good means for better guests. These words made
wing

These feet of men etc — ἀνδραποδιστά.

To his ears idly, who had still his eye
Upon his father, looking fervently
When he would lay his long-withholding hand
On those proud Wooers And, within command
Of all this speech that pass'd, Icarus' heir,
The wise Penelope, her royal chair
Had plac'd of purpose Their high dinner then
With all-pleas'd palates these ridiculous men
Fell sweetly to, as joying they had slain
Such store of banquet But there did not reign
A bitterer banquet-planet in all heav'n
Than that which Pallas had to that day driv'n,
And, with her able friend now, meant t' appose,
Since they till then were in deserts so gross

THE END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE TWENTY FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

PENELOPE proposeth now
To him that draws Ulysses bow
Her instant nuptials. Ithacus
Eumæus and Philoetius
Give charge for guarding of the gates
And he his shaft shoots through the plates.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

42. The nuptial vow
And game rehears'd,
Drawn is the bow
The steels are pierc'd.

PALLAS, the Goddess with the sparkling eyes,
Excites Penelope to object the prize,
The bow and bright steels, to the Wooers' strength
And here began the strife and blood at length.
She first ascended by a lofty stair
Her utmost chamber of whose door her fair
And half transparent band receiv'd the key
Bright, brazen, bitted passing curiously
And at it hung a knob of ivory
And this did lead her where was strongly kept
The treasure-royal in whose store lay heapt
Gold, brass, and steel, engrav'n with infinite art
The crooked bow and arrowy quiver part
Of that rich magazine. In the quiver were
Arrows a number sharp and sighing gear
The bow was giv'n by kind Eurytides
Iphitus, fashion'd like the Deities,
To young Ulysses, when within the roof
Of wise Orsilochus their pass had proof

Of mutual meeting in Messena, where
Ulysses claim'd a debt, to whose pay were
The whole Messenian people bound, since they
From Ithaca had forc'd a wealthy prey
Of sheep and shepherds In their ships they thrust
Three hundred sheep together, for whose just
And instant rendry old Laertes sent
Ulysses his ambassador, that went
A long way in the embassy, yet then
Bore but the foremost prime of youngest men,
His father sending first to that affair
His gravest counsellors, and then his heir
Iphitus made his way there, having lost
Twelve female horse, and mules commended most
For use of burthen, which were after cause
Of death and fate to him, for, past all laws
Of hospitality, Jove's mighty son,
Skill'd in great acts, was his confusion
Close by his house, though at that time his guest,
Respecting neither the apposed feast,
And hospitable table, that in love
He set before him, nor the voice of Jove,
But, seizing first his mares, he after slew
His host himself From those mares' search now
grew

Ulysses known t' Iphitus, who that bow
At their encounter did in love bestow,
Which great Eurytus' hand had borne before,
(Iphitus' father) who, at death's sad door,
In his steep turrets, left it to his son
Ulysses gave him a keen falchion,
And mighty lance And thus began they there
Their fatal loves, for after never were
Their mutual tables to each other known,
Because Jove's son th' unworthy part had shown
Of slaughtering this God-like loving man,
Eurytus' son, who with that bow began
And ended love t' Ulysses, who so dear
A gift esteem'd it, that he would not bear
In his black fleet that guest-rite to the war,

But, in fit memory of one so far
In his affection, brought it home, and kept
His treasure with it where till now it slept.

And now the Queen of women had intent
To give it use, and therefore made ascent
Up all the stairs height to the chamber door
Whose shining leaves two bright pilasters bore
To such a close when both together went
It would resist the air in their consent.
The ring she took then, and did draw aside
A bar that ran within, and then implied
The key into the lock, which gave a sound,
The bolt then shooting, as in pasture ground
A bull doth low and make the valleys ring
So loud the lock humm'd when it loos'd the spring,
And ope the doors flew In she went, along
The lofty chamber that was boarded strong
With heart of oak, which many years ago
The architect did smooth and polish so
That now as then he made it freshly shine,
And tried the evenness of it with a line.

There stood in this room presses that enclos'd
Robes odonferous, by which repos'd
The bow was upon pins nor from it far
Hung the round quiver glitt'ring like a star
Both which her white extended hand took down
Then sat she low and made her lap a crown
Of both these relics, which she wept to see,
And cried quite out with loving memory
Of her dear lord to whose worth paying then
Kind debts enow she left, and, to the men
Vow'd to her wooing, brought the crooked bow
And shaft receiving quiver that did flow
With arrows beating sighs up where they fell.
Then, with another chest, replete as well
With games won by the King, of steel and brass,
Her maids attended. Past whom making pass
To where her Wooers were, she made her stay
Amidst the fair hall door and kept the ray
Of her bright count'nance hid with veils so thin,

That though they seem'd t' expose, they let love in,
Her maids on both sides stood, and thus she spake

"Hear me, ye Wooers, that a pleasure take
To do me sorrow, and my house invade
To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
To serve your rapines, my lord long away,
And you allow'd no colour for your stay
But his still absence, striving who shall frame
Me for his wife, and, since 'tis made a game,
I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
For that great master-piece to which ye vow
He that can draw it with least show to strive,
And through these twelve axe-heads an arrow drive,
Him will I follow, and this house forego
That nourish'd me a maid, now furnish'd so
With all things fit, and which I so esteem
That I shall still live in it in my dream"

This said, she made Eumæus give it them
He took and laid it by, and wept for woe,
And like him wept Philœtius, when the bow
Of which his king was bearer he beheld
Their tears Antinous' manhood much refell'd,
And said "Ye rustic fools! that still each day
Your minds give over to this vain dismay,
Why weep ye, wretches, and the widow's eyes
Tempt with renew'd thought, that would otherwise
Depose her sorrows, since her lord is dead,
And tears are idle? Sit, and eat your bread,
Nor whisper more a word, or get ye gone,
And weep without doors Let this bow alone
To our out-match'd contention For I fear
The bow will scarce yield draught to any here,
Here no such man lives as Laertes' son
Amongst us all I knew him, thought puts on
His look's sight now, methinks, though then a child"
Thus show'd his words doubt, yet his hopes instill'd
His strength the stretcher of Ulysses' string,
And his steels' piercer But his shaft must sing
Through his pierc'd palate first, whom so he wrong'd
In his free roof, and made the rest ill-tongued

Against his virtues. Then the sacred heat
That spirited his son did further set
Their confidence on fire, and said "O friends,
Jove hath bereft my wife. The Queen intends,
Though I must grant her wish, ere long to leave
Ulysses' court, and to her bed receive
Some other lord yet, notwithstanding, I
Am forc'd to laugh, and set my pleasures high
Like one mad sick. But, Wooers, since ye have
An object for your trials now so brave,
As all the broad Achaean earth exceeds,
As sacred Pylos, as the Argive breeds,
As black Epirus, as Mycenæ's birth,
And as the more fam'd Ithacensian earth,
All which, yourselves well know and oft have said—
For what need hath my mother of my aid
In her advancement?—tender no excuse
For least delay nor too much time profuse
In stay to draw this bow but draw it straight,
Shoot, and the steels pierce make all see how slight
You make these poor bars to so rich a prize.
No eag'rer yet? Come on. My faculties
Shall try the bow's strength, and the pierc'd steel
I will not for my rev'rend mother feel
The sorrows that I know will seize my heart,
To see her follow any and depart
From her so long-held home but first extend
The bow and arrow to their tender'd end.
For I am only to succeed my sire
In guard of his games, and let none aspire
To their besides possession. This said,
His purple robe he cast off by he laid
His well-edg'd sword and, first, a sev'ral pit
He digg'd for ev'ry axe, and strengthen'd it
With earth close ramm'd about it on a row
Set them, of one height, by a line he drew
Along the whole twelve and so orderly
Did ev'ry deed belonging (yet his eye
Never before beholding how 'twas done)
That in amaze rose all his lookers-on.

Then stood he near the door, and prov'd to draw
The stubborn bow Thrice tried, and thrice gave law
To his uncrown'd attempts, the fourth assay
With all force offering, which a sign gave stay
Giv'n by his father, though he show'd a mind
As if he stood right heartily inclin'd
To perfect the exploit, when all was done
In only drift to set the Wooers on
His weakness yet confess'd, he said "O shame!
I either shall be ever of no name,
But prove a wretch, or else I am too young,
And must not now presume on pow'rs so strong
As sinews yet more growing may engraft,
To turn a man quite over with a shaft
Besides, to men whose nerves are best prepar'd,
All great adventures at first proof are hard
But come, you stronger men, attempt this bow,
And let us end our labour" Thus, below
A well-join'd board he laid it, and close by
The brightly-headed shaft, then thron'd his thigh
Amidst his late-left seat Antinous then
Bade all arise, but first, who did sustain
The cup's state ever, and did sacrifice
Before they ate still, and that man bade rise,
Since on the other's right hand he was plac'd,
Because he held the right hand's rising, grac'd
With best success still This discretion won
Supreme applause, and first rose Cænops' son,
Liodes, that was priest to all the rest,
Sat lowest with the cup still, and their jest
Could never like, but ever was the man
That check'd their follies, and he now began
To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard,
And held aloft, and, till he quite had marr'd
His delicate tender fingers, could not stir
The churlish string, who therefore did refer
The game to others, saying, that same bow,
In his presage, would prove the overthrow
Of many a chief man there, nor thought the fate
Was any whit austere, since death's short date

Were much the better taken, than long life
Without the object of their amorous strife,
For whom they had burn'd-out so many days
To find still other, nothing but delays
Obtaining in them and affirm'd that now
Some hop'd to have her, but when that tough bow
They all had tried, and seen the utmost done,
They must rest pleas'd to cease and now some one
Of all their other fair veild Grecian dames
With gifts, and dower and Hymeneal flames,
Let her love light to him that most will give,
And whom the nuptial destiny did drive.

Thus laid he on the well join'd polish'd board
The bow and bright pil'd shaft, and then restor'd
His seat his right. To him Antinous
Gave bitter language, and reprov'd him thus

What words, Laodes, pass thy speech's guard,
That 'tis a work to bear and set so hard
They set up my disdain! This bow must end
The best of us? Since thy arms cannot lend
The string least motion? Thy mother's throes
Brought never forth thy arms to draught of bows,
Or knitting shafts off. Though thou canst not draw
The sturdy plant, thou art to us no law
Melanthrus! Light a fire, and set thereat
A chair and cushions, and that mass of fat
That lies within bring out, that we may set
Our pages to this bow to see it het
And suppl'd with the suet, and then we
May give it draught, and pay this great decree
Utmost performance. He a mighty fire
Gave instant flame, put into act th' entire
Command laid on him, chair and cushions set,
Laid on the bow which straight the pages het,
Chaf'd, suppl'd with the suet to their most
And still was all their unctuous labour lost,
All Wooders' strengths too indigent and poor
To draw that bow Antinous' arms it tore,
And great Eurymachus' the both clear best,
Yet both it tir'd, and made them glad to rest.

Forth then went both the swains, and after them
Divine Ulysses when, being past th' extreme
Of all the gates, with winning words he tried
Their loves, and this ask'd "Shall my counsels hide
Their depths from you? My mind would gladly
know

If suddenly Ulysses had his vow
Made good for home, and had some God to guide
His steps and strokes to wreak these Wooers' pride,
Would your aids join on his part, or with theirs?
How stand your hearts affected?" They made pray'rs
That some God would please to return their lord,
He then should see how far they would afford
Their lives for his He, seeing their truth, replied
"I am your lord, through many a suff'rance tried,
Arriv'd now here, whom twenty years have held
From forth my country Yet are not conceal'd
From my sure knowledge your desires to see
My safe return Of all the company
Now serving here besides, not one but you
Mine ear hath witness'd willing to bestow
Their wishes of my life, so long held dead
I therefore vow, which shall be perfected,
That if God please beneath my hand to leave
These Wooers lifeless, ye shall both receive
Wives from that hand, and means, and near to me
Have houses built to you, and both shall be
As friends and brothers to my only son
And, that ye well may know me, and be won
To that assurance, the infallible sign
The white-tooth'd boar gave, this mark'd knee of
mine,

When in Parnassus he was held in chase
By me, and by my famous grandsire's race,
I'll let you see" Thus sever'd he his weed
From that his wound, and ev'ry word had deed
In their sure knowledges Which made them cast
Their arms about him, his broad breast embrac'd,
His neck and shoulders kiss'd And him as well
Did those true pow'rs of human love compell

To kiss their heads and hands, and to their moan
Had sent the free light of the cheerful sun
Had not Ulysses broke the ruth and said

Cease tears and sorrows, lest we prove display'd
By some that issue from the house and they
Relate to those within Take each his way
Not altogether in, but one by one,
First I then you and then see this be done
The envious Wooers will by no means give
The offer of the bow and arrow leave
To come at me spite then their pride do thou,
My good Eumæus, bring both shaft and bow
To my hands proof and charge the maids before
That instantly they shut in every door
That they themselves (if any tumult rise
Beneath my roofs by any that envies
My will to undertake the game) may gain
No passage forth, but close at work contain
With all free quiet, or at least constrain'd
And therefore my Philoctius, see maintain'd,
When close the gates are shut, their closure fast,
To which end be it thy sole work to cast
Their chains before them. This said in he led,
Took first his seat, and then they seconded
His entry with their own. Then took in hand
Eurymachus the bow made close his stand
Aside the fire, at whose heat here and there
He warm'd and suppl'd it, yet could not sterve
To any draught the string, with all his art
And therefore swell'd in him his glorious heart
Affirming, "that himself and all his friends
Had cause to grieve, not only that their ends
They miss'd in marriage since enough besides
Kind Grecian dames there liv'd to be their brides
In Ithaca, and other bordering towns,
But that to all times future their renowns
Would stand disparag'd, if Ulysses' bow
They could not draw and yet his wife would woo"
Antinous answer'd "That there could ensue
No shame at all to them for well he knew

That this day was kept holy to the Sun
 By all the city, and there should be done
 No such profane act, therefore bade lay by
 The bow for that day, but the mastery
 Of axes that were set up still might stand,
 Since that no labour was, nor any hand
 Would offer to invade Ulysses' house,
 To take, or touch with surreptitious
 Or violent hand, what there was left for use
 He, therefore, bade the cup-bearer infuse
 Wine to the bowls, that so with sacrifice
 They might let rest the shooting exercise,
 And in the morning make Melanthius bring
 The chief goats of his herd, that to the King
 Of bows and archers they might burn the thighs
 For good success, and then attempt the prize "

The rest sat pleas'd with this The heralds straight
 Pour'd water on their hands, each page did wait
 With his crown'd cup of wine, serv'd ev'ry man
 Till all were satisfied And then began
 Ulysses' plot of his close purpose thus

"Hear me, ye much renown'd Eurymachus,
 And king Antinous, in chief, who well,
 And with decorum sacred, doth compell
 This day's observance, and to let lay down
 The bow all this light, giving Gods their own
 The morning's labour God the more will bless,
 And strength bestow where he himself shall please
 Against which time let me presume to pray
 Your favours with the rest, that this assay
 May my old arms prove, trying if there lie
 In my poor pow'rs the same activity
 That long since crown'd them, or if needy fare
 And desolate wand'ring have the web worn bare
 Of my life's thread at all parts, that no more
 Can furnish these affairs as heretofore "

This het their spleens past measure, blown with fear -
 Lest his loath'd temples would the garland wear
 Of that bow's draught, Antinous using speech
 To this sour purpose "Thou most arrant wretch

Of all guests breathing, in no least degree
Grac'd with a human soul, it serves not thee
To feast in peace with us, take equal share
Of what we reach to, sit and all things hear
That we speak freely — which no begging guest
Did ever yet, — but thou must make request
To mix with us in ment of the Queen
But wine inflames thee, that hath ever been
The bane of men whoever yet would take
Th' excess it offers and the mean forsake.
Wine spoil'd the Centaur great Eurymon
In guest-rites with the mighty minded son
Of bold Ixion, in his way to war
Against the Lapithes who, driv'n as far
As madness with the bold effects of wine
Did outrage to his kind host, and decline
Other heroes from him feasted there
With so much anger that they left their cheer
And dragg'd him forth the fore-court, slit his nose,
Cropp'd both his ears, and, in the ill-dispose
His mind then suffer'd, drew the fatal day
On his head with his host for thence the fray
Betwixt the Centaurs and the Lapithes
Had mortal act. But he for his excess
In spoil of wine sared worse himself as thou
For thy large cups, if thy arms draw the bow
My mind fortells shalt fear for not a man
Of all our consort, that in wisdom can
Boast any fit share, will take prayers then,
But to Echetus, the most stern of men,
A black sail freight with thee, whose worst of ill,
Be sure, is past all ransom. Sit, then, still,
Drink temperately and never more contend
With men your youngers. This the Queen did end
With her defence of him, and told his foe
It was not fair nor equal t' overcrow
The poorest guest her sou pleas'd t' entertain
In his free turrets with so proud a strain
Of threats and bravings asking if he thought,
That if the stranger to his arms had brought

The stubborn bow down, he should marry her,
 And bear her home? And said, himself should err
 In no such hope, nor of them all the best
 That griev'd at any good she did her guest
 Should banquet there, since it in no sort show'd
 Noblesse in them, nor paid her what she ow'd
 Her own free rule there 'This Eurymachus
 Confirm'd and said "Nor feeds it hope in us,
 Icarus' daughter, to solemnize rites
 Of nuptials with thee, nor in noblest sights
 It can show comely, but to our respects
 The rumour both of sexes and of sects
 Amongst the people would breed shame and fear,
 Lest any worst Greek said 'See, men that were
 Of mean deservings will presume t'aspire
 To his wife's bed, whom all men did admire
 For fame and merit, could not draw his bow,
 And yet his wife had foolish pride to woo,
 When straight an errant beggar comes and draws
 The bow with ease, performing all the laws
 The game besides contain'd', and this would thus
 Prove both indignity and shame to us"

The Queen replied "The fame of men, I see,
 Bears much price in your great suppos'd degree,
 Yet who can prove amongst the people great,
 That of one so esteem'd of them the seat
 Doth so defame and ruin? And beside,
 With what right is this guest thus vilified
 In your high censures, when the man in blood
 Is well compos'd and great, his parents good?*"
 And therefore give the bow to him, to try
 His birth and breeding by his chivalry
 If his arms draw it, and that Phœbus stands
 So great a glory to his strength, my hands
 Shall add this guerdon Ev'ry sort of weed,
 A two-edg'd sword, and lance to keep him freed
 From dogs and men hereafter, and dismiss
 His worth to what place tends that heart of his"

Her son gave answer "That it was a wrong

* *Ευπηγής, bene compactus et coagmentatus*

To his free sway in all things that belong
To guard of that house, to demand the bow
Of any Wooer and the use bestow
Upon the stranger for the bow was his
To give or to withhold no masteries
Of her proposing giving any pow'r
T' impair his right in things for any Wooer
Or any that rough Ithaca affords,
Any that Elis of which no man's words
Nor pow'rs should curb him, stood he so inclin'd,
To see the bow in absolute gift resign'd
To that his guest to bear and use at will
And therefore bade his mother keep her still
Amongst her women at her rock and loom
Bows were for men and this bow did become
Past all men's his disposeure, since his sire
Left it to him, and all the house entire.

She stood dismay'd at this, and in her mind
His wise words laid up, standing so inclin'd
As he had will'd, with all her women going
Up to her chamber there her tears bestowing,
As ev'ry night she did, on her lov'd lord,
Till sleep and Pallas her fit rest restor'd.

The bow Eumæus took, and bore away
Which up in tumult, and almost in fray
Put all the Wooers, one enquiring thus

Whither rogue, abject, wilt thou bear from us
That bow propos'd? Lay down, or I protest
Thy dogs shall eat thee, that thou nourishest
To guard thy swine amongst whom, left of all
Thy life shall leave thee, if the festival,
We now observe to Phœbus, may our zeals
Grace with his aid, and all the Deities else.

This threat made good Eumæus yield the bow
To his late place, not knowing what might grow
From such a multitude. And then fell on
Telemachus with threats, and said Set gone
That bow yet further 'tis no servant's part
To serve too many masters raise your heart
And bear it off lest, though you're younger yet

With stones I put it on to the field with it
 If you and I do, I shall prove too strong
 I wish a much too hard for all tar through
 The Gods would make me, I should quickly send
 Some altar with just sorrow to their end,
 They were my victim, and ply my cup,
 And do in such broad turns still. Thus put up
 The Wooers all in laughter, and put down
 Their fingers to him, that's late were grown
 So grave and bloody, which resolv'd that fear
 Of good Laertes, who did take and bear
 The King the bow, and did nurse, and bade her make
 The doors all sure, that if men's tumult take
 The ears of some within, they may not fly,
 But keep at work still close and silently

These words put arms to her, and close she
 put

The chamber door. The court gates then were shut
 By kind Philotus, who straight did go
 From out the hall, and in the portico
 Found laid a gable of a ship, compos'd
 Of spongy bulrushes, with which he clos'd,
 In winding round about them, the court gates,
 Then took his place again, to view the fates
 That quickly follow'd. When he came, he saw
 Ulysses viewing, ere he tried to draw,
 The famous bow, which every way he mov'd,
 Up and down turning it in which he prov'd
 The plight it was in, fearing, chiefly, lest
 The horns were eat with worms in so long rest
 But what his thoughts intended turning so,
 And keeping such a search about the bow,
 The Wooers little knowing fell to jest,
 And said "Past doubt he is a man profest
 In bowyers' craft, and sees quite through the wood,
 Or something, certain, to be understood
 There is in this his turning of it still
 A cunning rogue he is at any ill"

Then spake another proud one "Would to heav'n,
 I might, at will, get gold till he hath giv'n

That bow his draught ! With these sharp jests did
these

Delightsome Wooers their fatal humours please.
But when the wise Ulysses once had laid
His fingers on it, and to proof survey'd
The still sound plight it held, as one of skill
In song, and of the harp, doth at his will,
In tuning of his instrument, extend
A string out with his pin, touch all, and lend
To ev'ry well wreath'd string his perfect sound,
Struck all together with such ease drew round
The King the bow Then twang'd he up the
string,

That as a swallow in the air doth sing
With no continued tune, but, pausing still,
Twinks out her scatter'd voice in accents shrill
So sharp the string sung when he gave it touch,
Once having bent and drawn it. Which so much
Amar'd the Wooers, that their colours went
And came most grievously And then Jove rent
The air with thunder which at heart did cheer
The now-enough-sustaining traveller,
That Jove again would his attempt enable.
Then took he into hand, from off the table,
The first drawn arrow and a number more
Spent shortly on the Wooers but this one
He measur'd by his arm, as if not known
The length were to him, nock'd it then, and drew
And through the axes, at the first hole, flew
The steel-charg'd arrow which when he had done
He thus bespake the Prince "You have not won
Disgrace yet by your guest for I have strook
The mark I shot at, and no such toil took
In wearying the bow with fat and fire
As did the Wooers. Yet reserv'd entire,
Thank Heav'n, my strength is, and myself am tried,
No man to be so basely vilified
As these men pleas'd to think me. But, free way
Take that, and all their pleasures and while day
Holds her torch to you, and the hour of feast

Hath no full due requittance, and the new,
Poem and harp to thee, as I should have had.

Im' said, he bestow'd yet his new requittance
He cracht out to him, took to hand his lyre,
And complete reward did to him so advance.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEY

THE TWENTY SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE ARGUMENT

THE Wooers in Minerva's light
Slain by Ulysses all the night
And lustful housewives by his son
And servants are to slaughter done.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT

XI The end of pride,
And lawless lust
Is wretched tried
With slaughterers just.

THE upper rags that wise Ulysses wore
Cast off, he rusheth to the great hall door
With bow and quiver full of shafts, which down
He pour'd before his feet, and thus made known
His true state to the Wooers. This strife thus
Hath harmless been decided now for us
There rests another mark, more hard to hit,
And such as never man before hath smit
Whose full point likewise my hands shall assay
And try if Phœbus will give me his day

He said, and off his bitter arrow thrust
Right at Antinous and struck him just
As he was lifting up the bowl to show
That twixt the cup and lip much ill may grow
Death touch'd not at his thoughts at feast for who
Would think that he alone could perish so
Amongst so many and he best of all?
The arrow in his throat took full his fall,
And thrust his head far through the other side.
Down fell his cup, down he, down all his pride
Straight from his nostrils gush'd the human gore

Sought his endeavours, or in thought did touch
At any nuptials, but a greater thing
Employ'd his forces for to be our king
Was his chief object his sole plot it was
To kill your son, which Jove's hand would not pass,
But set it to his own most mented end
In which end your just anger nor extend
Your stern wreak further spend your royal pow'rs
In mild ruth of your people we are yours
And whatsoever waste of wine or food
Our liberties have made, we'll make all good
In restitutions. Call a court, and pass
A fine of twenty oxen, gold, and brass,
On ev'ry head, and raise your most rates still,
Till you are pleas'd with your confess'd fill.
Which if we fail to tender all your wrath
It shall be justice in our bloods to bathe.

"Eurymachus, said he, "if you would give
All that your fathers' hoard, to make ye live,
And all that ever you yourselves possess,
Or shall by any industry increase,
I would not cease from slaughter till your bloods
Had bought out your intemperance in my goods.
It rests now for you that you either fight
That will scape death, or make your way by flight.
In whose best choice, my thoughts conceive, not one
Shall shun the death your first hath undergone."

This quite dissolv'd their knees. Eurymachus,
Enforcing all their fears, yet counsell'd thus

O friends! This man, now he hath got the bow
And quiver by him, ever will bestow
His most inaccessible hands at us,
And never leave, if we avoid him thus,
Till he hath strewn the pavement with us all
And, therefore, join we swords, and on him fall
With tables forc'd up, and borne in oppos'd
Against his sharp shafts when being round-enclos'd
By all our onsets, we shall either take
His horrid person, or for safety make
His rage retire from out the hall and gates

And then, if he escape, we'll make our states
 Known to the city by our gen'ral cry
 And thus this man shall let his last shaft fly
 That ever his hand vaunted " Thus he drew
 His sharp edg'd sword, and with a table flew
 In on Ulysses, with a terrible throat
 His fierce charge urging But Ulysses smote
 The board, and cleft it through from end to end
 Borne at his breast, and made his shaft extend
 His sharp head to his liver, his broad breast
 Pierc'd at his nipple, when his hand recast
 Forthwith his sword, that fell and kiss'd the ground,
 With cups and victuals lying scatter'd round
 About the pavement, amongst which his brow
 Knock'd the imbrued earth, while in pains did flow
 His vital spirits, till his heels shook out
 His feastful life, and hurl'd a throne about
 That way-laid death's convulsions in his feet,
 When from his tender eyes the light did fleet

Then charg'd Amphinomus with his drawn blade
 The glorious king, in purpose to have made
 His feet forsake the house, but his assay
 The prince prevented, and his lance gave way
 Quite through his shoulder, at his back, his breast
 The fierce pile letting forth His ruin prest
 Groans from the pavement, which his forehead strook

Telemachus his long lance then forsook—
 Left in Amphinomus—and to his sire
 Made fiery pass, not staying to acquire
 His lance again, in doubt that, while he drew
 The fixed pile, some other might renew
 Fierce charge upon him, and his unharm'd head
 Cleave with his back-drawn sword, for which he fled
 Close to his father, bade him arm, and he
 Would bring him shield and jav'ins instantly,
 His own head arming, more arms laying by
 To serve the swine-herd and the oxen-herd
Valour well as m'd is ever most prefer'd

"Run then," said he, "and come before the last
 Of these auxiliary shafts are past,

For fear lest, left alone, they force my stand
From forth the porta." He flew and brought to
hand

Fight darts, four shields, four helms. His own parts
then

First put in arms, he furnish'd both his men,
That to their king stood close but he, as long
As he had shafts to friend, enough was strong
For all the Wooers, and some one man still
He made make even with earth till all a hill
Had rans'd in th' even floor'd hall His last shaft
spent,

He set his bow against a beam and went
To arm at all parts, while the other three
Kept off the Wooers, who, unarm'd, could be
No great assailants. In the well built wall
A window was thrust out, at end of all
The house's entry on whose utter side
There lay a way to town, and in it wide
And two-leav'd fold, were forg'd, that gave fit mean
For flyers-out and, therefore, at it then
Ulysses plac'd Eumæus in close guard
One only pass ope to it, which (prepar'd
In this sort by Ulysses gainst all pass)
By Agelaus' tardy memory was
In question call'd, who bade some one ascend
At such a window and bring straight to friend
The city with his clamour that this man
Might quickly shoot his last. Thus no one can
Make safe access to, said Melanthius,

For tis too near the hall's fair doors, whence thus
The man afflicts ye for from thence there lies
But one strait passage to it, that denies
Access to all, if any one man stand,
Being one of courage, and will countermand
Our offer to it. But I know a way
To bring you arms, from where the king doth lay
His whole munition and believe there is
No other place to all the armories
Both of himself and son. This said, a pair

Of lofty stairs he climb'd, and to th' affair
Twelve shields, twelve lances brought, as many
casques

With horsehair plumes, and set to bitter tasks
Both son and sire Then shrunk Ulysses' knees,
And his lov'd heart, when thus in arms he sees
So many Wooers, and their shaken darts,
For then the work show'd as it ask'd more parts
To safe performance, and he told his son
That or Melanthius or his maids had done
A deed that foul war to their hands conferr'd

"O father," he replied, "'tis I have err'd
In this caus'd labour, I, and none but I,
That left the door ope of your armoury
But some, it seems, hath set a sharper eye
On that important place Eumæus! Haste
And shut the door, observing who hath past
To this false action, any maid, or one
That I suspect more, which is Dolius' son "

While these spake thus, Melanthius went again
For more fair arms, when the renown'd swain
Eumæus saw, and told Ulysses straight
It was the hateful man that his conceit
Before suspected, who had done that ill,
And, being again there, ask'd if he should kill,
If his pow'r serv'd, or he should bring the swain
To him, t' inflict on him a sev'ral pain
For ev'ry forfeit he had made his house

He answer'd "I and my Telemachus
Will here contain these proud ones in despite,
How much soever these stol'n arms excite
Their guilty courages, while you two take
Possession of the chamber The doors make
Sure at your back, and then, surprising him,
His feet and hands bind, wrapping ev'ry limb
In pliant chains, and with a halter cast
Above the wind-beam—at himself made fast—
Aloft the column draw him, where alive
He long may hang, and pains enough deprive
His vex'd life before his death succeed "

This charge, soon heard, as soon they put to deed,
Stole on his stealth, and at the further end
Of all the chamber saw him busily bend
His hands to more arms, when they still at door,
Watch'd his return. At last he came, and bore
In one hand a fair helm, in th' other held
A broad and ancient rusty-rested shield,
That old Laertes in his youth had worn,
Of which the cheek-bands had with age been torn
They rush'd upon him, caught him by the hair
And dragg'd him in again whom, crying out,
They cast upon the pavement, wrapp'd about
With sure and pinching cords both foot and hand,
And then, in full act of their King's command,
A pliant chain bestow'd on him, and hal'd
His body up the column, till he scal'd
The highest wind-beam where made firmly fast,
Eumæus on his just infliction past
This pleasurable cavi! Now you may
All night keep watch here, and the earliest day
Discern, being hung so high, to rouse from rest
Your dainty cattle to the Wooers' feast.
There, as befits a man of means so fair,
Soft may you sleep, nought under you but air
And so long hang you. Thus they left him there,
Made fast the door and with Ulysses were
All arm'd in th' instant. Then they all stood close,
Their minds fire breath'd in flames against their foes,
Four in th' entry fighting all alone
When from the hall charg'd many a mighty one.
But to them then Jove's seed, Minerva, came,
Resembling Mentor both in voice and frame
Of manly person. Passing well apaid
Ulysses was, and said Now Mentor aid
Gainst these odd mischiefs call to memory now
My often good to thee, and that we two
Of one year's life are. Thus he said, but thought
It was Minerva, that had ever brought
To her side safety On the other part,
The Wooers threaten'd but the chief in heart

Was Agelaus, who to Mentor spake

“Mentor! Let no words of Ulysses make
Thy hand a fighter on his feeble side
'Gainst all us Wooers, for we firm abide
In this persuasion, that when sire and son
Our swords have slain, thy life is sure to run
One fortune with them What s'trange acts hast thou
Conceit to form here? Thy head must bestow
The wreak of theirs on us And when thy pow'rs
Are taken down by these fierce steels of ours,
All thy possessions, in-doors and without,
Must raise on heap with his, and all thy rout
Of sons and daughters in thy turrets bleed
Wreak off'rings to us, and our town stand freed
Of all charge with thy wife” Minerva's heart
Was fir'd with these braves, the approv'd desert
Of her Ulysses chiding, saying “No more
Thy force nor fortitude as heretofore
Will gain thee glory, when nine years at Troy
White-wristed Helen's rescue did employ
Thy arms and wisdom, still and ever us'd,
The bloods of thousands through the field diffus'd
By thy vast valour, Priam's broad-way'd town
By thy grave parts was sack'd and overthrown,
And now, amongst thy people and thy goods,
Against the Wooers' base and petulant bloods
Stint'st thou thy valour? Rather mourning here
Than manly fighting? Come, friend, stand we near,
And note my labour, that thou may'st discern
Amongst thy foes how Mentor's nerves will earn
All thy old bounties” This she spake, but stay'd
Her hand from giving each-way-often-sway'd
Uncertain conquest to his certain use,
But still would try what self-pow'rs would produce
Both in the father and the glorious son

Then on the wind-beam that along did run
The smoky roof, transform'd, Minerva sat,
Like to a swallow, sometimes cuffling at
The swords and lances, rushing from her seat,
And up and down the troubl'd house did beat

Her wing at ev'ry motion And as she
Had rous'd Ulysses so the enemy
Damastor's son excited, Polybus,
Amphinomus, and Demoptolemus,
Eurynomus, and Polycitorides
For these were men that of the wooing prease
Were most egregious, and the clearly best
In strength of hand of all the desprate rest
That yet surviv'd, and now fought for their souls
Which straight swift arrows sent among the fowls.
But first, Damastor's son had more spare breath
To spend on their excitements ere his death,
And said That now Ulysses would forbear
His diamal hand, since Mentor's spirit was there,
And blew vain vaunts about Ulysses' ears
In whose trust he would cease his massacres,
Rest him, and put his friend's huge boasts in proof
And so was he beneath the entry's roof
Left with Telemachus and th' other two.

At whom, said he, discharge no darts, but throw
All at Ulysses, rousing his faint rest
Whom if we slaughter by our interest
In Jove's assistance, all the rest may yield
Our pow'rs no care, when he strews once the field.

As he then will'd, they all at random threw
Where they suppos'd he rested and then flew
Minerva after ev'ry dart, and made
Some strike the threshold, some the walls invade,
Some beat the doors, and all acts render'd vain
Their grave steel offer'd. Which escap'd, again
Came on Ulysses, saying "O that we
The Wooers' troop with our joint archery
Might so assail, that where their spirits dream
On our deaths first, we first may slaughter them !

Thus the much-sufferer said and all let-fly
When ev'ry man struck dead his enemy
Ulysses slaughter'd Demoptolemus.
Euryades by young Telemachus
His death encounter'd. Good Eumeus slew
Elatus. And Philœtus overthrew

Pisander All which tore the paved floor
Up with their teeth The rest retir'd before
Their second charge to inner rooms, and then
Ulysses follow'd, from the slaughter'd men
Their darts first drawing While which work was
done,

The Wooers threw with huge contention
To kill them all, when with her swallow-wing
Minerva cuff'd, and made their jav'lins ring
Against the doors and thresholds, as before
Some yet did graze upon their marks One tore
The prince's wrist, which was Amphimedon,
Th' extreme part of the skin but touch'd upon
Ctesippus over good Eumæus' shield
His shoulder's top did taint, which yet did yield
The lance free pass, and gave his hurt the ground

Again then charg'd the Wooers, and girt round
Ulysses with their lances, who turn'd head,
And with his jav'lin struck Eurydamas dead
Telemachus disliv'd Amphimedon,
Eumæus, Polybus, Philœtius won
Ctesippus' bosom with his dart, and said,
In quittance of the jester's part he play'd,
The neat's foot hurling at Ulysses "Now,
Great son of Polythereses, you that vow
Your wit to bitter taunts, and love to wound
The heart of any with a jest, so crown'd
Your wit be with a laughter, never yielding
To fools in folly, but your glory building
On putting down in fooling, spitting forth
Puff'd words at all sorts, cease to scoff at worth,
And leave revenge of vile words to the Gods,
Since their wits bear the sharper edge by odds,
And, in the mean time, take the dart I drave,
For that right hospitable foot you gave
Divine Ulysses, begging but his own "

Thus spake the black-ox-herdsman, and straight
down
Ulysses struck another with his dart—
Damastor's son Telemachus did part,

Just in the midst, the belly of the fair
Evenor's son his fierce pile taking air
Out at his back. Flat fell he on his face,
His whole brows knocking, and did mark the place.

And now man-slaught'ring Pallas took in hand
Her snake fring'd shield, and on that beam took
stand

In her true form, where swallow-like she sat.
And then, in this way of the house and that,
The Wooers, wounded at the heart with fear
Fled the encounter as in pastures where
Fat herds of oxen feed, about the field
(As if wild madness their instincts impell'd)
The high-fed bullocks fly whom in the spring,
When days are long, gad-bees or breezes sting
Ulysses and his son the flyers chas'd,
As when, with crooked beaks and seras, a cast
Of hill bred eagles, cast-off at some game,
That yet their strengths keep, but put up, in flame
The eagle stoops from which, along the field
The poor fowls make wing, this and that way yield
Their hard-flown pinions, then the clouds assay
For scape or shelter their forlorn dismay
All spirit exhaling, all wings' strength to carry
Their bodies forth, and, truss'd up, to the quarry
Their falconers ride in, and rejoice to see
Their hawks perform a flight so fervently
So, in their flight, Ulysses with his heir
Did stoop and cuff the Wooers, that the air
Broke in vast sighs, whose heads they shot and cleft,
The pavement boiling with the souls they rest.

Laodes, running to Ulysses, took
His knees, and thus did on his name invoke
"Ulysses! Let me pray thee to my place
Afford the rev'rence, and to me the grace,
That never did or said, to any dame
Thy court contain'd, or deed, or word to blame
But others so affected I have made
Lay down their insolence and, if the trade
They kept with wickedness have made them still

Despise my speech, and use their wonted ill,
 They have their penance by the stroke of death,
 Which their desert divinely warranteth
 But I am priest amongst them, and shall I
 That nought have done worth death amongst them
 die?

From thee this proverb then will men derive
Good turns do never than mere deeds survive"

He, bending his displeas'd forehead, said
 "If you be priest among them, as you plead,
 Yet you would marry, and with my wife too,
 And have descent by her For all that woo
 Wish to obtain, which they should never do,
 Dames' husbands living You must therefore pray
 Of force, and oft in Court here, that the day
 Of my return for him might never shine,
 The death to me wish'd, therefore, shall be thine"

This said, he took a sword up that was cast
 From Agelaus, having struck his last,
 And on the priest's mid neck he laid a stroke
 That struck his head off, tumbling as he spoke

Then did the poet Phemius (whose surname
 Was call'd Terpiades, who thither came
 Forc'd by the Wooers) fly death, but being near
 The court's great gate, he stood, and parted there
 In two his counsels, either to remove
 And take the altar of Herceian Jove
 (Made sacred to him, with a world of art
 Engrav'n about it, where were wont t' impart
 Laertes and Ulysses many a thigh
 Of broad-brow'd oven to the Deity)
 Or venture to Ulysses, clasp his knee,
 And pray his ruth The last was the decree
 His choice resolv'd on 'Twixt the royal throne
 And that fair table that the bowl stood on
 With which they sacrific'd, his harp he laid
 Along the earth, the King's knees hugg'd, and said
 "Ulysses! Let my pray'rs obtain of thee
 My sacred skill's respect, and ruth to me!
 It will hereafter grieve thee to have slain

A poet, that doth sing to Gods and men.
I of myself am taught, for God alone
All sorts of song hath in my bosom sown,
And I, as to a God, will sing to thee
Then do not thou deal like the priest with me.
Thine own lov'd son Telemachus will say
That not to beg here, nor with willing way
Was my access to thy high court address,
To give the Wooers my song after feast,
But, being many and so much more strong,
They forced me hither and compell'd my song

This did the prince & sacred virtue hear
And to the king his father said Forbear
To mix the guiltless with the guilty's blood.
And with him likewise let our mercies save
Medon the herald, that did still behave
Himself with care of my good from a child
If by Eumæus yet he be not kill'd,
Or by Philœtus, nor your fury met,
While all this blood about the house it swet.

This Medon heard, as lying hid beneath
A throne set near half-dead with fear of death
A new slay'd ox-hide, as but there thrown by
His serious shroud made, he lying there to fly
But hearing this he quickly left the throne,
His ox-hide cast as quickly and as soon
The prince's knees seiz'd, saying O my love,
I am not slain, but here alive and move.
Abstain yourself and do not see your sure
Quench with my cold blood the unmeasur'd fire
That flames in his strength, making spoil of me,
His wrath's right, for the Wooers' injury

Ulysses smil'd, and said "Be confident
This man hath sav'd and made thee different,
To let thee know and say and others see,
Good life is much more safe than villany
Go then, sit free without from death within.
This much-renown'd singer from the sin
Of these men likewise quit. Both rest you there,
While I my house purge as it fits me here."

Sustain their plagues, which are with stay but rack.

But these men Gods nor men had in esteem
Nor good nor bad had any sense in them.
Their lives directly ill were, therefore, cause
That Death in these stern forms so deeply draws.
Recount, then, to me those licentious dames
That lost my honour and their sex's shame.

"I'll tell you truly she replied There are
Twice five-and-twenty women here that share
All work amongst them whom I taught to spin,
And bear the just bands that they suffer'd in.
Of all which only there were twelve that gave
Themselves to impudence and light behave,
Nor me respecting, nor herself—the Queen.
And for your son he hath but lately been
Of years to rule nor would his mother bear
His empire where her women's labours were.
But let me go and give her notice now
Of your arrival. Sure some God doth show
His hand upon her in this rest she takes,
That all these uproars bears and never wakes.

Nor wake her yet, said he, "but cause to come
Those twelve light women to this utter room.

She made all utmost haste to come and go,
And bring the women he had summon'd so.

Then both his swains and son he bade go call
The women to their aid, and clear the hall
Of those dead bodies, cleanse each board and throne
With wetted sponges. Which with fitness done,
He bade take all the strumpets 'twixt the wall
Of his first court and that room next the hall,
In which the vessels of the house were scour'd,
And in their bosoms sheath their ev'ry sword,
Till all their souls were fled, and they had then
Felt twas but pain to sport with lawless men

This said, the women came all drown'd in moan
And weeping bitterly But first was done
The bearing thence the dead all which beneath
The portico they stow'd, where death on death
They heap'd together Then took all the pains

Then wash'd they hands and feet that blood had stain'd,

And took the house again. And then the king
Euryclea calling, bade her quickly bring
All ill-expelling brimstone, and some fire,
That with perfumes cast he might make entire
The house's first integrity in all

And then his timely will was, she should call
Her Queen and ladies still yet charging her
That all the handmaids she should first confer

She said he spake as fitted but, before,
She held it fit to change the weeds he wore,
And she would others bring him, that not so
His fair broad shoulders might rest clad, and show
His person to his servants was to blame.

"First bring me fire" said he. She went and came

With fire and sulphur straight with which the hall
And of the huge house all rooms capital

He throughly sweeten'd. Then went nurse to call
The handmaid servants down and up she went

To tell the news, and wold them to present
Their service to their sov'reign. Down they came

Sustaining torches all and pour'd a flame
Of love about their lord, with welcomes home,

With huggings of his hands, with laboursome
Both heads and foreheads kisses, and embraces,

And pled him so with all their loving graces
That tears and sighs took up his whole desire

For now he knew their hearts to him entire

THE END OF THE TWENTY SECOND BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEY.

THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEYS

THE servants thus inform'd the matron goes
Up where the Queen was cast in such repose,
Affected with a fervent joy to tell
What all this time she did with pain conceal
Her knees revok'd their first strength, and her feet
Were borne above the ground with wings to greet
The long-griev'd Queen with news her King was
come,
And, near her, said "Wake, leave this withdrawn
room,
That now your eyes may see at length, though late
The man return'd which, all the heavy date
Your woes have rack'd out, you have long'd to see
Ulysses is come home, and hath set free
His court of all your Wooers, slaughter'd all
For wasting so his goods with festival,
His house so vexing, and for violence done
So all ways varied to his only son"
She answer'd her "The Gods have made thee mad,
Of whose pow'r now thy pow'rs such proof have had
The Gods can blind with follies wisest eyes,

And make men feel that I will make them woe
 For they have hurt even thy grave heart, that I see
 An understanding yet heartless woe
 Why hast thou wak'd me to my tears, when Mean
 Hath turn'd my mind with thoughts that I can't
 Thy madne's more than more lamentful than with life
 Thy heart's a broken, cold, and lifeless eye
 Of mind'd, and a man's eyes and eyes of them
 That now had I found me in his arms, as a stone
 To embrace my life, and I would have said, I see
 I have not seen so much of this torn, and
 Since first my dearest's eyes gave me a sign
 For that would I to speak of them
 Hence take ye from me this part, I have no more
 Of all my train, for I have a part laid
 So I'd to wake and tell mine eyes, and I see
 I had returned her to her life, and I see
 With good proof of my wrath to such a state
 But give ye your tears, and then ye will see
 She answer'd her, "I nothing will say
 But tell the truth, I will tell you all here
 And, with the Women's laughter, I will say
 In chief eyes, hath to his own command
 I drew his house, and that I was great was he
 That all those Women were with me, my
 Telemachus had knowledge I was
 That was his father, but his will
 Observed his counsel, to give me end
 So that great work to which they all intend
 This call'd her spirit to their necessary places
 She sprung, for joy, from her arms, into embrace
 Of her grave nurse, wiped every tear away
 From her fair cheeks, and then began to say
 What nurse said over thus, "O nurse, can this
 Be true thou say'st? How could that hand of his
 Alone destroy so many? They would till
 Troop all together, if he could he then kill
 Such numbers so united?" "How said she
 I have not seen nor heard, but certainly
 The deed is done. We sat within in fear

The doors shut on us, and from thence might hear
The sighs and groans of ev'ry man he slew,
But heard nor saw more, till at length there flew
Your son's voice to mine ear, that call'd to me,
And bade me then come forth, and then I see
Ulysses standing in the midst of all
Your slaughter'd Wooers, heap'd up, like a wall,
One on another round about his side
It would have done you good to have descried
Your conqu'ring lord all-smear'd with blood and gore
So like a lion Straight, then, off they bore
The slaughter'd carcasses, that now before
The fore-court gates lie, one on another pil'd
And now your victor all the hall, defil'd
With stench of hot death, is perfuming round,
And with a mighty fire the hearth hath crown'd
“Thus, all the death remov'd, and ev'ry room
Made sweet and sightly, that yourself should come
His pleasure sent me Come, then, take you now
Your mutual fills of comfort Grief on you
Hath long and many sufferings laid, which length,
Which many sufferings, now your virtuous strength
Of uncorrupted chasteness hath conferr'd
A happy end to He that long hath err'd
Is safe arriv'd at home, his wife, his son,
Found safe and good, all ill that hath been done
On all the doers' heads, though long prolong'd,
His right hath wreak'd, and in the place they wrong'd
She answer'd “Do not you now laugh and boast
As you had done some great act, seeing most
Into his being, for you know he won—
Ev'n through his poor and vile condition—
A kind of prompted thought that there was plac'd
Some virtue in him fit to be embrac'd
By all the house, but most of all by me,
And by my son that was the progeny
Of both our loves And yet it is not he,
For all the likely proofs ye plead to me,—
Some God hath slain the Wooers in disdain
Of the abhorréd pride he saw so reign

In those base works they lab'—No man a tie
Of good or bad, who ever did arrive

At then above—once ever said of a
Legend of them—and thereof tell of a
And vice directly have found as vice—no more
But for Ulysses never was extend

His wish'd return to Ithaca—nor he yet late

"It is strange a Queen are you—said he—'tis all
gives

No truth you credit—that you but late I set
Close in his house—a fire can I release yet
No faith of you, but that he still is fat

From any home of his—Your wit is at war
With all credulity ever!—And yet now

I'll name a sign of all I see believ'd in my day

I lashed him lately—and I he'd the scar

That still remain—a mark to scolar

To leave your heart yet lashed—and I then

Has I run and to I go, but I have I was farm

To close my lip—from thence liberation

My heart was lashing—and I was in men

My still retentive till he gave me leave

And charge to tell you this—Now then even

My life for gaze of his return—which take

In any cruel lash, if I make

All this is clear to you—"I had nurse—said he

"Though many things thou know'st, yet these thou
he

Veil'd in the counsels th' untreated to be

Have long time mark'd in—whose dark periods

'Tis hard for thee to see into—But come

Let's see my son, the slain, and him in whom

They had th' slaughter—"Thou said, down they
went

When, on the Queen's part, divers thoughts were
spent,

If all this given no faith, she still should stand

Alas—and question more—of his long'd hand

And lov'd head she should at first a way

With free-given kisses—When her doubtful way

Had pass'd the stony pavement, she took seat
 Against her husband, in the opposite heat
 The fire then cast upon the other wall
 Himself set by the column on the hall
 His look's cast downwards, and expect'd still
 When her incredulous and curious will
 To shun ridiculous error, and the same
 To kiss a husband that was not the same,
 Would down and win enough faith from his sight
 She silent sat, and her perplexed plight
 Amaze encounter'd. Sometimes she stood clear
 He was her husband—sometimes the all wear
 His person had put on transform'd him so
 That yet his stamp would hardly current go

Her son, her strangeness seeing, blam'd her thus
 'Mother, ungentle mother' tyrannous'
 In this too curious modesty you show
 Why sit you from my father nor bestow
 A word on me to enquire and clear such doubt
 As may perplex you? I found man ever out
 One other such a wife that could forbear
 Her lov'd lord's welcome home, when twenty year
 In infinite suffrance he had spent apart
No flint so hard as a woman's heart"

"Son," said she, "amaze contains my mind,
 Nor can I speak and use the common kind
 Of those enquiries, nor sustain to see
 With opposite looks his countenance. If this be
 My true Ulysses now return'd, there are
 Tokens betwixt us of more fitness far
 To give me argument he is my lord
 And my assurance of him may afford
 My proofs of joy for him from all these eyes
 With more decorum than object their guise
 To public notice." The much-suff'rer brake
 In laughter out, and to his son said "Take
 Your mother from the prease, that she may make
 Her own proofs of me, which perhaps may give
 More cause to the acknowledgments that drive
 Their show thus off. But now, because I go

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Thick as the tree of leaves, I rais'd, and cast
A roof about it nothing meanly grac'd,
Put glued doors to it, that op'd art enough
Then from the olive ev'ry broad-leav'd bough
I lopp'd away, then fell'd the tree, and then
Went over it both with my axe and plane,
Both govern'd by my line And then I hew'd
My curious bedstead out, in which I shew'd
Work of no common hand All this begun,
I could not leave till to perfection
My pains had brought it, took my wimble, bor'd
The holes, as fitted, and did last afford
The varied ornament, which show'd no want
Of silver, gold, and polish'd elephant
An ox-hide dyed in purple then I threw
Above the cords And thus to curious view
I hop^d, I have objected honest sign
To prove I author nought that is not mine
But if my bed stand unremov'd or no,
O woman, passeth human wit to know "
This sunk her knees and heart, to hear so true
The signs she urg'd, and first did tears ensue
Her rapt assurance, then she ran and spread
Her arms about his neck, kiss'd oft his head,
And thus the curious stay she made excus'd
"Ulysses! Be not angry that I us'd
Such strange delays to this, since heretofore
Your suff'ring wisdom hath the garland wore
From all that breathe, and 'tis the Gods that, thus
With mutual miss so long afflicting us,
Have caus'd my coyness, to our youths envied
That wish'd society that should have tied
Our youths and years together, and since now
Judgment and Duty should our age allow
As full joys therein as in youth and blood,
See all young anger and reproof withstood
For not at first sight giving up my arms,
My heart still trembling lest the false alarms
That words oft strike-up should ridiculize me
Had Argive Helen known credulity

In her fair eyes, had not infix'd her thought
On other joys, for loves so hardly brought
To long'd-for meeting, who th' extended night
Withheld in long date, nor would let the light
Her wing-hoov'd horse join—Lampus, Phaeton—
Those ever-colts that bring the morning on
To worldly men, but, in her golden chair,
Down to the ocean by her silver hair
Bound her aspirings Then Ulysses said
“O wife! Nor yet are my contentions stay'd
A most unmeasur'd labour long and hard
Asks more performance, to it being prepar'd
By grave Tiresias, when down to hell
I made dark passage, that his skill might tell
My men's return and mine But come, and now
Enjoy the sweet rest that our Fates allow ”

“The place of rest is ready,” she replied,
“Your will at full serve, since the Deified
Have brought you where your right is to command.
But since you know, God making understand
Your searching mind, inform me what must be
Your last set labour, since 'twill fall to me,
I hope, to hear it after, tell me now

The greatest pleasure is before to know ”

“Unhappy!” said Ulysses, “To what end
Importune you this labour? It will lend
Nor you nor me delight, but you shall know
I was commanded yet more to bestow
My years in travel, many cities more
By sea to visit, and when first for shore
I left my shipping, I was will'd to take
A naval oar in hand, and with it make
My passage forth till such strange men I met
As knew no sea, nor ever salt did eat
With any victuals, who the purple beaks
Of ships did never see, nor that which breaks
The waves in curls, which is a fan-like oar,
And serves as wings with which a ship doth soar
To let me know, then, when I was arriv'd
On that strange earth where such a people liv'd,

Of harmful Wooers, who had eat her out
So many oxen and so many sheep,
How many tun of wine their drinking deep
Had quite exhausted Great Ulysses then
Whatever slaughters he had made of men,
Whatever sorrows he himself sustain'd,
Repeated amply, and her ears remain'd
With all delight attentive to their end,
Nor would one wink sleep till he told her all,
Beginning where he gave the Cicons fall,
From thence his pass to the Lotophagi,
The Cyclop's acts, the putting out his eye,
And wreak of all the soldiers he had eat,
No least ruth shown to all they could entreat,
His way to Æolus, his prompt receipt
And kind dismissal, his enforc'd retreat
By sudden tempest to the fishy main,
And quite distraction from his course again,
His landing at the Læstrigonian port,
Where ships and men in miserable sort
Met all their spoils, his ship and he alone
Got off from the abhorr'd confusion,
His pass to Circe, her deceits and arts,
His thence descension to th' Infernal parts,
His life's course of the Theban prophet learn'd,
Where all the slaughter'd Grecians he discern'd,
And lov'd mother, his astonish'd ear
With what the Siren's voices made him hear,
His 'scape from th' erring rocks, which Scylla was,
And rough Charybdis, with the dang'rous pass
Of all that touch'd there, his Sicilian
Offence giv'n to the Sun, his ev'ry man
Destroy'd by thunder vollied out of heav'n,
That split his ship, his own endeavours driv'n
To shift for succours on th' Ogygian shore,
Where Nymph Calypso such affection bore
To him in his arrival, that with feast
She kept him in her caves, and would have blest
His welcome life with an immortal state
Would he have stay'd and liv'd her nuptial mate,

His pow'r commanding, who did entertain
His charge with spirit, op'd the gates and out,
He leading all And now was hurl'd about
Aurora's ruddy fire , through all whose light
Minerva led them through the town from sight.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK OF HOMER'S
ODYSSEYS

THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY

Gave up in earth, which in a flow'ry mead
 Had habitable situation
 And there they saw the soul of 'Thetis' son,
 Of good Patroclus, brave Antilochus,
 And Ajax, the supremely strenuous
 Of all the Greek host next Peleion,
 All which assembled about Maia's son
 And to them, after, came the mournful ghost
 Of Agamemnon, with all those he lost
 In false Ægisthus' court Achilles then
 Beholding there that mighty king of men,
 Deplor'd his plight, and said "O Atreus' son!
 Of all heroes, all opinion
 Gave thee for Jove's most lov'd, since most command
 Of all the Greeks he gave thy eminent hand
 At siege of Ilion, where we suffer'd so
 And is the issue this, that first in woe
 Stern Fate did therefore set thy sequel down?
None borne past others' Fates can pass his own
 I wish to heav'n that in the height of all
 Our pomp at Ilion Fate had sign'd thy fall,
 That all the Greeks might have advanc'd to thee
 A famous sepulchre, and Fame might see
 Thy son giv'n honour in thy honour'd end!
 But now a wretched death did Fate extend
 To thy confusion and thy issue's shame"
 "O Thetis' son," said he, "the vital flame
 Extinct at Ilion, far from th' Argive fields,
 The style of Blessed to thy virtue yields
 About thy fall the best of Greece and Troy
 Were sacrific'd to slaughter Thy just joy
 Conceiv'd in battle with some worth forgot
 In such a death as great Apollo shot
 At thy encounters Thy brave person lay
 Hid in a dusty whirlwind, that made way
 With human breaths spent in thy ruin's state
 Thou, great, wert greatly valued in thy fate
 All day we fought about thee, nor at all
 Had ceas'd our conflict, had not Jove let fall
 A storm that forc'd off our unwilling feet

But, having brought thee from the fight to fleet,
Thy glorious person, bath'd and balm'd, we laid
Aloft a bed and round about thee paid
The Greeks warm tears to thy deplor'd decease
Quite daunted, cutting all their curls' increase.
Thy death drove a divine voice through the seas
That started up thy mother from the waves
And all the marine Godheads left their caves,
Consorting to our fleet her rapt repair
The Greeks stood frighted to see sea and air
And earth combine so in thy loss & sense,
Had taken ship and fled for ever thence,
If old much knowing Nestor had not stay'd
Their rushing off his counsels having sway'd
In all times former with such cause their courses
Who bade contain themselves, and trust their forces,
For all they saw was Thetis come from sea,
With others of the wat'ry progeny
To see and mourn for her deceased son
Which stay'd the fears that all to flight had won
And round about thee stood th' old sea-God's Seeds
Wretchedly mourning, their immortal weeds
Spreading upon thee. All the sacred Nine
Of deathless Muses paid thee dues divine,
By varied turns their heav'nly voices venting,
All in deep passion for thy death consenting.
And then of all our army not an eye
You could have seen undrown'd in misery
The moving Muse so rul'd in ev'ry mind.
Full seventeen days and nights our tears confin'd
To celebration of thy mourn'd end
Both men and Gods did in thy moan contend.
The eighteenth day we spent about thy heap
Of dying fire. Black oxen fattest sheep
We slew past number. Then the precious spoil,
Thy corse, we took up, which with floods of oil
And pleasant honey we embalm'd and then
Wrapp'd thee in those robes that the Gods did rain
In which we gave thee to the hallow'd flame
To which a number of heroical name,

All arm'd, came rushing-in in desp'rate plight,
As prest to sacrifice their vital right
To thy dead ruins while so bright they burn'd
Both foot and horse brake in, and fought and mourn'd
In infinite tumult But when all the night
The rich flame lasted, and that wasted quite
Thy body was with the enamour'd fire,
We came in early morn, and an entire
Collection made of ev'ry ivory bone ,
Which wash'd in wine, and giv'n fit unction,
A two-ear'd bowl of gold thy mother gave,
By Bacchus giv'n her and did form receive
From Vulcan's famous hand, which, O renown'd
Great Thetis' son, with thy fair bones we crown'd
Mix'd with the bones of Menœtiades
And brave Antilochus , who, in decease
Of thy Patroclus, was thy favour's dear
About thee then a matchless sepulchre
The sacred host of the Achæans rais'd
Upon the Hellespont, where most it seiz'd,
For height and conspicuity, the eyes
Of living men and their posterities
Thy mother then obtain'd the Gods' consent
To institute an honour'd game, that spent
The best approvment of our Grecian fames
In whose praise I must say that many games
About heroes' sepulchres mine eyes
Have seen perform'd, but these bore off the prize
With miracles to me from all before
In which thy silver-footed mother bore
The institution's name, but thy deserts,
Being great with heav'n, caus'd all the eminent parts
And thus, through all the worst effects of Fate,
Achilles' fame ev'n Death shall propagate
While any one shall lend the light an eye
Divine Æacides shall never die
But wherein can these comforts be conceiv'd
As rights to me? When, having quite achiev'd
An end with safety, and with conquest, too,
Of so unmatch'd a war, what none could do

Of all our enemies there, at home a friend
And wife have giv'n me inglorious end?

While these thus spake, the Argus-killing spy
Brought near Ulysses' noble victory
To their renew'd discourse, in all the ends
The Wooers' suffer'd, and show'd those his friends
Whom now amaze invaded with the view
And made give back yet Agamemnon knew
Melanthius heir much-fam'd Amphimedon
Who had in Ithaca guest favours shown
To great Atrides who first spake, and said

"Amphimedon! What suff'rance hath been laid
On your alive parts that hath made you make
This land of darkness the retreat you take,
So all together all being like in years,
Nor would a man have choos'd, of all the peers
A city honours, men to make a part
More strong for any object? Hath your smart
Been felt from Neptune, being at sea—his wrath
The winds and waves exciting to your scathe?
Or have offensive men impos'd this fate—
Your oxen driving, or your flock's estate?
Or for your city fighting and your wives,
Have deaths untimely seiz'd your best-tim'd lives?
Inform me truly I was once your guest,
When I and Menelaus had profest
First arms for Ilion, and were come ashore
On Ithaca, with purpose to implore
Ulysses' aid, that city-racing man,
In wreak of the adult'rous Phrygian
Retain not you the time? A whole month's date
We spent at sea, in hope to instigate
In our arrival old Laertes son,
Whom, hardly yet, to our design we won.

The soul made answer Worthiest king of men,
I well remember ev'ry passage then
You now reduce to thought, and will relate
The truth in whole form of our timeless fate:

"We woo'd the wife of that long-absent king,
Who (though her second marriage were a thing

Of most hate to her) she would yet deny
At no part our affections, nor comply
With any in performance, but decreed,
In her delays, the cruel Fates we feed
Her craft was this She undertook to weave
A funeral garment destin'd to receive
The corse of old Laertes, being a task
Of infinite labour, and which time would ask
In midst of whose attempt she caus'd our stay
With this attraction 'Youths, that come in way
Of honour'd nuptials to me, though my lord
Abide amongst the dead, yet cease to board
My choice for present nuptials, and sustain,
Lest what is past me of this web be vain,
Till all receive perfection 'Tis a weed
Dispos'd to wrap in at his funeral need
The old Laertes, who, possessing much,
Would, in his want of rites as fitting, touch
My honour highly with each vulgar dame'
Thus spake she, and persuaded, and her frame
All-day she labour'd, her day's work not small,
But ev'ry night-time she unwrought it all
Three years continuing this imperfect task,
But when the fourth year came her sleights could mask
In no more covert, since her trusted maid
Her whole deceit to our true note betray'd
With which surpriz'd, she could no more protract
Her work's perfection, but gave end exact
To what remain'd, wash'd-up, and set thereon
A gloss so bright that like the sun and moon
The whole work show'd together And when now
Of mere necessity her honour'd vow
She must make good to us, ill-fortune brought
Ulysses home, who yet gave none one thought
Of his arrival, but far-off at field
Liv'd with his herdsman, nor his trust would yield
Note of his person, but liv'd there as guest,
Ragg'd as a beggar in that life profest
At length Telemachus left Pylos' sand,
And with a ship fetch'd soon his native land,

When yet not home he went, but laid his way
Up to his herdsman where his father lay
And where both laid our deaths. To town then bore
The swine-herd and his King, the swain before.
Telemachus in other ways bestow'd
His course home first, t' associate us that woo'd.
The swain the King led after, who came on
Ragg'd and wretched, and still lean'd upon
A borrow'd staff. At length he reach'd his home,
Where (on the sudden and so wretched come)
Nor we nor much our elders once did dream
Of his return there, but did wrongs extreme
Of words and blows to him all which he bore
With that old patience he had learn'd before.
But when the mind of Jove had rais'd his own,
His son and he fetch'd all their armour down
Fast-lock'd the doors, and, to prepare their use,
He will'd his wife, for first mean, to produce
His bow to us to draw of which no one
Could stir the string himself yet set upon
The deadly strength it held, drew all with ease,
Shot through the steels, and then began to seize
Our armless bosoms striking first the breast
Of King Antinous, and then the rest
In heaps turn'd over hopeful of his end
Because some God, he knew stood firm his friend.
Nor prov'd it worse with him, but all in flood
The pavement straight blush'd with our vital blood.
And thus our souls came here our bodies laid
Neglected in his roofs, no word convey'd
To any friend to take us home and give
Our wounds fit balming, nor let such as live
Entomb our deaths, and for our fortunes shed
Those tears and dead rites that renown the dead.
Atides' ghost gave answer O bless'd son
Of old Laertes, thou at length hast won
With mighty virtue thy unmatched wife,
How good a knowledge, how untouch'd a life,
Hath wise Penelope! How well she laid
Her husband's rights up, whom she lov'd a maid!

For which her virtues shall extend applause
Beyond the circles frail mortality draws ,
The deathless in this vale of death comprising
Her praise in numbers into infinites rising
The daughter Tyndarus begat begot
No such chaste thoughts, but cut the virgin knot
That knit her spouse and her with murd'rous swor
For which posterities shall put hateful words
To notes of her that all her sex defam'd,
And for her ill shall ev'n the good be blam'd "

To this effect these these digressions made
In hell, earth's dark and ever-hiding shade

Ulysses and his son, now past the town,
Soon reach'd the field elaborately grown
By old Laertes' labour, when, with cares
For his lost son, he left all court affairs,
And took to this rude upland , which with toil
He made a sweet and habitable soil ,
Where stood a house to him , about which ran,
In turnings thick and labyrinthian,
Poor hovels, where his necessary men
That did those works (of pleasure to him then)
Might sit, and eat, and sleep In his own house
An old Sicilian dame liv'd, studious
To serve his sour age with her cheerful pains

Then said Ulysses to his son and swains
"Go you to town, and for your dinner kill
The best swine ye can choose , myself will still
Stay with my father, and assay his eye
If my acknowledg'd truth it can descry,
Or that my long time's travel doth so change
My sight to him that I appear as strange "
Thus gave he arms to them, and home they hied
Ulysses to the fruitful field applied
His present place , nor found he Dolius there,
His sons, or any servant, anywhere
In all that spacious ground , all gone from thence
Were dragging bushes to repair a fence,
Old Dolius leading all Ulysses found
His father far above in that fair ground,

Employ'd in pruning of a plant his weeds
All torn and tatter'd, fit for homely deeds,
But not for him. Upon his legs he wore
Patch'd boots to guard him from the brambles gore
His hands had thorn-proof hedging mittens on
His head a goat-skin casque through all which shone
His heart giv'n over to abjectest moan.

Him when Ulysses saw consum'd with age,
And all the ensigns on him that the rage
Of grief presented, he brake out in tears
And, taking stand then where a tree of pears
Shot high his forehead over him, his mind
Had much contention, if to yield to kind,
Make straight way to his father kiss, embrace,
Tell his return, and put on all the face
And fashion of his instant-told return
Or stay th' impulsion, and the long day burn
Of his quite loss giv'n in his father's fear
A little longer trying first his cheer
With some free dalliance, th' earnest being so near

This course his choice preferr'd, and forth he went.
His father then his aged shoulders bent
Beneath what years had stoop'd, about a tree
Busily digging "O old man, said he,

You want no skill to dress and deck your ground,
For all your plants doth order'd distance bound
No apple, pear or olive, fig, or vine,
Nor any plat or quarter you confine
To grass or flow'rs stands empty of your care,
Which shows exact in each peculiar
And yet (which let not move you) you bestow
No care upon yourself though to this show
Of outward irksomeness to what you are
You labour with an inward froward care,
Which is your age, that should wear all without
More neat and cherishing I make no doubt
That any sloth you use procures your lord
To let an old man go so much abhorr'd
In all his weeds nor shines there in your look
A fashion and a goodliness so took

With abject qualities to merit this
 Nasty entreaty Your resemblance is
 A very king's, and shines through this retreat
 You look like one that having wash'd and eat
 Should sleep securely, lying sweet and neat
*It is the ground of age, when cares abuse it,
 To know life's end, and, as 'tis sweet, so use it.*

"But utter truth, and tell what lord is he
 That rates your labour and your liberty?
 Whose orchard is it that you husband thus?
 Or quit me this doubt, for if Ithacus
 This kingdom claims for his, the man I found
 At first arrival here is hardly sound
 Of brain or civil, not enduring stay
 To tell nor hear me my inquiry out
 Of that my friend, if still he bore about
 His life and being, or were div'd to death,
 And in the house of him that harboureth
 The souls of men For once he liv'd my guest;
 My land and house retaining interest
 In his abode there, where there sojourn'd none
 As guest from any foreign region
 Of more price with me He deriv'd his race
 From Ithaca, and said his father was
 Laertes, surnam'd Arcesiades
 I had him home, and all the offices
 Perform'd to him that fitted any friend,
 Whose proof I did to wealthy gifts extend.
 Seven talents gold, a bowl all-silver, set
 With pots of flowers, twelve robes that had no pleat
 Twelve cloaks, or mantles, of delicious dye,
 Twelve inner weeds, twelve suits of tapestry
 I gave him likewise women skill'd in use
 Of loom and needle, freeing him to choose
 Four the most fair" His father, weeping, said
 "Stranger! The earth to which you are convey'd
 Is Ithaca, by such rude men possess'd,
 Unjust and insolent, as first address'd
 To your encounter, but the gifts you gave
 Were giv'n, alas! to the ungrateful grave.

If with his people, where you now arrive,
Your fate had been to find your friend alive,
You should have found like guest rites from his
hand,

Like gifts, and kind pass to your wish'd land.
But how long since receiv'd you for your guest
Your friend, my son, who was th' unhappiest
Of all men breathing, if he were at all?
O born when Fates and ill-aspects let fall
A cruel influence for him! Far away
From friends and country destin'd to allay
The sea-bred appetites, or left ashore,
To be by fowls and upland monsters tore,
His life a kind authors nor his wealthy wife
Bemoaning, as behov'd, his parted life,
Nor closing, as in honour's course it lies
To all men dead, in bed his dying eyes.
But give me knowledge of your name and race.
What city bred you? Where the anchoring-place
Your ship now rides-at lies that shor'd you here
And where your men? Or if a passenger
In other keels you came, who (giving land
To your adventures here, some other strand
To fetch in further course) have left to us
Your welcome presence?" His reply was thus

"I am of Alybandé, where I hold
My name's chief house, to much renown extoll'd.
My father Aphidantea, fam'd to spring
From Polypemon, the Molossian king
My name Épentus. My taking land
On this fair isle was rul'd by the command
Of God or fortune, quite against consent
Of my free purpose, that in course was bent
For th' isle Sicania. My ship is held
Far from the city near an ample field.
And for Ulysses, since his pass from me
'Tis now five years. Unbless'd by destiny
That all this time hath had the fate to err!
Though, at his parting, good birds did augur
His putting-off, and on his right hand flew

Which to his passage my affection drew,
His spirit joyful, and my hope was now
To guest with him, and see his hand bestow
Rites of our friendship " This a cloud of grief
Cast over all the forces of his life.

With both his hands the burning dust he swept
Up from the earth, which on his head he heapt,
And fetch'd a sigh as in it life were broke.
Which grieved his son, and gave so smart a stroke
Upon his nostrils with the inward stripe,
That up the vein rose there, and weeping ripe
He was to see his sire feel such woe
For his dissembled joy, which now let go,
He sprung from earth, embrac'd and kiss'd his sire,
And said " O father! He of whom y' enquire
Am I myself, that, from you twenty years,
Is now return'd But do not break in tears,
For now we must not forms of kind maintain,
But haste and guard the substance I have slain
All my wife's Wooers, so revenging now
Their wrong so long time suffer'd Take not you
The comfort of my coming then to heart
At this glad instant, but, in prov'd desert
Of your grave judgment, give moan glad suspense,
And on the sudden put this consequence
In act as absolute, as all time went
To ripening of your resolute assent "

All this haste made not his staid faith so free
To trust his words, who said " If you are he,
Approve it by some sign " " This scar then see,"
Replied Ulysses, " giv'n me by the boar
Slain in Parnassus, I being sent before
By your's and by my honour'd mother's will,
To see your sire Autolycus fulfill
The gifts he vow'd at giving of my name
I'll tell you, too, the trees, in goodly frame
Of this fair orchard, that I ask'd of you
Being yet a child, and follow'd for your show
And name of ev'ry tree You gave me then
Of fig-trees forty apple-bearers ten,

Pear trees thirteen, and fifty ranks of vine
Each one of which a season did confine
For his best eating Not a grape did grow
That grew not there, and had his heavy brow
When Jove's fair daughters, the all ripening Hours,
Gave timely date to it. This charg'd the pow'rs
Both of his knees and heart with such impression
Of sudden comfort, that it gave possession
Of all to Trance, the signs were all so true,
And did the love that gave them so renew
He cast his arms about his son and sunk,
The circle slipping to his feet so shrunk
Were all his age's forces with the fire
Of his young love rekindled. The old sire
The son took up quite lifeless. But his breath
Again respiring, and his soul from death
His body's pow'r recover'ing, out he cried,
And said "O Jupiter! I now have in'd
That still there live in heav'n rememb'ring Gods
Of men that serve them though the periods
They set on their appearances are long
In best men's sufferings, yet as sure as strong
They are in comforts, be their strange delays
Extended never so from days to days.
Yet see the short joys or the soon mix'd fears
Of helps withheld by them so many years!
For if the Wooers now have paid the pain
Due to their impious pleasures, now again
Extreme fear takes me, lest we straight shall see
The Ithacensians here in mutiny
Their messengers dispatch'd to win to friend
The Cephallenian cities." "Do not spend
Your thoughts on these cares," said his suffering son,
"But be of comfort, and see that course run
That best may shun the worst. Our house is near
Telemachus and both his herdsmen there
To dress our supper with their utmost haste
And thither haste we. This said, forth they part,
Came home, and found Telemachus at feast
With both his swains while who had done, all drest

With baths and balms and royally array'd
The old king was by his Sicilian maid
By whose side Pallas stood, his crook'd-age straight'ning,
His flesh more plumping, and his looks enlight'ning
Who issuing then to view, his son admir'd
The Gods' aspects into his form inspir'd,
And said "O father, certainly some God
By your addression in this state hath stood,
More great, more rev'rend, rend'ring you by far
At all your parts than of yourself you are!"

"I would to Jove," said he, "the Sun, and She
That bears Jove's shield, the state had stood with
me

That help'd me take-in the well-builded tow'rs
Of strong Nericus (the Cephalian pow'rs
To that fair city leading) two days past,
While with the Wooers thy conflict did last,
And I had then been in the Wooers' wreak!
I should have help'd thee so to render weak
Their stubborn knees, that in thy joy's desert
Thy breast had been too little for thy heart."

This said, and supper order'd by their men,
They sat to it, old Dolius ent'ring then,
And with him, tried with labour, his sons came,
Call'd by their mother, the Sicilian dame
That brought them up and dress'd their father's fare,
As whose age grew, with it increas'd her care
To see him serv'd as fitted When thus set
These men beheld Ulysses there at meat,
They knew him, and astonish'd in the place
Stood at his presence, who, with words of grace,
Call'd to old Dolius, saying "Come and eat,
And banish all astonishment Your meat
Hath long been ready, and ourselves made stay,
Expecting ever when your wish'd way
Would reach amongst us" This brought fiercely on
Old Dolius from his stand, who ran upon,
With both his arms abroad, the King, and kiss'd
Of both his rapt up hands the either wrist,
Thus welcoming his presence "O my love,

Your presence here, for which all wishes strove,
No one expected. Ev'n the Gods have gone
In guide before you to your mansion.
Welcome, and all joys to your heart contend.
Knows yet Penelope? Or shall we send
Some one to tell her this? "She knows," said he,
What need these troubles, father touch at thee?

Then came the sons of Dolius, and again
Went over with their father's entertain,
Welcom'd, shook hands, and then to feast sat down.
About which while they sat, about the town
Fame flew and shriek'd about the cruel death
And fate the Wooers had sustain'd beneath
Ulysses' roofs. All heard together all
From hence and thence met in Ulysses' hall,
Short-breath'd and noiseful, bore out all the dead
To instant burial, while their deaths were spread
To other neighbour cities where they liv'd,
From whence in swiftest fisher boats arriv'd
Men to transfer them home. In mean space here
The heavy nobles all in council were;
Where, met in much heap, up to all prose
Extremely-gnev'd Eupitheus so to lose
His son Antinous, who, first of all,
By great Ulysses' hand had slaught'rous fall.
Whose father weeping for him, said O friends,
This man hath author'd works of dismal ends,
Long since conveying in his guide to Troy
Good men, and many that did ships employ
All which are lost, and all their soldiers dead
And now the best men Cephallenia bred
His hand hath slaughter'd. Go we then (before
His scape to Pylos, or the Elians' shore,
Where rule the Epeans) gainst his horrid hand
For we shall grieve, and infamy will brand
Our fames for ever if we see our sons
And brothers end in these confusions,
Revenge left uninflicted. Nor will I
Enjoy one day's life more, but grieve and die
With instant onset. Nor should you survive

To keep a base and beastly name alive
Haste, then, lest flight prevent us " This with tears
His griefs advis'd, and made all sufferers
In his affliction But by this was come
Up to the council from Ulysses' home—
When sleep had left them, which the slaughters there
And their self-dangers from their eyes in fear
Had two nights intercepted—those two men
That just Ulysses sav'd out of the slain,
Which Medon and the sacred singer were
These stood amidst the council, and the fear
The slaughter had impress'd in either's look
Stuck still so ghastly, that amaze it strook
Through ev'ry there beholder To whose ears
One thus enforc'd, in his fright, cause of theirs
"Attend me, Ithacensians! This stern fact
Done by Ulysses was not put in act
Without the Gods' assistance These self eyes
Saw one of the immortal Deities
Close by Ulysses, Mentor's form put on
At ev'ry part. And this sure Deity shone
Now near Ulysses, setting on his bold
And slaught'rous spirit, now the points controll'd
Of all the Wooers' weapons, round about
The arm'd house whisking, in continual rout
Their party putting, till in heaps they fell "
This news new fears did through their spirits impell,
When Halitherses (honour'd Mastor's son,
Who of them all saw only what was done
Present and future) the much-knowing man
And aged heroe this plain course ran
Amongst their counsels "Give me likewise ear,
And let me tell ye, friends, that these ills bear
On your malignant spleens their sad effects,
Who not what I persuaded gave respects,
Nor what the people's pastor, Mentor, said,—
That you should see your issues' follies stay'd
In those foul courses, by their petulant life
The goods devouring, scandalling the wife
Of no mean person, who, they still would say,

Could never more see his returning-day
Which yet appearing now now give it trust
And yield to my free counsels Do not thrust
Your own safe persons on the acts your sons
So dearly bought, lest their confusions
On your lov'd heads your like addictions draw

This stood so far from force of any law
To curb their loose attempts, that much the more
They rush'd to wreak and made rude tumult roar
The greater part of all the court arose
Good counsel could not ill designs dispose.
Eupitheus was persuader of the course,
Which, complete-arm'd, they put in present force
The rest sat still in council. These men met
Before the broad town, in a place they set
All girt in arms Eupitheus choosing chief
To all their follies, who put grief to grief
And in his slaughter'd sons' revenge did burn.
But Fate gave never feet to his return,
Ordaining there his death. Then Pallas spake
To Jove, her Father with intent to make
His will high arbiter of th' act design'd,
And ask'd of him what his unsearch'd mind
Held undiscover'd? If with arms, and ill,
And grave encounter he would first fulfill
His sacred purpose, or both parts combine
In peaceful friendship? He ask'd Why incline
These doubts thy counsels? Hast not thou decreed
That Ithacus should come and give his deed
The glory of revenge on these and theirs?
Perform thy will the frame of these affairs
Have this fit issue When Ulysses hand
Hath reach'd full wreak, his then renown'd command
Shall reign for ever faithful truces strook
'Twixt him and all for ev'ry man shall brook
His sons' and brothers slaughters by our mean
To send Oblivion in, expunging clean
The character of enmity in them all,
As in best leagues before. *Peace festival,
And riches in abundance, be the state*

That crowns the close of wise Ulysses' Fate "

This spur'd the free, who from heav'n's continent
To th' Ithacensian isle made straight descent
Where, dinner past, Ulysses said "Some one
Look out to see their nearness" Dolus' son
Made present speed abroad, and saw them nigh,
Ran back, and told, bade arm, and instantly
Were all in arms Ulysses' part was four,
And six more sons of Dolus, all his pow'r
Two only more, which were his aged sire
And like-year'd Dolus, whose lives'-slak'd fire
All-white had left their heads, yet, driv'n by need,
Made soldiers both of necessary deed
And now, all-girt in arms, the ports set wide,
They sallied forth, Ulysses being their guide,
And to them in the instant Pallas came,
In form and voice like Mentor, who a flame
Inspir'd of comfort in Ulysses' heart
With her seen presence To his son, apart,
He thus then spake "Now, son, your eyes shall see,
Expos'd in slaught'rous fight, the enemy,
Against whom who shall best serve will be seen
Disgrace not then your race, that yet hath been
For force and fortitude the foremost tried
Of all earth's offsprings" His true son replied
"Yourself shall see, lov'd father, if you please,
That my deservings shall in nought digress
From best fame of our race's foremost merit "
The old king sprung for joy to hear his spirit,
And said "O lov'd Immortals, what a day
Do your clear bounties to my life display!
I joy, past measure, to behold my son
And nephew close in such contention
Of virtues martial" Pallas, standing near,
Said "O my friend! Of all supremely dear,
Seed of Arcesius, pray to Jove and Her
That rules in arms, his daughter, and a dart,
Spritefully brandish'd, hurl at th' adverse part "
This said, he pray'd, and she a mighty force
Inspir'd within him, who gave instant course

To his brave-brandish'd lance, which struck the brass
That cheek'd Eupitheus casque, and thrust his pass
Quite through his head who fell, and sounded
falling,

His arms the sound again from earth recalling

Ulysses and his son rush'd on before,
And with their both way headed darts did gore
Their enemies' breasts so thick, that all had gone
The way of slaughter had not Pallas thrown
Her voice betwixt them, charging all to stay
And spare expense of blood. Her voice did fray
The blood so from their faces that it left
A greenish paleness all their hands it rest
Of all their weapons, falling thence to earth
And to the common mother of their birth,
The city all fled, in desire to save
The lives yet left them. Then Ulysses gave
A horrid shout, and like Jove's eagle flew
In fiery pursuit, till Saturnius threw
His smoking lightning twixt them that had fall
Before Minerva, who then out did call
Thus to Ulysses "Born of Jove! Abstain
From further bloodshed. Jove's hand in the slain
Hath equal'd in their pains their prides to thee
Abstain, then, lest you move the Deity

Again then, twixt both parts the Seed of Jove,
Athenian Pallas, of all future love
A league compos'd, and for her form took choice
Of Mentor's likeness both in limb and voice.

So wrought divine Ulysses through his woes
 So crown'd the light with him his mother's throes,
 As through his great Remoteness I have wrought
 And my safe sail to sacred anchor brought
 Nor did the Argive ship more burthen feel
 That bore the care of all men in her keel
 That my adventurous bark the Colchian fleece
 Not half so precious as this Soul of Greece
 In whose Songs I have made our shores rejoice,
 And Greek itself vail to our English voice.
 Yet this inestimable Pearl will all
 Our dunghill chancielevs but obvious call
 Each modern scraper this Gem scratching by
 His oar preferring far Let such let lie
 So scorn the stars the clouds as true soul'd men
 Despise deceivers For as clouds would fain
 Obscure the stars, yet (regions left below
 With all their envies) bar them but of show
 For they shine ever and will shine, when they
 Dissolve in sinks make mire, and temper clay
 So puff'd impostors (our muse vapours) strive,
 With their self blown additions, to deprive
 Men solid of their full, though infinite short
 They come in their compare and false report
 Of levelling or touching at their light
 That still retain their radiance, and clear right
 And shall shine ever when, alas ! one blast
 Of least disgrace tears down th impostor's mast
 His tops and tacklings his whole freight and he
 Confiscate to the fishy monarchy
 His trash, by foolish Fame brought now from hence
 Given to serve mackarel forth, and frankincense
 Such then, and any too soft-eyed to see,
 Through works so solid any worth, so free
 Of all the learn'd professions as is fit
 To praise at such price let him think his wit
 Too weak to rate it rather than oppose
 With his poor pow'rs Ages and Hosts of Foes

TO THE RUINS OF TROY AND
GREECE

*TROY rack'd, Greece wrack'd, who mourns? Ye both
may boast,
Else th' Iliads and Odysseys had been lost !*

AD DEUM

*THE Only True God (betwixt Whom and me
I only bound my comfort, and agree
With all my actions) only truly knows,
And can judge truly, me, with all that goes
To all my faculties In Whose free Grace
And Inspiration I only place
All means to know (with my means, study, pray'r,
In and from His Word taken) stan by stan,
In all continual contentation, rising
To knowledge of His Truth, and practising
His Will in it, with my sole Saviour's Aid,
Guide, and Enlight'ning, nothing done, nor said,
Nor thought, that good is, but acknowledg'd by
His Inclination, Skill, and Faculty
By which, to find the way out to His Love
Past all the worlds, the sphere is where doth move
My studies, pray'rs, and pow'rs, no pleasure taken
But sign'd by His, for which, my blood forsaken,
My soul I cleave to, and what (in His Blood
That hath redeem'd, cleans'd, taught her) fits her good*

DEO OPT MAX GLORIA

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA

TO MY EVER MOST WORTHY TO-BE-MOST
HONOURED LORD

THE EARL OF SOMERSET Etc.

*Not forc'd by fortune but since your free mind
(Made by affliction) rests in choise resign'd
To calm retreat laid quite beneath the wind
Of grace and glory I well know my Lord
You would not be entitled to a word
That might a thought remove from your repose
To thunder and spit flames as greatness does
For all the trumps that still tell where he goes
Of which trumps Dedication being one
Methinks I see you start to hear it blown*

*But this is no such trump as summons lords
Gainst Envy's steel to draw their leaden swords
Or gainst hare-lipp'd Detraction Contempt
All which from all resistance stand exempt
It being as hard to sever wrong from merit
As meat-indur'd from blood, or blood from spirit
Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul
In bodies chaste with more divine control,
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace
And therefore Truth itself that had to bless
The merit of it all, Almightyness
Would not protect it from the ban and ban
Of all moods most distraught and Stygian
As counting it the crown of all desert
Borne to heaven to take of earth no part*

*Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,
 Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth
 But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,
 Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,
 With bitter frosts, and smarting hailstorms, forth
 Fates love bees' labours, only Pain crown's Worth
 This Dedication calls no greatness, then,
 To patron this greatness-creating pen,
 Nor you to add to your dead calm a breath,
 For those aim'd angels, that in spite of death
 Inspir'd those flow'rs that wrought this Poet's wreath,
 Shall keep it ever, Poesy's steepest star,
 As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold
 Can,*

*From all the wilds of Neptune's wat'ry sphere,
 For ever guards the Erymanthian bear*

*Since then your Lordship settles in your shade
 A life retir'd, and no retreat is made
 But to some strength, (for else 'tis no retreat,
 But rudely running from your battle's heat)
 I give this as your strength, your strength, my Lord
 In counsels and examples, that afford
 More guard than whole hosts of corporeal pow'r,
 And more deliverance teach the fatal hour*

*Turn not your medicine then to your disease,
 By your too set and slight repulse of these,
 The adjuncts of your matchless Odysseys,
 Since on that wisest mind of man relies
 Refuge from all life's infelicities*

*Nor sing these such division from them,
 But that these spin the thread of the same stream
 From one self distaff's stuff, for Poesy's pen,
 Though all themes, is t' inform the lives of men,
 All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees,
 Without which, had you even Herculean knees,
 Your foes' fresh charges would at length prevail,
 To leave your noblest suff'rance no least sail
 Strength then the object is of all retreats,
 Strength needs no friends' trust, strength your
 defeats*

*Retire to strength, then, of eternal things
 And v're eternal for our knowing springs
 Flow into those things that we truly know
 Which being eternal we are render'd so
 And though your high fix'd light pass infinite far
 Th' adviceful guide of my still-trembling star
 Yet hear what my discharg'd piece must foretel
 Standing your poor and perdue sentinel
 Kings may perhaps wish even your beggar's-voice
 To their eternities how scorn'd a choice
 Soever now it lies and (dead) I may
 Extend your life to light's extremest ray
 If not your Homer yet past doubt shall make
 Immortal, like himself your bounty's stake
 Put in my hands to propagate your fame
 Such virtue reigns in such wasted name*

*Retire to him then for advice, and skill
 To know things call'd worst best and best most ill.
 Which known, truths best choose and retire to still,
 And as our English general, (whose name^{*}
 Shall equal interest find in th' house of fame
 With all Earth's great'st commanders) in retreat
 To Belgian Gant stood all Spain's armies' heat
 By Parma led, though but one thousand strong
 Three miles together thrusting through the throng
 Of th' enemy's horse still pouring on their fall
 Twist him and home and thunder'd through them
 all*

*The Gallic Monsieur standing on the wall,
 And wondering at his dreadful discipline
 Fir'd with a valour that spelt spirit drone
 In five battalions ranging all his men
 Bristl'd with pikes and flank'd with flankers ten
 Gave fire still in his rear retur'd, and wrought
 Down to his fix'd strength still retur'd and fought
 All the battalions of the enemy's horse
 Storming upon him still their fieriest force*

A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General North in his retreat before Gant, never before made sacred to memory

*Charge upon charge laid fresh, he, fresh as day,
 Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way
 Into the gates, that gasp'd, (as swoons for air,)
 And took their life in, with untouch'd repair —
 So fight out, sweet Earl, your retreat in peace,
 No open-war equals that whicke privy please
 Of never-number'd odds of enemy,
 Aim'd all by envy, in blind ambush lie,
 To rush out like an opening thral'ning sky,
 Broke all in meteors round about your ears
 'Gainst which, though far from hence, through all your
 years,*

*Have fires prepar'd wisdom with wisdom flank,
 And all your forces range in present rank
 Retiring as you now fought in your strength,
 From all the force laid, in time's utmost length,
 To charge, and basely come on you behind
 The doctrine of all which you here shall find,
 And in the true glass of a human mind
 Your Odysseys, the body letting see
 All his life past, through infelicity,
 And manage of it all In which to friend,
 The full Muse brings you both the prime and end
 Of all arts ambient in the orb of man,
 Which never darkness most Cimmerian
 Can give eclipse, since, blind, he all things saw,
 And to all ever since liv'd lord and law
 And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise,
 Taste not poor Poesy's ingenuities,
 Being crusted with their covetous leprosies,
 But hold her pains worse than the spiders' work,
 And lighter than the shadow of a cork,
 Yet th' ancient learn'd, heat with celestial fire,
 Affirms her flames so sacred and entire,
 That not without God's greatest grace she can
 Fall in the wid'st capacity of man*

*If yet the vile soul of this verminous time
 Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,
 Than this full sphere of poesy's sweetest prime,
 Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,*

*And rest your wings in his approv'd ascent
That yet was never reach'd nor ever fell
Into affections bought with things that sell
Being the sun's flower and wrapt so in his sky
He cannot yield to every candle's eye.*

*These most worthy discoveries to your lordship's
judicial perspective in most subdu'd humility
submitted*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED CROWNE

AFTER this not only Prime of Poets, but Philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysseys, which (for their first lights born before all learning) were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth, finding no compensation, he writ in contempt of men this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his heroes. At which the Gods themselves, put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-forked flashes, and all for the drowning of a mouse. After which slight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the Gods, in Hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdictions, and dignities, which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them, and whatsoever authentic Poesy he omitted in the episodes contained in his Iliads and Odysseys, he comprehends and concludes in his Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the Gods, rather moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man *verecundi ingenui* (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death, and yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit, yea even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety, hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping, Master of the Muses, to his last accents, incomparably singing

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA

ENT'RING the fields, first let my vows call on
The Muses' whole quire out of Helicon
Into my heart, for such a poem's sake,
As lately I did in my tables take,
And put into report upon my knees.
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees
Fit Mars himself and his tumultuous hand,
Glorying to dart to th' ears of every land
Of all the voice-divided ¹ and to show
How bravely did both Frogs and Mice bestow
In glorious fight their forces, even the deeds
Daring to imitate of Earth's Giant Seeds.

Thus then men talk'd this seed the strife begot
The Mouse once dry and escaped the dangerous cat,
Drench'd in the neighbour lake her tender beard,
To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.

The far famed Feo-affecter seeing him, said
"Ho, stranger! What are you, and whence, that tread
This shore of ours? Who brought you forth? Reply
What truth may witness, lest I find you lie.
If worth fruition of my love and me,
I'll have thee home, and hospitality
Of feast and gift, good and magnificent,
Bestow on thee for all this continent
Resounds my royalty my name, the great
In blown-up-count nances and looks of threat,
Physignathus,² adored of all Frogs here
All their days' durance, and the empire bear
Of all their beings mine own being begot
By royal Peleus,³ mix'd in nuptial knot
With fair Hydromedusa,⁴ on the bounds

Intending *men* being divided from all other creatures by the
voice *μῆλον* being a periphrasis, signifying voice distinct, of *μῆλον*
(*μῆλον*) divided and by birds war

¹ Φωκυράδων Genas et buccas infant.

² Πῆλεις qui ex Iulo nascitur

³ Τῶν πεδίων. Aquarum regi a.

Near which Eridanus¹ his race resounds
 And thee mine eye makes my conceit inclined
 To reckon powerful both in form and mind,
 A sceptre-bearer, and past others far
 Advanc'd in all the fiery fights of war
 Come then, thy race to my renown commend "

The Mouse made answer "Why inquires my friend ?

For what so well know men and Deities,
 And all the wing'd affecters of the skies ?
 Psicharpa² I am call'd , Trovartes'³ seed,
 Surnamed the mighty-minded She that freed
 Mine eyes from darkness was Lichomye,⁴
 King Pternotroctes'⁵ daughter, showing me,
 Within an aged hovel, the young light,
 Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height
 Of varied viands But unfold the cause,
 Why, 'gainst similitude's most equal laws
 Observed in friendship, thou mak'st me thy friend ?
 Thy life the waters only help t' extend ,
 Mine, whatsoever men are used to eat,
 Takes part with them at shore ; their purest cheat,
 Thrice bouted, kneaded, and subdued in paste,
 In clean round kymnells, cannot be so fast
 From my approaches kept but in I eat ,
 Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,
 That crusty-weeds⁶ wear, large as ladies' trains ,
 Liverings,⁷ white-skinn'd as ladies , nor the strains
 Of press'd milk, renneted , nor collops cut
 Fresh from the flitch , nor junkets, such as put
 Palates divine in appetite , nor any
 Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many
 Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deckt

¹ The river Po in Italy

² Ψιχαρπαξ Gather crum, or ravish crum

³ Shear-crust

⁴ Lick mill

⁵ Bacon flitch devourer, or gnawer

⁶ Τανυπεπλος *Extenso et promisso peploamictus* A metaphor taken from ladies veils or trains, and therefore their names are here added

⁷ Ηπατα λευκοχίτωνα Livering puddings white skinn d

With all the dainties all strange soils affect.¹
 Yet am I not so unusual to fly
 Of fields embattled the most fiery cry
 But rush out straight, and with the first in fight
 Mix in adventure. No man with assigh
 Can daunt my forces, though his body be
 Of never so immense a quantity
 But making up, even to his bed, access,
 His fingers' ends dare with my teeth compress,
 His feet tant likewise, and so soft seize both
 They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth
 Sweet sleep shall hold his own in every eye
 Where my tooth takes his tarest liberty
 But two there are, that always, far and near
 Extremely still control my force with fear
 The Cat, and Night-hawk, who much scathe confer
 On all the ootrays where for food I err
 Together with the straits-still keeping trap,²
 Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap.
 Bot most of all the Cat constrains my fear
 Being ever apt t' assault me everywhere
 For by that hole that hope says I shall scape,
 At that hole ever she commits my rape.
 The best is yet, I eat no pot herb grass,
 Nor radishes, nor coloquintida,
 Nor still-green beets, nor paraley which you make
 Your dainties still, that live upon the lake.
 The Frog replied Stranger your boasts creep all
 Upon their bellies though to our lives fall
 Much more miraculous meats by lake and land,
 Jove tend'ring our lives with a twofold hand,
 Enabling us to leap ashore for food,
 And hide us straight in our retreatful flood.
 Which, if you will serve, you may prove with ease.
 I'll take you on my shoulders which fast seize,
 If safe arrival at my house y' intend.
 He stoop'd, and thither spritely did ascend,

¹ *Παρδοσιαίον* Whose common exposition is only *curios* when it properly signifies *ex omni solo*.

² *Zroborous* of *erubs angustas*.

Clasping his golden neck, that easy seat
Gave to his sally, who was jocund yet,
Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near,
And he a swimmer so exempt from peer
But when he sunk into the purple wave,
He mourn'd extremely, and did much deprave
Unprofitable penitence, his hair
Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air
With his feet fetch'd up to his belly close,
His heart within him panted out repose,
For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand,
Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land,
Forced by the dire need of his freezing fear
First, on the waters he his tail did stear,
Like to a stern, then drew it like an oar,
Still praying the Gods to set him safe ashore,
Yet sunk he midst the red waves more and more,
And laid a throat out to his utmost height,
Yet in forced speech he made his peril slight,
And thus his glory with his grievance strove
"Not in such choice state was the charge of love
Borne by the bull, when to the Cretan shore
He swum Europa through the wavy roar,
As this Frog ferries me, his pallid breast
Bravely advancing, and his verdant crest
(Submitted to my seat) made my support,
Through his white waters, to his royal court"
But on the sudden did apparance make
An horrid spectacle,—a Water-snake
Thrusting his freckled neck above the lake
Which seen to both, away Physignathus
Dived to his deeps, as no way conscious
Of whom he left to perish in his lake,
But shunn'd black fate himself, and let him take
The blackest of it, who amidst the fen
Swum with his breast up, hands held up in vain,
Cried *Peepe*, and perish'd, sunk the waters oft,
And often with his sprawlings came aloft,
Yet no way kept down death's relentless force,
But, full of water, made an heavy corse

Before he perish'd yet, he threaten'd thus
 "Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven, Phrygnathus,
 Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from
 thee,
 As from a rock, the shipwreck'd life of me,
 Though thou thyself no better was than I
 O worst of things, at any faculty
 Wrestling or race. But, for thy perfidy
 In this my wreck, Jove bears a wreakful eye
 And to the host of Mice thou pains shalt pay
 Past all evasion. This his life let say
 And left him to the waters. Him beheld
 Lachopanax,* placed in the pleasing field,
 Who shriek'd extremely ran and told the Mice
 Who having heard his wat'ry destinies,
 Pernicious anger pierced the hearts of all,
 And then their heralds forth they sent to call
 A council early at Troxartes house,
 Sad father of this fatal shipwreck'd Mouse
 Whose dead come upwards swum along the lake,
 Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforced to make
 The shore his harbour but the mid-main swum.
 When now all haste made, with first morn'd came
 All to set council in which first rais'd head
 Troxartes, angry for his son, and said
 "O friends, though I alone may seem to bear
 All the infortune, yet may all met here
 Account it their case. But tis true, I am
 In chief unhappy that a triple flame
 Of life feel put forth, in three famous sons
 The first, the chief in our confusions,
 The Cat, made rape of, caught without his hole
 The second, Man, made with a cruel soul,
 Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight,
 And a most wooden engine of deceit,
 They term a Trap, mere murth'ers of our Mice.
 The last, that in my love held special price,
 And his rare mother's, this Phrygnathus
 (With false pretext of waiting to his house)

Lickdick.

Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream
Come then, haste all, and issue out on them,
Our bodies deck'd in our Dædalean arms "

This said, his words thrust all up in alarms,
And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war,
Made all in their appropriates circular
First on each leg the green shales of a bean
They closed for boots, that sat exceeding clean ,¹
The shales they broke ope, boothaling by night,
And ate the beans , their jacks art exquisite
Had shown in them, being cats' skins, everywhere
Quilted with quills , their fenceful bucklers were
The middle rounds of can'sticks , but their spear
A huge long needle was, that could not bear
The brain of any but be Mars his own
Mortal invention , their heads' arming crown
Was vessel to the kernel of a nut

And thus the Mice their powers in armour put

This the Frogs hearing, from the water all
Issue to one place, and a council call
Of wicked war , consulting what should be
Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny
While this was question'd, near them made his stand
An herald with a sceptre in his hand,
Embasychytus² call'd, that fetch'd his kind
From Tyroglyphus³ with the mighty mind,
Denouncing ill-named war in these high terms
" O Frogs ! the Mice send threats to you of arms,
And bid me bid ye battle and fix'd fight ,
Their eyes all wounded with Psicharpax' sight
Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd
And therefore all prepare for force of field,
You that are best born whosoever held "

This said, he sever'd his speech firing th' ears
Of all the Mice, but freez'd the Frogs with fears,
Themselves conceiting guilty , whom the king
Thus answer'd, rising, " Friends ! I did not bring

¹ Εὖ τ' ἀσκήσαντες, ἀδ' ἀσκέω *elaboratè concinnò*

² Enter-pot, or search-pot

³ Cheese-miner *Qui caseum rodendo cavat*

Psicharpax to his end he, wantoning
 Upon our waters, practising to swim,
 Aped us,¹ and drown'd without my sight of him,
 And yet these worst of vermin accuse me,
 Though no way guilty Come, consider we
 How we may ruin these deceitful Mice.
 For my part, I give voice to this advice,
 As seeming fittest to direct our deeds
 Our bodies decking with our arming weeds,
 Let all our pow'rs stand rais'd in steep repose
 Of all our shore that, when they charge us close,
 We may the helms snatch off from all so deckt,
 Daring our onset, and them all deject
 Down to our waters who, not knowing the sleight
 To drive our soft deeps, may be strangled straight,
 And we triumphing may a trophy rear
 Of all the Mice that we have slaughter'd here.

These words put all in arms and mallow leaves
 They drew upon their legs, for arming greaves;²
 Their curets, broad green beets their bucklers were
 Good thick leaved cabbage, proof gainst any spear
 Their spears sharp bulrushes, of which were all
 Fitted with long ones their parts capital
 They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows.
 And thus all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose
 I' encamp themselves where lance with lance they
 lined,

And brandish'd bravely each Frog full of mind.

Then Jove call'd all Gods in his flaming throne,
 And show'd all all this preparation
 For resolute war these able soldiers,
 Many and great, all shaking lengthful spears,
 In show like Centaurs, or the Giants host.
 When, sweetly smiling, he inquired who, most
 Of all th' Immortals, pleased to add their aid
 To Frogs or Mice and thus to Pallas said

O Daughter! Must not your needs aid these
 Mice,

That, with the odours and meat sacrifice

Mimacheros. Aping or imitating us.

² Boots of war

Used in your temple, endless triumphs make,
And serve you for your sacred victuals' sake?"

Pallas replied "O Father, never I
Will aid the Mice in any misery
So many mischiefs by them I have found,
Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd,¹
My lamps still haunting to devour the oil
But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil
Made of a veil, that me in much did stand,
On which bestowing an elaborate hand
A fine woof working of as pure a thread,
Such holes therein their petulancies fed
That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done,
The darner a most dear pay stood upon
For his so dear pains, laid down instantly,
Or, to forbear, exacted usury²
So, borrowing from my fane the weed I wove,
I can by no means th' usurous darner move
To let me have the mantle to restore
And this is it that rubs the angry sore
Of my offence took at these petulant Mice
Nor will I yield the Frogs' wants my supplies,
For their infirm minds that no confines keep,
For I from war retir'd, and wanting sleep,
All leap'd ashore in tumult, nor would stay
Till one wink seized mine eyes, and so I lay
Sleepless, and pain'd with headache, till first light
The cock had crow'd up Therefore, to the fight
Let no God go assistant, lest a lance
Wound whosoever offers to advance,
Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes,
Should any God's access their spirits oppose
Sit we then pleased to see from heaven their fight "

She said, and all Gods join'd in her delight
And now both hosts to one field drew the jar,
Both heralds bearing the ostents of war

¹ Στέμματα *Lanas, eo quod colus cingant seu coronant* Which our learned sect translate eating the crowns that Pallas wore

² Τόκος *Partus, et id quod partu edidit mater* *Μισθός* hic appellatur *fœnus quod ex usura ad nos redit*

And then the wine-gnats,¹ that shrill trumpets sound,
Terribly rung out the encounter round
Jove thund'ring all heaven sad war's sign resounded.

And first Hypsiboas² Lichenor³ wounded,
Standing th' impression of the first in fight,
His lance did in his liver's midst alight,
Along his belly Down he fell his face
His fall on that part sway'd, and all the grace
Of his soft hair fill'd with disgraceful dust.

Then Troglodytes⁴ his thick javelin thrust
In Pelion's⁵ bosom, bearing him to ground,
Whom sad death seiz'd his soul flew through his
wound.

Seutlaeus⁶ next Embaschytros slew
His heart through-thrusting Then Artophagus⁷ threw
His lance at Polyphon,⁸ and struck him quill
Through his mid-belly down he fell upright,
And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight.

Lamnocharia,⁹ beholding Polyphon
Thus done to death, did, with as round a stone
As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound,
Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found
Whose eyes sad darkness seiz'd Lichenor¹⁰ cast
A flying dart off, and his aim so placed
Upon Lamnocharia, that sure he thought¹¹
The wound he wish'd him nor untruly wrought
The dire success, for through his liver flew
The fatal lance which when Crambophagus¹² knew
Down the deep waves near shore he, diving, fled;
But fled not fate so the stern enemy fed
Death with his life in diving; never more
The air he drew in his vermillion gore

¹ *Kuwp* *Culex vinarius* ² Loud mouth.

³ Kitchen vessel licker

Hole-dweller *Qui farum subit*

⁵ Wood-horn.

⁴ Beet-devourer

⁷ The great bread eater

⁸ *Hoλuπuwp* The great noise-maker shrill or big voiced.

⁹ The lake lover

¹⁰ *Qui lambit cul* *si* *culm.*

¹¹ *Terrereque intentissime dirigit ut certum sit in* *us* *rum*

¹² The cabbage-eater

Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore
 He laid extended, his fat entrails lay
 (By his small guts' impulsion) breaking way
 Out at his wound Limnisius¹ near the shore
 Destroy'd Tyroglyphus Which frighted sore
 The soul of Calaminth,² seeing coming on,
 For wreak, Pternoglyphus,³ who got him gone
 With large leaps to the lake, his target thrown
 Into the waters Hydrocharis⁴ slew
 King Pternophagus,⁵ at whose throat he threw
 A huge stone, strook it high, and beat his brain
 Out at his nostrils Earth blush'd with the stain
 His blood made on her bosom For next prise,
 Lichopinax to death did sacrifice
 Borborocœtes'⁶ faultless faculties,
 His lance enforced it, darkness closed his eyes
 On which when Prassophagus⁷ cast his look,
 Cnissodiotces⁸ by the heels he took,
 Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground,
 Then seized his throat, and soused him till he drown'd

But now Psicharpax wreaks his fellows' deaths,
 And in the bosom of Pelusius⁹ sheaths,
 In centre of his liver, his bright lance
 He fell before the author of the chance,
 His soul to hell fled Which Pelobates¹⁰
 Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize
 His hand's gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd
 His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd
 The light to him Which certainly incensed
 His fiery spleen, who with his wreak dispensed
 No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand
 A stone so massy it oppress'd the land,
 And hurl'd it at him, when below the knee
 It strook his right leg so impetuously

¹ *Paludis incola* Lake-liver

² *Qui in calaminthi herbâ palustri habitat*

³ Bacon eater

⁴ *Qui aquis delectatur*

⁵ Collop devourer

⁶ Mud sleeper

⁷ Leek or scallion lover

⁸ Kitchen-smell haunter, or hunter

⁹ Fenstalk.

¹⁰ *Qui per lutum it*

It piecemeal brake it he the dust did seize,
 Upwards everted. But Craugandes¹
 Revenged his death, and at his enemy
 Discharged a dart that did his point imply
 In his mid belly All the sharp-pild spear
 Got after in and did before it bear
 His universal entrails to the earth,
 Soon as his swoln hand gave his jav'lin birth.

Sitophagus,² beholding the sad sight,
 Set on the shore, went halting from the fight,
 Vex'd with his wounds extremely and, to make
 Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake.

Troxartes strook, in th instep's upper part,
 Phrygnathus who (privy to the smart
 His wound imparted) with his utmost haste
 Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast
 His eye upon the foe that fell before,
 And, seeing him half liv'd, long'd again to gore
 His gutless bosom and, to kill him quite,
 Ran fiercely at him. Which Prassarus³ sight
 Took instant note of, and the first in fight
 Thrust desprate way through, casting his keen
 lance

Off at Troxartes whose shield turn'd th advance
 The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance.

Amongst the Mice fought an egregious
 Young springall, and a close-encount'ring Mouse,
 Pure Artepibulus's⁴ dear descent
 A prince that Mars himself show'd where he went.
 (Call'd Mendarpax,⁵) of so huge a might,
 That only he still domineer'd in fight
 Of all the Mouse-host. He advancing close
 Up to the lake, past all the rest arose
 In glorious object, and made vaunt that he
 Came to depopulate all the progeny
 Of Frogs, affected with the lance of war
 And certainly he had put on as far

¹ Voodferator

² Scallion-devourer

Scrap, or broken-coat-eater

³ Eat-corn.

Bread-betrayer

As he advanced his vaunt, he was endu'd
 With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude,
 Had not the Father both of Gods and men
 Instantly known it, and the Frogs, even then
 Given up to ruin, rescued with remorse
 Who, his head moving, thus began discourse

"No mean amaze affects me, to behold
 Prince Meridarpax rage so uncontroll'd,
 In thirst of Frog-blood, all along the lake
 Come therefore still, and all addression make,
 Despatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars,
 Down to the field, to make him leave the wars,
 How potently soever he be said *
 Where he attempts once to uphold his head "

Mars answer'd "O Jove, neither She nor I,
 With both our aids, can keep depopulacy
 From off the Frogs ! And therefore arm we all,
 Even thy lance letting brandish to his call
 From off the field, that from the field withdrew
 The Titanois, the Titanois that slew,
 Though most exempt from match of all earth's
 Seeds,

So great and so inaccessible deeds
 It hath proclaim'd to men , bound hand and foot
 The vast Enceladus , and rac'd by th' root
 The race of upland Giants " This speech past,
 Saturnius a smoking lightning cast
 Amongst the armies, thund'ring then so sore,
 That with a rapting circumflex he bore
 All huge heaven over But the terrible ire
 Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire,
 (Which certainly his very finger was)
 Amazed both Mice and Frogs Yet soon let pass
 Was all this by the Mice, who much the more
 Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store
 Of all those lance-loved soldiers Which had been,
 If from Olympus Jove's eye had not seen
 The Frogs with pity, and with instant speed
 Sent them assistants Who, ere any heed

* *Kπατερος, validus seu potens in retinendo*

Was given to their approach, came crawling on
 With anvils on their backs, that, beat upon¹
 Never so much, are never weaned yet
 Crook-paw'd, and wrested on with foul cloven feet,
 Tongues in their mouths,² brick-back'd, all over bone,
 Broad shoulder'd, whence a ruddy yellow shone,
 Distorted, and small-thigh'd had eyes that saw
 Out at their bosoms twice four feet did draw
 About their bodies strong neck'd, whence did rise
 Two heads nor could to any hand be prise
 They call them lobsters that ate from the Mice
 Their tails, their feet, and hands, and wrested all
 Their lances from them, so that cold appall
 The wretches put in rout, past all return.
 And now the Fount of Light forbore to burn
 Above the earth when, which men's laws commend,
 Our battle in one day took absolute end.

¹ *Κυρτοπόδες*. *Incudes ferentes* or anvil backed. *Αγκυρω*
Incus dicta per cyclopera quasi nullis artibus fallget r

² *Ψαλλοστροφον*. *Ferripem in ore habens*.



HYMNS



A HYMN TO APOLLO

I WILL remember and express the praise
Of heav'n's Far-darter the fair King of days,
Whom even the Gods themselves fear when he
goes

Through Jove's high house and when his goodly
bows

He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,
And cluster near to admire his faculties.
Only Latona stirs not from her seat
Close by the Thund'rer till her Son's retreat
From his dread archery but then she goes,
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close,
And (having taken to her hand his bow
From off his able shoulders) doth bestow
Upon a pin of gold the glorious tiller
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar

Then doth She to his throne his state uphold,
Where his great Father in a cup of gold,
Serves him with nectar and shows all the grace
Of his great son Then th' other Gods take place
His gracious mother glorying to bear
So great an archer and a son so clear

All hail, O blest Latona! to bring forth
An issue of such all-out-shining worth
Royal Apollo, and the Queen that loves
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,
And he in cliffy Delos, leaning on
The lofty Orea, and being built upon
By Cynthus' prominent, that his head rears
Close to the palm that Inops' fluent cheers.

How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise,
O Phœbus? To whose worth the law of lays
In all kinds is ascrib'd, if feeding flocks
By continent or isle. All eminent' st rocks
Did sing for joy hill-tops, and floods in song
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along

To serve the sea , the shores, the seas, and all
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall
Of blest Latona thee the joy of man
Her child-bed made the mountain Cynthian
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle,
On whose all sides the black seas brake their pile,
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale
The singing winds did on their waves exhale

Here born, all mortals live in thy commands,
Whoever Crete holds, Athens, or the strands
Of th' isle Ægina, or the famous land
For ships (Eubœa), or Eresia,
Or Peparethus bord'ring on the sea,
Ægas, or Athos that doth Thrace divide
And Macedon , or Pelion, with the pride
Of his high forehead , or the Samian isle,
That likewise lies near Thrace , or Scyrus' soil ,
Ida's steep tops , or all that Phocis fill ,
Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill ,
Or populous Imber , Lemnos without ports ,
Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts ,
And sacred soil of blest Æolion ,
Or Chios that exceeds comparison
For fruitfulness , with all the isles that lie
Embrac'd with seas , Mimas, with rocks so high ,
Or lofty-crown'd Corycius , or the bright
Charos , or Æsagæus' dazzling height ,
Or watery Samos , Mycale, that bears
Her brows even with the circles of the spheres ,
Miletus , Cous, that the city is
Of voice-divided-choice humanities ,
High Cnidus , Carpathus, still strook with wind ,
Naxos, and Paros , and the rocky-min'd
Rugged Rhenæa. Yet through all these parts
Latona, great-grown with the King of darts,
Travell'd , and tried if any would become
To her dear birth an hospitable home
All which extremely trembled, shook with fear,
Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear
In their free states, though, for it, they became

Never so fruitful till the reverend Dame
 Ascended Delos, and her soil did seize
 With these wing'd words "O Delos! Wouldst thou
 please

To be my son Apollo's native seat,
 And build a wealthy fane to one so great,
 No one shall blame or question thy kind deed.
 Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed
 In any such store, or in vines exceed,
 Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants,
 Which often make the rich inhabitants
 Careless of Derty. If thou then shouldst rear
 A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer
 Whole hecatombs of bees for sacrifice,
 Still thronging hither and to thee would rise
 Ever unnumber'd odours, shouldst thou long
 Nourish thy King thus and from foreign wrong
 The Gods would guard thee which thine own
 address

Can never compass for thy barrenness.

She said, and Delos joy'd, replying thus
 "Most happy sister of Saturnus!
 I gladly would with all means entertain
 The King your son, being now despised of men,
 But should be honour'd with the greatest then.
 Yet this I fear nor will conceal from thee
 Your son, some say will author misery
 In many kinds, as being to sustain
 A mighty empire over Gods and men,
 Upon the holy-gift-giver the Earth.
 And bitterly I fear that, when his birth
 Gives him the sight of my so barren soil,
 He will condemn, and give me up to spoil,
 Enforce the sea to me, that ever will
 Oppress my heart with many a wat'ry hill.
 And therefore let him choose some other land,
 Where he shall please, to build at his command
 Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree.
 For wretched polypuses breed in me
 Retiring chambers, and black sea-calves den

In my poor soil, for penury of men
And yet, O Goddess, wouldst thou please to swear
The Gods' great oath to me, before thou bear
Thy blessed son here, that thou wilt erect
A fane to him, to render the effect
Of men's demands to them before they fall,
Then will thy son's renown be general,
Men will his name in such variety call,
And I shall then be glad his birth to bear "

This said, the Gods' great oath she thus did swear
" Know this, O Earth ! broad heaven's inferior sphere,
And of black Styx the most infernal lake,
(Which is the gravest oath the Gods can take)
That here shall ever rise to Phœbus' name
An odorous fane and altar , and thy fame
Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd "

Her oath thus took and ended, Delos joy'd
In mighty measure that she should become
To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home

Latona then nine days and nights did fall
In hopeless labour , at whose birth were all
Heaven's most supreme and worthy Goddesses,
Dione, Rhæa, and th' Exploratrix
Themis, and Amphitrite that will be
Pursu'd with sighs still , every Deity,
Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove,
Who held her moods aloft, and would not move ,
Only Lucina (to whose virtue vows
Each childbirth patient) heard not of her throes,
But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brows
Of broad Olympus, wrapp'd in clouds of gold
Whom Jove's proud wife in envy did withhold,
Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear
A son so faultless and in force so clear
The rest Thaumantia sent before, to bring
Lucina to release the envied king,
Assuring her, that they would straight confer
A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her,
All woven with wires of gold But charg'd her,
then,

To call apart from th ivory wristed Queen
The childbirth-guiding Goddess, for just fear
Lest, her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear
She, after might dissuade her from descent.
When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th intent
Of th other Goddesses, away she went,
And instantly she pass'd the infinite space
Twixt earth and heaven when, coming to the
place
Where dwelt th Immortals, straight without the
gate
She gat Lucina, and did all relate
The Goddesses commanded, and inclin'd
To all that they demanded her dear mind.
And on their way they went, like those two doves
That, walking highways, every shadow moves
Up from the earth, forc'd with their natural fear
When entering Delos, She, that is so dear
To dames in labour made Latona straight
Prone to delivery and to wield the weight
Of her dear burthen with a world of ease.
When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize,
And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees
Amidst the soft mead, that did smile beneath
Her sacred labour and the child did breathe
The air in th instant. All the Goddesses
Brake in kind tears and shrieks for her quick ease,
And thee, O archer Phoebus, with waves clear
Wash'd sweetly over swaddled with sincere
And spotless swathbands and made then to flow
About thy breast a mantle, white as snow
Fine, and new made and cast a veil of gold
Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold
Thy mother for thy food her golden breast,
But Themis, in supply of it, address'd
Lovely Ambrosia, and drunk off to thee
A bowl of nectar interchangeably
With her immortal fingers serving thine.
And when, O Phoebus, that eternal wine
Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine,

No golden swathband longer could contain
Thy panting bosom, all that would constrain
Thy soon-eas'd Godhead, every feeble chain
Of earthy child-rites, flew in sunder all
And then didst thou thus to the Deities call

“Let there be given me my lov'd lute and bow,
I'll prophesy to men, and make them know
Jove's perfect counsels ” This said, up did fly
From broad-way'd Earth the unshorn Deity,
Far-shot Apollo All th' Immortals stood
In steep amaze to see Latona's brood
All Delos, looking on him, all with gold
Was loaden straight, and joy'd to be extoll'd
By great Latona so, that she decreed
Her barrenness should bear the fruitful'st seed
Of all the isles and continents of earth,
And lov'd her from her heart so for her birth
For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood
Crown'd with the flow'r of an abundant wood
Aid thou, O Phoebus, bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land,
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill
Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes tak'st will
To visit islands, and the plumps of men
And many a temple, all ways, men ordain
To thy bright Godhead, groves, made dark with trees,
And never shorn, to hide the Deities,
All high-lov'd prospects, all the steepest brows
Of far-seen hills, and every flood that flows
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee
But most of all thy mind's alacrity
Is rais'd with Delos, since, to fill thy fane,
There flocks so many an Ionian,
With ample gowns that flow down to their feet,
With all their children, and the reverend sweet
Of all their pious wives And these are they
That (mindful of thee) even thy Deity
Render more spritely with their champion fight,
Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight,
Once having publish'd and proclaim'd their strife.

And these are acted with such exquisite life
That one would say "Now the Ionian strains
Are turn'd Immortals, nor know what age means.
His mind would take such pleasure from his eye,
To see them serv'd by all mortality
Their men so human, women so well grac'd,
Their ships so swift, their riches so increas'd,
Since thy observance, who, being all before
Thy opposites, were all despis'd and poor
And to all these this absolute wonder add,
Whose praise shall render all posterities glad
The Delian virgins are thy handmaids all,
And, since they serv'd Apollo, jointly fall
Before Latona, and Diana too,
In sacred service, and do therefore know
How to make mention of the ancient times
Of men and women, in their well made hymns,
And soften barbarous nations with their songs,
Being able all to speak the several tongues
Of foreign nations, and to imitate
Their musics there, with art so fortunate
That one would say there every one did speak,
And all their tunes in natural accents break,
Their songs so well compos'd are, and their art
To answer all sounds is of such desert.

But come, Latona, and thou King of flames,
With Phœbe rectress of chaste thoughts in dames
Let me salute ye, and your graces call
Hereafter to my just memorial.

And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace,
When any stranger of our earthy race,
Whose restless life affliction hath in chase,
Shall hither come and question you, who is,
To your chaste ears, of choicest faculties
In sacred poesy and with most right
Is author of your absolute delight,
Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can
To answer for our name — The sightless man
Of stony Chios. All whose poems shall
In all last ages stand for capital.

This for your own sakes I desire, for I
Will propagate mine own precedence
As far as earth shall well-built cities bear,
Or human conversation is held dear,
Not with my praise direct, but praises due,
And men shall credit it, because 'tis true
However, I'll not cease the praise I vow
To far-shot Phœbus with the silver bow,
Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light
O King! both Lycia is in rule thy right,
Fair Mœony, and the maritimal
Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all

But chiefly Delos, girt with billows round,
Thy most respected empire doth resound
Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there,
As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear
Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds,
Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds,
And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon
Thy hollow harp, that sounds to heaven set gone
Then to Olympus swift as thought he flew,
To Jove's high house, and had a retinue
Of Gods t' attend him, and then straight did fall
To study of the harp, and harpsical,
All th' Immortals To whom every Muse
With ravishing voices did their answers use,
Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity,
And from their hands what hells of misery
Poor humans suffer, living desperate quite,
And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,
Can make them manage any act aright,
Nor find, with all the soul they can engage,
A salve for death, or remedy for age

But here the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours,
Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' pow'rs,
Danc'd, and each other's palm to palm did cling
And with these danc'd not a deformed thing,
No forespoke dwarf, nor downward withering,
But all with wond'rous goodly forms were deckt,
And mov'd with beauties of unpriz'd aspect.

Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred,
Danc'd likewise there and Mars a march did tread
With that brave bevy In whose consort fell
Argicides, th ingenious sentinel.

Phœbus-Apollo touch'd his lute to them
Sweetly and softly a most glorious beam
Casting about him, as he danc'd and play'd,
And even his feet were all with rays array'd
His weed and all of a most curious trim
With no less lustre grac'd and circled him

By these Latona, with a hair that shined
Like burnish'd gold, and, with the mighty mind,
Heaven's counsellor, Jove, sat with delightful eyes,
To see their son new rank'd with Deities.

How shall I praise thee, then, that art all praise?
Amongst the brides shall I thy Denty raise?
Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo
The virgin Aia, and didst overthrow
The even with-Gods, Elation's mighty seed,
That had of goodly horse so brave a breed,
And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus,
Vahant Leucippus, and Ereuthena,
And Triopus himself with equal fall,
Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all?

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace
Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place
Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men?
First from Olympus thou alightedst then
Into Pieria, passing all the land
Of fruitless Leabos, chok'd with drifts of sand,
The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhæbes
And to Iolcus variedst thy access,
Ceneus' tops ascending, that their base
Make bright Eubœa, being of ships the grace,
And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field,
That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield
To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove.
Passing Eumpos then, thou mad'st remove
Up to earth's ever-green and holiest hill.
Yet swiftly thence, too, thou transcendedst still

To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon
Teumessus, apt to make green couches on,
And flowery field-beds Then thy progress found
Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd.
For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat,
And therefore were no paths nor highways beat
On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat,
But then she only wore on it a wood
From hence (even loth to part, because it stood
Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove
To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove,
Where new-tam'd horse, bred, nourish nerves so rare
That still they frolic, though they travell'd are
Never so sore, and hurry after them
Most heavy coaches, but are so extreme
(In usual travel) fiery and free,
That though their coachman ne'er so masterly
Governs their courages, he sometimes must
Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust,
When after them their empty coach they draw,
Foaming, and neighing, quite exempt from awe
And if their coachman guide through any grove
Unshorn, and vow'd to any Deity's love,
The lords encoach'd leap out, and all their care
Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair
Stroking and trimming them, and in some queach,
Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach,
Reining them up, invoke the deified King
Of that unshorn and everlasting spring,
And leave them then to her preserving hands,
Who is the Fate that there the God commands
And this was first the sacred fashion there
From hence thou went'st, O thou in shafts past peer,
And found'st Cephissus with thy all-seeing beams,
Whose flood affects so many silver streams,
And from Lilæus pours so bright a wave
Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave
The view of Ocale the rich in tow'rs,
Then to Amartus that abounds in flow'rs,
Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on,

Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon
And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn,
And nourish woods whose shades should neer be
shorn.

Where this thou toldst her, standing to her close
"Delphusa, here I entertain suppose
To build a far-fam'd temple, and ordain
An oracle t' inform the minds of men,
Who shall for ever offer to my love
Whole hecatombs even all the men that move
In rich Peloponnesus, and all those
Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose,
Whom future search of acts and beings brings.
To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things
In that rich temple where my oracle sings.

This said, the All bounds-reacher with his bow
The fane's divine foundations did foreshow
Ample they were, and did huge length impart,
With a continue tenour full of art.
But when Delphusa look'd into his end,
Her heart grew angry and did thus extend
Itself to Phœbus "Phœbus, since thy mind
A far-fam'd fane hath in itself design'd
To bear an oracle to men in me,
That hecatombs may put in fire to thee,
This let me tell thee, and impose for stay
Upon thy purpose Th' inarticulate neigh
Of fire-hov'd horse will ever disobey
Thy numerous car and mules will for their drink
Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think
That any of the human race had rather
See here the hurries of rich coaches gather,
And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hov'd horse,
Than in his pleasure's place convert recourse
To a mighty temple and his wealth bestow
On pieties, where his sports may freely flow
Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe.
And, therefore, wouldst thou hear my free advice,—
Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise,
O king, than I, thy pow'r being great'st of all

In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall
Of steep Parnassus,—let thy mind be given
To set thee up a fane, where never driven
Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs
Storm near thy well-built altars, but thy praise
Let the fair race of pious humans bring
Into thy fane, that Io-præans sing
And those gifts only let thy deified mind
Be circularly pleas'd with, being the kind
And fair burnt-offerings that true Deities bind ”
With this his mind she altered, though shé spak
Not for his good, but her own glory's sake

From hence, O Phœbus, first thou mad'st retr
And of the Phlegians reached the walled seat,
Inhabited with contumelious men,
Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings there
Within a large cave, near Cephissus' lake
Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst mak
Up to the tops intended, and the ground
Of Crissa, under the-with-snow-still-crown'd
Parnassus, reach'd, whose face affects the West ,
Above which hangs a rock, that still seems prest
To fall upon it, through whose breast doth run
A rocky cave, near which the King the Sun
Cast to contrive a temple to his mind,
And said, “ Now here stands my conceit inclin'd
To build a famous fane, where still shall be
An oracle to men, that still to me
Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well
Those that in rich Peloponnesus dwell
As those of Europe, and the isles that lie
Wall'd with the sea, that all their pains apply
T' employ my counsels To all which will I
True secrets tell, by way of prophecy,
In my rich temple, that shall ever be
An oracle to all posterity ”
This said, the fane's form he did straight present,
Ample, and of a length of great extent ,
In which Trophonius and Agamede,
Who of Erginus were the famous seed,

Impos'd the stony entry and the heart
Of every God had for their excellent art.

About the temple dwelt of human name
Unnumber'd nations, it acquired such fame,
Being all of stone, built for eternal date.
And near it did a fountain propagate
A fair stream far away when Jove's bright seed,
The King Apollo, with an arrow freed
From his strong string, destroy'd the Dragoness
That wonder nourish'd, being of such excess
In size, and horridness of monstrous shape,
That on the forc'd earth she wrought many a rape,
Many a spoil made on it, many an ill
On crook haunch'd herds brought, being impurpled
still

With blood of all sorts, having undergone
The charge of Juno, with the golden throne,
To nourish Typhon, the abhorr'd asslight
And bane of mortals, whom into the light
Saturnia brought forth, being incensed with Jove,
Because the most renown'd fruit of his love
(Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain.
For which majestic Juno did complain
In this kind to the Bless'd Court of the skies
"Know all ye sex-distinguish'd Deities,
That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng,
Begins with me first, and affects with wrong
My right in him, made by himself his wife,
That knows and does the honour'd marriage life
All honest offices and yet hath he
Unduly got, without my company
Blue-eyed Minerva, who of all the sky
Of blest Immortals is the absolute grace
Where I have brought into the Heavenly Race
A son, both taken in his feet and head,
So ugly and so far from worth my bed,
That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw
Down to the vast sea his detested view
Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who her way
With silver feet makes, and the fair array

Of her bright sisters, saved, and took to guard
But, would to heaven, another yet were spared
The like grace of his godhead ! Crafty mate,
What other scape canst thou excoGITate ?
How could thy heart sustain to get alone
The grey-eyed Goddess ? Her conception
Nor bringing forth had any hand of mine,
And yet, know all the Gods, I go for thine
To such kind uses But I'll now employ
My brain to procreate a masculine joy,
That 'mongst th' Immortals may as eminent shine,
With shame affecting nor my bed nor thine
Nor will I ever touch at thine again,
But far fly it and thee, and yet will reign
Amongst th' Immortals ever " This spleen spent
(Still yet left angry) far away she went
From all the Deathless, and yet pray'd to all,
Advanced her hand, and, ere she let it fall,
Used these excitements " Hear me now, O Earth !
Broad Heaven above it, and beneath, your birth,
The deified Titans, that dwell about
Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the rout
Of Men and Deities ! Hear me all, I say,
With all your forces, and give instant way
T' a son of mine without Jove, who yet may
Nothing inferior prove in force to him,
But past him spring as far in able limb
As he past Saturn " This pronounced, she strook
Life-bearing Earth so strongly, that she shook
Beneath her numb'd hand Which when she beheld,
Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd,
In hope all should to her desire extend
From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end,
Grew round, yet all that time the bed of Jove
She never touch'd at, never was her love
Enflam'd to sit near his Dædalian throne,
As she accustomed, to consult upon
Counsels kept dark with many a secret skill,
But kept her vow-frequented temple still,
Pleas'd with her sacrifice, till now, the nights

And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights
In all her revolutions being expired,
The hours and all run out that were required
To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son,
Like Gods or men in no condition,
But a most dreadful and pernicious thing
Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring
Confer'd confusion. Which received to hand
By Juno, instantly she gave command
(Ill to ill adding) that the Dragoness
Should bring it up who took, and did oppress
With many a misery (to maintain th' excess
Of that inhuman monster) all the race
Of men that were of all the world the grace,
Till the far working Phœbus at her sent
A fiery arrow that invoked event
Of death gave to her execrable life.
Before which yet she lay in bitter strife,
With dying pains, grovelling on earth, and drew
Extreme short respirations for which flew
A shout about the air, whence no man knew
But came by power divine. And then she lay
Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way
About her nasty nest, quite leaving then
Her murderous life, embued with deaths of men.

Then Phœbus gloried, saying Thyself now lie
On men-sustaining earth, and putrefy
Who first of putrefaction was inform'd.
Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd,
That storm'dst on men the earth-fed so much death
In envy of the offspring they made breathe
Their lives out on my altars. Now from thee
Not Typhon shall enforce the misery
Of mented death, nor She, whose name implies
Such scathe (Chimæra), but black earth make prise
To putrefaction thy immanities,
And bright Hyperion, that light all eyes shows,
Thine with a night of rottenness shall close.

Thus spake he glorying. And then seiz'd upon
Her horrid heap, with putrefaction,

Hyperion's lovely pow'rs, from whence her name
Took sound of Python, and heaven's Sovereign Flame
Was surnam'd Pythius, since the sharp-eyed Sun
Affected so with putrefaction

The hellish monster And now Phœbus' mind
Gave him to know that falsehood had strook blind
Even his bright eye, because it could not find
The subtle Fountain's fraud, to whom he flew,
Enflamed with anger, and in th' instant drew
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow

"Delphusa! You must look no longer now
To vent your frauds on me, for well I know
Your situation to be lovely, worth
A temple's imposition, it pours forth
So delicate a stream But your renown
Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own"
This said, he thrust her promontory down,
And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones,
A temple giving consecrations
In woods adjoining And in this fane all
On him, by surname of Delphusius, call,
Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame
His wrath affected so, and hid in shame

And then thought Phœbus what descent of men
To be his ministers he should retain,
To do in stony Pythos sacrifice
To which his mind contending, his quick eyes
He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld
A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd,
In which were men transferr'd, many and good,
That in Minoian Cnossus ate their food,
And were Cretensians, who now are those
That all the sacrificing dues dispose,
And all the laws deliver to a word
Of Day's great King, that wears the golden sword,
And oracles (out of his Delphian tree
That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity
Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men
These now his priests, that lived as merchants then,
In traffics and pecuniary rates,

For sandy Pylos and the Pylian states.
Were under sail. But now encounter'd them
Phœbus-Apollo, who into the stream
Cast himself headlong, and the strange disguise
Took of a dolphin of a goodly size.
Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay
As an osten of infinite dismay
For none with any strife of mind could look
Into the omen, all the ship-masts shook,
And silent all sat with the fear they took,
Arm'd not, nor strook they sail, but as before
Went on with full trim, and a foreright blow,
Stiff, and from forth the south the ship made lly
When first they stripp'd the Malean promont'ry
Touch'd at Laconia's soil, in which a town
Their ship arriv'd at, that the sea doth crown
Called Tenarus, a place of much delight
To men that serve Heaven's Comforter of sight.
In which are fed the famous flocks that bear
The wealthy fleeces, on a delicate lair
Being fed and seated. Where the merchants fain
Would have put in, that they might out again
To tell the miracle that chanced to them,
And try if it would take the sacred stream
Rushing far forth, that he again might bear
Those other fishes that abounded there
Delightsome company or still would stay
Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey
And for the rich Peloponnesian shore
Steer'd her free sail Apollo made the blow
Directly guide it. That obeying still
Reach'd dry Arena, and (what wish doth fill)
Fair Argyphœa, and the populous height
Of Thryus, whose stream siding her doth wait
With safe pass on Alphæus, Pylos' sands,
And Pylian dwellers keeping by the strands
On which th inhabitants of Crunius dwell,
And Helida set opposite to hell
Chalcas and Dymeas reach'd, and happily
Made sail by Pheras all being overjoy'd

With that frank gale that Jove himself employ'd
And then amongst the clouds they might descry
The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her Eye,
Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber graced,
Shady Zacynthus But when now they past
Peloponnesus all, and then when show'd
The infinite vale of Crissa, that doth shroud
All rich Morea with her liberal breast,
So frank a gale there flew out of the West
As all the sky discover'd, 'twas so great,
And blew so from the very council seat
Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send
The ship through full seas to her journey's end

From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the East,
And to the region where Light leaves his rest,
The Light himself being sacred pilot there,
And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near
The grapeful Crissa, where he rest doth take
Close to her port and sands And then forth brake
The far-shot King, like to a star that strows
His glorious forehead where the mid-day glows,
That all in sparkles did his state attire,
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire
He trod where no way oped, and pierced the place
That of his sacred tripods held the grace,
In which he lighted such a fluent flame
As gilt all Crissa, in which every dame,
And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries
At those fell fires of Phœbus' prodigies,
That shaking fears through all their fancies threw
Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew
Back to the ship, shaped like a youth in height
Of all his graces, shoulders broad and straight,
And all his hair in golden curls enwrapp'd,
And to the merchants thus his speech he shap'd

“Ho! Strangers! What are you? And from what
seat

Sail ye these ways that salt and water sweat?
To traffic justly? Or use vagrant scapes
Void of all rule, conferring wrongs and rapes,

Like pirates, on the men ye never saw
With minds project exempt from list or law?
Why sit ye here so stupefied, nor take
Land while ye may nor deposition make
Of naval arms, when this the fashion is
Of men industrious, who (their faculties
Wearied at sea) leave ship, and use the land
For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand?

This said, with bold minds he their breast supplied,
And thus made answer the Cretensian guide

"Stranger! Because you seem to us no seed
Of any mortal, but celestial breed
For parts and person, joy your steps ensue,
And Gods make good the bliss we think your due.
Vouchsafe us true relation, on what land
We here arrive, and what men here command.
We were for well known parts bound, and from Crete
(Our vaunted country) to the Pylian seat
Vow'd our whole voyage yet arrive we here,
Quite cross to those wills that our motions steer
Wishing to make return some other way
Some other course devious to assay
To pay our lost pains. But some God hath fill'd
Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd.

Apollo answer'd "Strangers! Though before
Ye dwelt in woody Cnossus, yet no more
Ye must be made your own reciprocals
To your loved city and fair severals
Of wives and houses, but ye shall have here
My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near
Of many a nation for myself am son
To Jove himself, and of Apollo won
The glorious title, who thus safely through
The sea's vast billows still have held your plough,
No ill intending, that will yet ye make
My temple here your own, and honours take
Upon yourselves, all that to me are given.
And more, the counsels of the King of Heaven
Yourselves shall know and with his will receive
Ever the honours that all men shall give.

Do as I say then instantly, strike sail,
Take down your tackling, and your vessel hale
Up into land, your goods bring forth, and all
The instruments that into sailing fall,
Make on this shore an altar, fire enflame,
And barley white cakes offer to my name,
And then, environing the altar, pray,
And call me (as ye saw me in the day
When from the windy seas I brake swift way
Into your ship) Delphinus, since I took
A dolphin's form then And to every look
That there shall seek it, that my altar shall
Be made a Delphian memorial
From thence for ever After this, ascend
Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend
Ingenuous offerings to the equal Gods
That in celestial seats make blest abodes
When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting,
Come all with me, and Io-pæans sing
All the way's length, till you attain the state
Where I your opulent fane have consecrate "

To this they gave him passing diligent ear,
And vow'd to his obedience all they were
First, striking sail, their tacklings then they losed,
And (with their gables stoop'd) their mast imposed
Into the mast room Forth themselves then went,
And from the sea into the continent
Drew up their ship, which far up from the sand
They rais'd with ample rafters Then in hand
They took the altar, and inform'd it on
The sea's near shore, imposing thereupon
White cakes of barley, fire made, and did stand
About it round, as Phœbus gave command,
Submitting invocations to his will
Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly hill
Of pow'ful Godheads After which they eat
Aboard their ship, till with fit food replete
They rose, nor to their temple used delay
Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way
His heavenly lute with art above admired,

Gracefully leading them. When all were fired
With zeal to him, and follow'd wond'ring all
To Pythos and upon his name did call
With Io-peans, such as Cretans use.
And in their bosoms did the deified Muse
Voices of honey-harmony infuse.

With never weary feet their way they went,
And made with all alacrity ascent
Up to Parnassus, and that long'd-for place
Where they should live, and be of men the grace.
When, all the way Apollo show'd them still
Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-topp'd hill,
Their famous fane, and all that all could raise
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.

And then the Cretan captain thus inquired
Of King Apollo "Since you have retired,
O sovereign our sad lives so far from friends
And native soil (because so far extends
Your dear mind's pleasure) tell us how we shall
Live in your service? To which question call
Our provident minds, because we see not crown'd
This soil with store of vines, nor doth abound
In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,
As well as on men our attendance give.

He smiled, and said "O men that nothing know
And so are follow'd with a world of woe,
That needs will succour care and curious moan,
And pour out sighs without cessation,
Were all the riches of the earth your own!
Without much business, I will render known
To your simplicities an easy way
To wealth enough, Let every man purvey
A skeane, or slaught'ring steel, and his right hand,
Bravely bestowing, evermore see mann'd
With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow
From all far nations. On all which bestow
Good observation, and all else they give
To me make you your own all, and so live.
For all which watch before my temple well,
And all my counsels, above all, conceal.

A HYMN TO HERMES

HERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O Muse, th Arcadian and Cyllenian king,
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still
In messages return'd with all his will.
Whom glorious Maia, the nymph rich in hair
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair
Brought forth to him, sustaining a retreat
From all th Immortals of the blessed seat,
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove
Inform'd at midnight the effect of love,
Unknown to either man or Deity
Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous eye
Of Juno deck'd with wrists of ivory
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,
The tenth month had in heaven confin'd the date
Of Maia's labour, and into the sight
She brought in one birth labours infinite
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways
Could turn and wind to wish'd events assays,
A far-tongu'd, but false hearted, counsellor
Rector of ox-stealers, and for all stealths bore
A varied finger speeder of night's spies,
And guide of all her dreams' obscurities
Guard of door-guardians and was born to be,
Amongst th Immortals, that wing'd Deity
That in an instant should do acts would ask
The powers of others an eternal task.
Born in the *morn*, he form'd his lute at noon,
At night stole all the oxen of the Sun
And all this in his birth's first day was done,
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.
Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains,
His sacred swath bands must not be his chains,
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept,
Found straight the high roof'd cave where they were
 kept,

And th' entry passing, he th' invention found
Of making lutes, and did in wealth abound
By that invention, since he first of all
Was author of that engine musical,
By this means moved to the ingenious work
Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,
Leisurely moving, and this object was
The motive to Jove's son (who could convert
To profitable uses all desert
That nature had in any work convey'd)
To form the lute, when, smiling, thus he said
"Thou mov'st in me a note of excellent use,
Which thy ill form shall never so seduce
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit"

Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his
mind,
He thus saluted "All joy to the kind
Instinct of nature in thee, born to be
The spiriter of dances, company
For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest
For bearing light to all the interest
Claim'd in this instrument! From whence shall
spring

Play fair and sweet, to which may Graces sing
A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here,
O Tortoise, while thy ill-bred vital sphere
Confines thy fashion, but, surprised by me,
I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be
A profit to me, and yet nothing more
Will I condemn thee in my merited store
Goods with good parts got worth and honour gave,
Left goods and honours every fool may have,
And since thou first shall give me means to live,
I'll love thee ever Virtuous qualities give
To live at home with them enough content,
Where those that want such inward ornament
Fly out for outward, their life made their load
'Tis best to be at home, harm lurks abroad

And certainly thy virtue shall be known,
'Gainst great ill-causing incantation
To serve as for a lance or amulet.
And where, in comfort of thy vital heat,
Thou now breath'st but a sound confus'd for song,
Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong
Thou shalt in sounds of art be, and command
Song infinite sweeter. Thus with either hand
He took it up and instantly took flight
Back to his cave with that his home delight.
Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents
Of life and motion) with fit instruments
Forged of bright steel he straight inform'd a lute,
Put neck and frets to it, of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space
Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins
To extend and ease the string) he put in pins.
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried,
And thoroughly twisted. Next he did provide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide,
Out of his counsels to preserve as well
As to create. And all this action fell
Into an instant consequence. His word
And work had individual accord,
All being as swiftly to perfection brought
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity
Of varied parts or passions instantly
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye.

And thus his house-delight given absolute end,
He touch'd it, and did every string extend
(With an exploratory spirit assay'd)
To all the parts that could on it be play'd.
It sounded dreadfully to which he sung,
As if from thence the first and true force sprung
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,
Yet, but as an extemporal assay

Of what show it would make being the first way,
 It tried his hand, or a tumultuous noise,
 Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys
 Pour out in mutual contumelies still,
 As little squaring with his curious will,
 Or was as wanton and untaught a store
 Of Jove, and Maia that rich shoes still wore,
 He sung, who suffer'd ill reports before,
 And foul stains under her fair titles bore
 But Hermes sung her nation, and her name
 Did iterate ever, all her high-flown fame
 Of being Jove's mistress, celebrating all
 Her train of servants, and collateral
 Sumpture of houses, all her tripods there,
 And caldrons huge, increasing every year
 All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung
 With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd
 sung

But now he in his sacred cradle laid
 His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd
 Himself up to a watch-tow'r forth his house,
 Rich, and divinely odoriferous,
 A lofty wile at work in his conceit,
 Thirsting the practice of his empire's height.
 And where impostors rule (since sable night
 Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their
 right

For now the never-resting Sun was turn'd
 For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd
 His coach and coursers, when th' ingenious spy
 Pieria's shady hill had in his eye,
 Where the immortal oxen of the Gods
 In air's flood solaced their select abodes,
 And earth's sweet green flow'r, that was never
 shorn,
 Fed ever down And these the witty-born,
 Argicides, set serious spy upon,
 Severing from all the rest, and setting gone
 Full fifty of the violent bellowers
 Which driving through the sands, he did reverse



King Pallas-Megamedes' seed (the Moon),
When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son
Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd
(Whose necks the lab'ring yoke had never sphered)
Drave swiftly on, and then into a stall
(Hilly, yet pass'd to through an humble vale
And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead)
He gather'd all, and them divinely fed
With odorous cypress, and the ravishing tree
That makes his eaters lose the memory
Of name and country Then he brought withal
Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall
The art of making fire, which thus he tried
He took a branch of laurel, amplified
Past others both in beauty and in size,
Yet lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise
A warm fume from it, steel being that did raise
(As agent) the attenuated bays
To that hot vapour So that Hermes found
Both fire first, and of it the seed close bound
In other substances, and then the seed
He multiplied, of sere-wood making feed
The apt heat of it, in a pile combined
Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shined,
And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky,
All the dry parts so fervent were, and high
In their combustion And how long the force
Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course,
So long was he in dragging from their stall
Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal,
And raged for fear, t' approach the sacred fire,
To which did all his dreadful pow'rs aspire
When, blust'ring forth their breath, he on the soil
Cast both at length, though with a world of toil,
For long he was in getting them to ground
After their through-thrust and most mortal wound
But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut,
Cover'd with fat, and, on treen broches put,
In pieces roasted, but in th' intestines
The black blood, and the honorary chins,

Together with the carcasses, lay there,
Cast on the cold earth, as no Deities cheer
The hides upon a rugged rock he spread,
And thus were these now all in pieces shred,
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd,
Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd,
And now must ever live in dead event.
But Hermes, here hence having his content,
Cared for no more, but drew to places even
The fat works, that, of force, must have for heaven
Their capital ends, though stol'n, and therefore were
In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice Deities cheer
By this devotion. To all which he gave
Their several honours, and did wish to have
His equal part thereof, as free and well
As th' other Deities but the salty smell
Afflicted him, though he Immortal were,
Playing mortal parts, and being like mortals here
Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd
For being a God himself, and his own aid
Having to cause his due, and though in heart
He highly wish'd it but the weaker part
Subdu'd the stronger, and went on in ill.
Even heavenly pow'r had rather have his will
Than have his right and will's the worst of all,
When but in least sort it is criminal,
One taint being author of a number still.
And thus, resolved to leave his hallow'd hill,
First both the fat parts and the fleshy all
Taking away at the steep-entr'd stall
He laid all, all the feet and heads entire,
And all the scree-wood, making clear with fire.
And now he leaving there then all things done,
And finish'd in their fit perfection,
The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown
From all discovery by the lovely light
The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night,
He straight assumed a novel voice & note,
And in the whirl pit-eating flood afloat
He set his sandals. When now once again

The that-morn-born Cyllenius did attain
 His home's divine height, all the far-stretch'd way
 No one bless'd God encount'ring his assay,
 Nor mortal man, nor any dog durst spend
 His born-to-bark mouth at him, till in th' end
 He reach'd his cave, and at the gate went in
 Crooked, and wrapt into a fold so thin
 That no eye could discover his repair,
 But as a darkness of th' autumnal air
 When, going on fore-right, he straight arrived
 At his rich lane, his soft feet quite deprived
 Of all least noise of one that trod the earth,
 They trod so swift to reach his room of birth
 Where, in his swath-bands he his shoulders wrapt,
 And (like an infant, newly having scap't
 The teeming straits) as in the palms he lay
 Of his loved nurse Yet instantly would play
 (Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth
 About his knees wrapt, and straight (loosing both
 His right and left hand) with his left he caught
 His much-loved lute His mother yet was taught
 His wanton wiles, nor could a God's wit lie
 Hid from a Goddess, who did therefore try
 His answer thus "Why, thou made all-of-sleight,
 And whence arriv'st thou in this rest of night?
 Improvident impudent! In my conceit
 Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate,
 With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state,
 (In merit of th' inevitable bands
 To be impos'd by vex'd Latona's hands,
 Justly incens'd for her Apollo's harms)
 Than lie thus wrapt, as ready for her arms,
 To take thee up and kiss thee Would to heaven,
 In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given
 Up to perdition, ere poor mortals bear
 Those black banes, that thy Father Thunderer
 Hath planted thee of purpose to confer
 On them and Deities!" He returned reply
 "As master of the feats of policy,
 Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me,

As if I were a son that infancy
 Could keep from all the skill that age can teach,
 Or had in cheating but a childish reach
 And of a mother's mandates fear'd the breach?
 I mount that art at first, that will be best
 When all times consummate their cunningest,
 Able to counsel now myself and thee
 In all things best, to all eternity
 We cannot live like Gods here without gifts,
 No, nor without corruption and shifts,
 And, much less, without eating as we must
 In keeping thy rules, and in being just,
 Of which we cannot undergo the loads
 'Tis better here to imitate the Gods,
 And wine or wench out all time & periods,
 To that end growing rich in ready heaps
 Stored with revenues, being in corn field reaps
 Of infinite acres, than to live enclosed
 In caves, to all earth's sweetest air exposed
 I as much honour hold as Ihebus does
 And if my Father please not to dispose
 Possessions to me, I myself will see
 If I can force them in for I can be
 Prince of all thieves. And, if Latona's son
 Make after my stealth indignation,
 I'll have a scape as well as he a search,
 And overtake him with a greater lurch
 For I can post to Pythos, and break through
 His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough,
 Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold,
 Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold.
 All which will I at pleasure own, and thou
 Shalt see all, wilt thou but thy sight bestow

Thus changed great words the Goat hide wearer's
 son,

And Mala of majestic fashion.

And now the air begot Aurora rose
 From out the Ocean great-in-ebbs-and-flows,
 When, at the never-shorn pure-and-fair grove
 (Onchestus) consecrated to the love

Of round-and-long-neck'd Neptune, Phœbus found
A man whom heavy years had press'd half round,
And yet at work in plashing of a fence
About a vineyard, that had residence
Hard by the highway, whom Latona's son
Made it not strange, but first did question,
And first saluted "Ho you! aged sire,
That here are hewing from the vine the briar,
For certain oxen I come here t' inquire
Out of Pieria, females all, and rear'd
All with horns wreath'd, unlike the common herd,
A coal-black bull fed by them all alone,
And all observ'd, for preservation,
Through all their foody and delicious fen
With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men
These left their dogs and bull (which I admire)
And, when was near set day's eternal fire,
From their fierce guardians, from their delicate
fare,
Made clear departure To me then declare,
O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray
Hath any man seen making stealthful way
With all those oxen " Th' old man made reply
"'Tis hard, O friend, to render readily
Account of all that may invade mine eye,
For many a traveller this highway treads,
Some in much ills search, some in noble threads,
Leading their lives out, but I this young day,
Even from her first point, have made good display
Of all men passing this abundant hill
Planted with vines, and no such stealthful ill
Her light hath shown me, but last evening, late,
I saw a thing that show'd of childish state
To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursued
A herd of oxen with brave heads endued,
Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod,
Who wearily both this and that way trod,
His head still backwards turn'd " This th' old man
spake,
Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake

Into his pursuit with abundant wing,
That strook but one plain, ere he knew the thing
That was the thief to be th' impostor born
Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn.
In study and with ardour then the King
(Jove's dazzling son) placed his exploring wing
On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd,
His ample shoulders in a cloud enspher'd
Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found
Of his stol'n herd, and said "Strange sights confound
My apprehensive powers, for here I see
The tracks of oxen, but averſively
Converted towards the Pierian hills,
As treading to their mead of daffodils
But nor mine eye men's feet nor women's draws,
Nor hoary wolves', nor bears' nor lions' paws,
Nor thick neck'd bulls, they show. But he that does
These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes
Hath pass'd from that hour hither but from hence
His foul course may meet fouler consequence.
With this took Phoebus wing and Hermes still,
For all his threats, secure lay in his hill
Wall'd with a wood and more, a rock, beside,
Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied
In blinding shadows, and where th' endless Bnde
Bore to Saturnus his ingenious son
An odour worth a heart's desire, being thrown
Along the heaven-sweet hill, on whose herb fed
Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread
Their horny pasterns. There the Light of men
(Jove's son, Apollo) straight descended then
The marble pavement, in that gloomy den.
On whom when Jove and Mars's son set eye,
Wroth for his oxen, on then, instantly
His odorous swath-bands flew in which as close
Th' impostor lay as in the cool repose
Of cast-on ashes hearths of burning coals
Lie in the woods hid, under the controls
Of skilful colliers even so close did he
Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye,

Contracting his great Godhead to a small
And infant likeness, feet, hands, head, and all
And as a hunter hath been often view'd,
From chase retired, with both his hands embrued
In his game's blood, that doth for water call
To cleanse his hands, and to provoke withal
Delightful sleep, new-wash'd and laid to rest,
So now lay Hermes in the close-compress'd
Chace of his oxen, his new-found-out lute
Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit
But that prize, and the virtue of his play,
His heart affected But to Phoebus lay
His close heart open, and he likewise knew
The brave hill-nymph there, and her dear son, new-
Born, and as well wrapt in his wiles as weeds
All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds,
In all the cave he knew, and with his key
He open'd three of them, in which there lay
Silver and gold-heaps, nectar infinite store,
And dear ambrosia, and of weeds she wore,
Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shined
Fit for the bless'd states of Pow'rs so divin'd
All which discover'd, thus to Mercury
He offer'd conference "Infant! You that he
Wrapt so in swath-bands, instantly unfold
In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold
My oxen stol'n by you, or straight we shall
Jar, as beseems not Pow'rs Celestial
For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps
Of dismal Tartarus, where ill Death keeps
His gloomy and inextricable fates,
And to no eye that light illuminates
Mother nor Father shall return thee free,
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee,
And few repute thee their superior "

On him replied craft's subtlest Counsellor
"What cruel speech hath past Latona's care!
Seeks he his stol'n wild-cows where Deities are?
I have nor seen nor heard, nor can report
From others' mouths one word of their resort

To any stranger Nor will I to gain
 A base reward, a false relation feign.
 Nor would I could I tell. Resemble I
 An ox-thief, or a man? Especially
 A man of such a courage, such a force
 As to that labour goes, that violent course?
 No infant's work is that. My power aspires
 To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire
 With mother's milk, and, gainst cold shades, to
 arm

With cradle-cloths my shoulders, and baths warm
 That no man may conceive the war you threat
 Can spring in cause from my so peaceful heat.
 And, even amongst th' Immortals it would bear
 Event of absolute miracle, to hear
 A new born infant's forces should transcend
 The limits of his doors much less contend
 With untam'd oxen. This speech nothing seems
 To savour the decorum of the beams
 Cast round about the air Apollo breaks,
 Where his divine mind her intention speaks.
 I brake but yesterday the blessed womb,
 My feet are tender and the common tomb
 Of men (the Earth) lies sharp beneath their tread.
 But, if you please, even by my Father's head
 I'll take the great oath, that nor I protest
 Myself to author on your interest
 Any such usurpation, nor have I
 Seen any other that feloniously
 Hath forced your oxen. Strange thing! What are
 those

Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? Knows
 My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch
 At their renown and hear that there are such."

This speech he pass'd and, ever as he spake,
 Beams from the hair about his eyelids brake,
 His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye
 Every way look'd askance and carelessly
 And he into a lofty whistling fell,
 As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.

Apollo, gently smiling, made reply
 "O thou impostor, whose thoughts ever lie
 In labour with deceit ! For certain, I
 Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)
 Hast ransack'd many a house, and not in one
 Night's-work alone, nor in one country neither,
 Hast been besieging house and man together,
 Rigging and rifling all ways, and no noise
 Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys
 Soft, therefore, well, and tender, thou may'st call
 The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal,
 For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still)
 Hast thou made drown the caverns of the hill,
 Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears,
 When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears,
 And thou encount'rest either flocks of sheep,
 Or herds of oxen ! Up then ! Do not sleep
 Thy last nap in thy cradle, but come down,
 Companion of black night, and, for this crown
 Of thy young rapines, bear from all the state
 And style of Prince Thief, into endless date "

This said, he took the infant in his arms,
 And with him the remembrance of his harms,
 This presage utt'ring, lifting him aloft
 "Be evermore the miserably-soft
 Slave of the belly, pursuivant of all,
 And author of all mischiefs capital "

He scorn'd his prophecy so he sneezed in's face
 Most forcibly, which hearing, his embrace
 He loathed and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground, yet
 still

Took seat before him, though, with all the ill
 He bore by him, he would have left full fain
 That hewer of his heart so into twain
 Yet salv'd all thus "Come, you so-swaddled thing !
 Issue of Maia, and the Thunder's King !
 Be confident, I shall hereafter find
 My broad-brow'd oxen, my prophetic mind
 So far from blaming this thy course, that I
 Foresee thee in it to posterity

The guide of all men, always, to their ends."
Thus spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends,
Starting aloft, and as in study went,
Wrapping himself in his integument,
And thus ask'd Phœbus "Whither force you me,
Far-shot, and far most powerful Deny?
I know for all your feigning you're still wroth
About your oxen, and suspect my troth.
O Jupiter! I wish the general race
Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.
I steal your oxen! I again profess
That neither I have stol'n them, nor can guess
Who else should steal them. What strange beasts
are these

Your so-loved oxen? I must say to please
Your humour thus far that even my few hours
Have heard their fame But be the sentence yours
Of the debate betwixt us, or to Jove
(For more indifference) the cause remove."

Thus when the solitude-affecting God,
And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad
All things betwixt them though not yet agreed,
Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed
Nothing unjustly to charge Mercury
With stealing of the cows he does deny
But his profession was, with siled speech,
And craft's fair compliments, to overreach
All, and even Phœbus. Who because he knew
His trade of subtlety he still at view
Hunted his foe through all the sandy way
Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray
From out his sight, but kept behind him still.

And now they reach'd the odorous hill
Of high Olympus, to their Father Jove,
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.
Where, before both, talents of justice were
Propos'd for him whom Jove should sentence clear
In cause of their contention. And now
About Olympus, ever crown'd with snow
The rumour of their controversy flew

All the Incorruptible, to their view,
On Heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair
Hermes, and He that light hurls through the air,
Before the Thund'rer's knees stood, who begun
To question thus far his illustrious Son
"Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?
This new-born infant, that the place supplies
Of Herald yet to all the Deities?"

This serious business, you may witness, draws
The Deities' whole Court to discuss the cause"
Phœbus replied "And not unworthy is
The cause of all the Court of Deities,
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the weight
Of devastation, and the very height
Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights
Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer
In rapes and robb'ries Finding out his place,
After my measure of an infinite space,
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one
In all the art of opprobation,
As not in all the Deities I have seen,
Nor in th' oblivion-mark'd whole race of men
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,
Along the lofty roar-resounding seas,
From out the road-way quite, the steps of them
So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beam
Of any mind's eye, being so infinite much
Involv'd in doubt, as show'd a deified touch
Went to the work's performance, all the way,
Through which my cross-hoed cows he did convey,
Had dust so darkly-hard to search, and he
So past all measure wrapt in subtilty
For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,
In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps,
But used another counsel to keep hid
His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid
On oak or other boughs, that swept out still

The footsteps of his oxen, and did fill
 Their prints up ever to the daffodill
 (Or dainty-feeding meadow) as they trod,
 Driven by this cautelous and infant God.

A mortal man, yet, saw him driving on
 His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done,
 And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire,
 In peace, and freely (though to his desire,
 Not to the Gods, he offer'd part of these
 My ravish'd oxen) he retires, and lies,
 Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den,
 All hid in darkness and in clouts again
 Wrapp'd him so closely that the sharp-seen eye
 Of your own eagle could not see him lie.
 For with his hands the air he rarified
 (This way and that moved) till bright gleams did
 glide

About his being, that, if any eye
 Should dare the darkness, light oppos'd so nigh
 Might blind it quite with her antipathy
 Which wile he wove, in curious care t' illude
 Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude.
 On which relying, he outrageously
 (When I accus'd him) trebled his reply
 I did not see, I did not bear nor I
 Will tell at all, that any other stole
 Your broad brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's
 soul

Would soon have done, and any author fain
 Of purpose only a reward to gain.
 And thus he colour'd truth in every lie.

This said, Apollo sat and Mercury
 The Gods' Commander pleased with this reply
 "Father! I'll tell thee truth (for I am true,
 And far from art to lie) He did pursue
 Even to my cave his oxen this self day
 The sun new-raising his illustrious ray
 But brought with him none of the Bliss-endued,
 Nor any ocular witness, to conclude
 His bare assertion but his own command

Laid on with strong and necessary hand,
To show his oxen , using threats to cast
My poor and infant powers into the vast
Of ghastly Tartarus , because he bears
Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years,
And I but yesterday produced to light
By which it fell into his own free sight,
That I in no similitude appear'd
Of power to be the forcer of a herd
And credit me, O Father, since the grace
Of that name, in your style, you please to place,
I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest
Past mine own threshold , for 'tis manifest,
I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall,
Love you, observe the least , and 'tis most clear
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear
No least guilt of his blame To all which I
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by
All these so well-built entries of the Blest
And therefore when I saw myself so prest
With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd
In my pure gall, and harsh reply return'd.
Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fixt in Phœbus' jealousy "

This said he wink'd upon his Sire , and still
His swathbands held beneath his arm , no will
Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown

Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious Son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought ,
Commanding both to bear atoned minds
And seek out th' oven , in which search he binds
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge evil'd) the shroud to which he won
His fair-eyed oxen , then his forehead bow'd
For sign it must be so , and Hermes show'd
His free obedience , so soon he inclined
To his persuasion and command his mind

Now, then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer stood,

But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood
Reach'd instantly, and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept
Up to the stony cave, and into light
Drove forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight
Knew them the same, and saw apart dispread
Upon a high-raisd rock the hides new flead
Of th' oxen sacrific'd. Then Phœbus said
"O thou in crafty counsels undisplaid!
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth
Two such huge oxen, being so young a birth,
And a mere infant? I admire thy force,
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course
Of growing into strength thou hadst not need
Continue any long date, O thou Seed
Of honour'd Maia! Hermes (to show how
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow
Strong osiers in soft folds, and strappled straight
One of his hugest oxen, all his weight
Laying prostrate on the earth at Phœbus feet,
All his four cloven hooves easily made to greet
Each other upwards, all together brought.
In all which bands yet all the beast's powers wrought
To rise, and stand when all the herd about
The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out
Their fellow from his fetters. Phœbus' view
Of all this up to admiration drew
Even his high forces and stern looks he threw
At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place
To which he had retir'd them, being in grace
And fruitful riches of it so entire
All which set all his force on envious fire.
All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames,
Which fain he would have had, to hide the shame
Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease
Hermes could calm them, and his humours please
Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great
In force and fortitude, and high in heat.

In all which he his lute took, and assay'd
A song upon him, and so strangely play'd,
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew
Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew
Pleasant past measure, tunes so artful clear
Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind made
hear

His lute so powerful was in forcing love,
As his hand rul'd it, that from him it drove
All fear of Phœbus, yet he gave him still
The upper hand, and, to advance his skill
To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes
Single awhile, in which, when all the climes
Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the Sun
Admire enough, O then his voice would run
Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They took Apollo prisoner to his love
And now the deathless Gods and deathful Earth
He sung, beginning at their either's birth
To full extent of all their empery
And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne,
The Muses' mother, of all Goddess states
He gave, even forced to't by the equal fates
And then (as it did in priority fall
Of age and birth) he celebrated all
And with such elegance and order sung
(His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue)
That Phœbus' heart with infinite love he eat.
Who, therefore, thus did his deserts entreat
"Master of sacrifice! Chief soul of feast!
Patient of all pains! Artizan so blest,
That all things thou canst do in any one!
Worth fifty oxen is th' invention
Of this one lute We both shall now, I hope,
In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope
Inform me (thou that every way canst wind,
And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind)
Together with thy birth came all thy skill?
Or did some God, or God-like man, instill
This heavenly song to thee? Methink I hear

A new voice, such as never yet came near
The breast of any either man or God,
Till in thee it had prime and period.
What art, what Muse that medicine can produce
For cares most cureless, what inveterate use
Or practice of a virtue so profuse
(Which three do all the contribution keep
That Jov or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep,
Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all?
I of the Muses am the capital
Consort, or follower and to these belong
The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song,
And ever-flourishing verse, the delicate set
And sound of instruments. But never yet
Did anything so much affect my mind
With joy and care to compass, as this kind
Of song and play that for the spritely feast
Of flourishing assemblies are the best
And aptest works that ever worth gave act.
My powers with admiration stand distract,
To hear with what a hand to make in love
Thou rul'st thy lute. And (though thy yong'st hours
move
At full art in old councils) here I vow
(Even by this cornel dart I use to throw)
To thee, and to thy mother I'll make thee
Amongst the Gods of glorious degree,
Guide of men's ways and theirs and will impart
To thee the mighty imperatory art,
Bestow rich gifts on thee, and in the end
Never deceive thee. Hermes (as a friend
That wrought on all advantage, and made gain
His capital object) thus did entertain
Phœbus Apollo Do thy dignities,
Far working God and circularly wise,
Demand my virtues? Without envy I
Will teach thee to ascend my faculty
And this day thou shalt reach it finding me,
In acts and counsels, all ways kind to thee,
As one that all things knows, and first tak'st seat

Amongst th' Immortals, being good and great,
And therefore to Jove's love mak'st free access,
Even out of his accomplit holiness
Great gifts he likewise gives thee, who, fame says,
Hast won thy greatness by his will, his ways,
By him know'st all the powers propheticall,
O thou far-worker, and the fates of all !
Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn,
And even thy wish dost but discern and earn
And since thy soul so burns to know the way
So play and sing as I do, sing, and play,
Play, and perfection in thy play employ,
And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy
Take thou my lute (my love) and give thou me
The glory of so great a faculty
This sweet-tuned consort, held but in thy hand,
Sing, and perfection in thy song command
For thou already hast the way to speak
Fairly and elegantly, and to break
All eloquence into thy utter'd mind
One gift from heaven found may another find
Use then securely this thy gift, and go
To feasts and dances that enamour so,
And to that covetous sport of getting glory,
That day nor night will suffer to be sory
Whoever does but say in verse, sings still,
Which he that can of any other skill
Is capable, so he be taught by art
And wisdom, and can speak at every part
Things pleasing to an understanding mind,
And such a one that seeks this lute shall find
Him still it teaches eas'ly, though he plays
Soft voluntaries only, and assays
As wanton as the sports of children are,
And (even when he aspires to singular
In all the mast'ries he shall play or sing)
Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing,
He, I say, sure shall of this lute be king
But he, whoever rudely sets upon
Of this lute's skill th' inquest or question

Never so ardently and angrily
 Without the aptness and ability
 Of art, and nature fitting, never shall
 Aspire to this, but utter trivial
 And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud,
 And never so commended of the crowd.
 But thee I know O eminent Son of Jove,
 The fiery learner of whatever Love
 Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve,
 And thee I give this lute. Let us now live
 Feeding upon the hill and horse-fed earth
 Our never-handled oxen whose dear birth
 Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow
 In store enough hereafter nor must you
 (However cunning-hearted your wits are)
 Boil in your gall a grudge too circular

Thus gave he him his lute, which he embrac'd,
 And gave again a goad, whose bright head cast
 Beams like the light forth leaving to his care
 His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,
 He took on him The lute Apollo took
 Into his left hand, and aloft he shook
 Delightful sounds up, to which God did sing

Then were the oxen to their endless spring
 Turn'd and Jove's two illustrious Offsprings flew
 Up to Olympus where it ever snow
 Delighted with their lute's sound all the way
 Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay
 Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date
 Hermes gave Phoebus an eternal state
 In his affection, whose sure pledge and sign
 His lute was, and the doctrine so divine
 Jointly conferr'd on him which well might be
 True symbol of his love's simplicity
 On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
 Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end
 Of his vow'd friendship and (for further meed)
 Gave him the far heard fistulary reed.

For all these forms of friendship, Phoebus yet
 Fear'd that both form and substance were not met

In Mercury's intentions, and, in plain,
Said (since he saw him born to craft and gain,
And that Jove's will had him the honour done
To change at his will the possession
Of others' goods) he fear'd his breach of vows
In stealing both his lute and cunning bows,
And therefore wish'd that what the Gods affect
Himself would witness, and to his request
His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood
Of Styx that of his whole possessions not a good
He would diminish, but therein maintain
The full content in which his mind did reign
And then did Maia's son his forehead bow,
Making, by all that he desired, his vow
Never to prey more upon anything
In just possession of the far-shot King,
Nor ever to come near a house of his

Latonian Phoebus bow'd his brow to this,
With his like promise, saying "Not any one
Of all the Gods, nor any man, that son
Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me,
More trusted, nor more honour'd is than thee
Which yet with greater gifts of Deity
In future I'll confirm, and give thy state
A God that riches shall accumulate,
Nor leave the bearer thrall to death, or fate,
Or any sickness All of gold it is,
Three-leaved, and full of all felicities
And this shall be thy guardian, this shall give
The Gods to thee in all the truth they live,
And, finally, shall this the tutress be
Of all the words and works informing me
From Jove's high counsels, making known to thee
All my instructions But to prophesy,
Of best of Jove's beloved, and that high skill
Which to obtain lies burning in thy will,
Nor thee, nor any God, will Fate let learn
Only Jove's mind hath insight to discern
What that importeth, yet am I allow'd
(My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow'd,

Our great oath taken, to resolve to none
 Of all th' Immortals the restriction
 Of that deep knowledge) of it all the mund.
 Since then it sits in such fast bounds confin'd,
 O brother when the golden rod is held
 In thy strong hand, seek not to have reveal'd
 Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal'd.
 For no man shall, by know'ng, prevent his fate
 And therefore will I hold in my free state
 The pow'r to hurt and help what man I will,
 Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill,
 That walk within the circle of mine eye,
 In all the tribes and sexes it shall try
 Yet, truly any man shall have his will
 To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill,
 Whoever seeks it by the voice or wing
 Of birds, born truly such events to sing
 Nor will I falsely nor with fallacies,
 Infringe the truth on which his faith relies,
 But he that truths in chattering plumes would find,
 Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind,
 And learn by natural forgers of vain lies
 The more-than-ever-certain Destinies,
 That man shall sea ways tread that leave no tracks,
 And false or no guide find for all his facts.
 And yet will I his gifts accept as well
 As his to whom the simple truth I tell.

One other thing to thee I'll yet make known,
 Maia a exceedingly renowned son,
 And Jove's, and of the Gods' whole session
 The most ingenious genius There dwell
 Within a crooked cranny in a dell
 Beneath Parnassus, certain Sisters born,
 Call'd Parœ, whom extreme swift wings adorn,
 Their number three, that have upon their heads
 White barley flour still sprinkled, and are maids
 And these are schoolmistresses of things to come,
 Without the gift of prophecy Of whom
 (Being but a boy and keeping oxen near)
 I learn'd their skill, though my great Father were

Careless of it, or them These flying from home
To others' roofs, and fed with honeycomb,
Command all skill, and (being enraged then)
Will freely tell the truths of things to men
But if they give them not that Gods' sweet meat,
They then are apt to utter their deceit,
And lead men from their way And these will I
Give thee hereafter, when their scrutiny
And truth thou hast both made and learn'd , and then
Please thyself with them, and the race of men
(Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear,
Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear,
And hear it often if it prove sincere

Take these, O Maia's son, and in thy care
Be horse and oxen, all such men as are
Patient of labour, lions, white-tooth'd boars,
Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flow'ry shores,
And every four-foot beast , all which shall stand
In awe of thy high imperatory hand
Be thou to Dis, too, sole Ambassador,
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one "

Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son
With all the rites of friendship , all whose love
Had imposition from the will of Jove

And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes lived,
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceived
With an undifferencing respect, and made
Vain words and false persuasions his trade
His deeds were all associates of the night,
In which his close wrongs cared for no man's right.

So all salutes to Hermes that are due,
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true

A HYMN TO VENUS

THE force, O Muse, and functions now unfold
Of Cyprian Venus, grac'd with mines of gold
Who even in Deities lights love's sweet deare,
And all Death's kinds of men makes kiss her fire,
All air's wing'd nation, all the bellune,
That on the earth feeds, or the seas confine.
To all which appertain the love and care
Of well crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there
are

Whose minds She neither can deceive nor move
Pallas, the Seed of *Ægis*-bearing Jove,
Who still lives indevirginate, her eyes
Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies,
Whom all the gold of Venus never can
Tempt to affect her facts with God or man.
She, loving strife, and Mars's working bones,
Pitch'd fields and fights, and famous artizans,
Taught earthy men first all the arts that are,
Chariots, and all the frames vehicular
Chiefly with brass arm'd, and adorn'd for war
Where Venus only soft skinn'd wenches fills
With wanton house works, and suggests those skills
Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither,
That bears the golden distaff, and together
Calls horns, and hollows, and the cries of hounds,
And owns the epithet of loving sounds
For their sakes, springing from such spritely sports,
Can catch with her kind lures but hill resorts
To wild-beasts, slaughters, accents far-off heard
Of harps and dances, and of woods unshear'd
The sacred shades she loves, yet likes as well
Cities where good men and their offspring dwell.
The third, whom her kind passions nothing please,
Is virgin Vesta whom Saturnus
Made reverend with his counsels, when his Sire,
That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire

Had kindled in her, being his last-begot
Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot
Of honour'd nuptials, and Apollo too,
Which with much vehemence she refused to do,
And stern repulses put upon them both,
Adding to all her vows the Gods' great oath,
And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate
All vows so bound, that she would hold her state,
And be th' invincible Maid of Deities
Through all her days' dates For Saturnides
Gave her a fair gift in her nuptials' stead,
To sit in midst of his house, and be fed
With all the free and richest feast of heaven,
In all the temples of the Gods being given
The prize of honour Not a mortal man,
(That either, of the Pow'rs Olympian
His half-birth having, may be said to be
A mortal of the Gods, or else that he,
Deities wills doing, is of Deity)
But gives her honour of the amplest kind
Of all these three can Venus not a mind
Deceive, or set on forces to reflect.
Of all Pow'rs else yet, not a sex, nor sect,
Flies Venus, either of the blessed Gods,
Or men confin'd in mortal periods
But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce,
That chides with thunder so her lawless use
In human creatures, and by lot is given
Of all most honour, both in earth and heaven
And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind
She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind,
And mix with mortal dames his Deity,
Conceal'd at all parts from the jealous eye
Of Juno, who was both his sister born,
And made his wife, whom beauty did adorn
Past all the bevy of Immortal Dames,
And whose so chiefly-glorified flames
Cross-counsell'd Saturn got, and Rhæa bore,
And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror)
His wife made of his sister Ay, and more,

Cast such an amorous fire into her mind
 As made her (like him) with the mortal kind
 Meet in unmeet bed using utmost haste,
 Lest she should know that he lived so unchaste,
 Before herself felt that fault in her heart,
 And gave her tongue too just edge of desert
 To tax his lightness. With this end, beside,
 Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride
 The Gods more than the Goddesses, and say
 That she the Gods commix'd in amorous play
 With mortal dames, begetting mortal seed
 T' immortal ones, and not make Goddesses breed
 The like with mortal fathers. But, t' acquite
 Both Gods and Goddesses of her despite,
 Jove took (even in herself) on him her pow'r
 And made her with a mortal paramour
 Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest
 Kindling a kind affection in her breast
 To God-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept,
 On Ida's top-on-top-to-heaven's-pole-heap,*
 Amongst the many fountains there, his herd.
 For, after his brave person had appear'd
 To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire,
 And to amaze she burn'd in his dearre,
 Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane
 And altars, that the people Paphian
 Advanced to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she
 The shining gates shut and the Graces three
 Wash'd, and with oils of everlasting scent
 Bathed, as became, her deathless lineament.
 Then her ambrosian mantle she assum'd,
 With rich and odoriferous airs perfum'd.
 Which being put on, and all her trims beside
 Fair and with all allurements amplified,
 The all-of-gold-made laughter-loving Dame
 Left odorous Cyprus, and for Troy became
 A swift contendress, her pass cutting all
 Along the clouds, and made her instant fall

*Asperior. Altissimum habens verticem cujus summus
 ipsum polum attingit*

On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts
Gives to the preyful brood of savage beasts
And through the hill she went the ready way
T' Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play
About her blessed feet wolves grisly-gray,
Terrible lions, many a mankind bear,
And lybberds swift, insatiate of red deer
Whose sight so pleas'd, that, ever as she past,
Through every beast a kindly love she cast,
That, in their dens obscured with shadows deep,
Made all, distinguish'd in kind couples, sleep

And now she reach'd the rich pavilion
Of the heroe, in whom heavens had shown
A fair and goodly composition,
And whom she in his oxstall found, alone,
His oxen feeding in fat pastures by,
He walking up and down, sounds clear and high
From his harp striking Then before him she
Stood like a virgin, that invincibly
Had borne her beauties, yet alluringly
Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye
Should chance t' affect him with a stupid fear
Anchises seeing her, all his senses were
With wonder stricken, and high-taken heeds
Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds
For, for a veil, she shin'd in an attire
That cast a radiance past the ray of fire
Beneath which wore she, girt to her, a gown
Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down
T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine,
Such as taught Thetis' silver feet to shine
Her soft white neck rich carquenets embraced,
Bright, and with gold in all variety graced,
That to her breasts let down lay there and
shone,

As, at her joyful full, the rising Moon
Her sight show'd miracles Anchises' heart
Love took into his hand, and made him part
With these high salutations "Joy, O Queen!
Whoever of the Blest thy beauties been

That light these entries or the Deity
 That darts affecteth or that gave the Eye
 Of heaven his heat and lustre or that moves
 The hearts of all with all-commanding loves,
 Or generous Themis or the blue-eyed Maid
 Or of the Graces any that are laud
 With all the Gods in comparable scales,
 And whom fame up to immortality calls
 Or any of the Nymphs, that unshorn groves,
 Or that this fair hill-habitation, loves,
 Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods,
 Or fountains pouring forth eternal floods!
 Say which of all thou art, that in some place
 Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace,
 I may an altar build, and to thy pow'rs
 Make sacred all the year's devoted hours,
 With consecrations sweet and opulent
 Assur'd whereof, be thy benign mind bent
 To these wish'd blessings of me Give me parts
 Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts
 And, after give me the refulgency
 Of most renown'd and rich posterity
 Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as
 long

The people's blessings, and a health so strong
 That no disease it let my life engage,
 Till th' utmost limit of a human age.

To this Jove's Seed this answer gave again
 Anchises! Happiest of the human strain!
 I am no Goddess! Why a thrall to death
 Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe?
 A woman brought me forth my father's name
 Was Otneus, if ever his high fame
 Thine ears have witness'd, for he govern'd all
 The Phrygian state, whose every town a wall
 Impregnable embrac'd. Your tongue, you hear
 I speak so well, that in my natural sphere
 (As I pretend) it must have taken prime.
 A woman, likewise, of the Trojan clime
 Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care

From my dear mother's bosom , and thus are
My words of equal accent with your own
How here I come, to make the reason known,
Argicides, that bears the golden rod,
Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode
Made with the maiden train of Her that joys
In golden shafts, and loves so well the noise
Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living Pow'r)
Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dow'r
Chaste sports employ'd, all circled with a crown
Of infinite multitude, to see so shown
Our maiden pastimes Yet, from all the fair
Of this so forceful concourse, up in air
The golden-rod-sustaining Argus'-Guide
Rapt me in sight of all, and made me ride
Along the clouds with him, enforcing me
Through many a labour of mortality,
Through many an unbuilt region, and a rude,
Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and
crude,
And would not let my fears take one foot's tread
On Her by whom are all lives comforted,
But said my maiden state must grace the bed
Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee
Issue as fair as of divine degree
Which said, and showing me thy moving grace,
Away flew he up to th' Immortal Race
And thus came I to thee , Necessity,
With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply
To her high pow'r my will But you must I
Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due
To your dear parents, who, in bearing you,
Can bear no mean sail, lead me home to them
An untouch'd maid, being brought up in th' extreme
Of much too cold simplicity to know
The fiery cunnings that in Venus glow
Show me to them then, and thy brothers born,
I shall appear none that parts disadorn,
But such as well may serve a brother's wife,
And show them now, even to my future life,

If such or no my present will extend.
To horse-breed vary'ng Phrygia likewise send,
I'll inform my sire and mother of my state,
That live for me extreme disconsolate
Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds, will give.
All whose rich gifts in my amends receive.
All this perform'd, and celebration then
Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men
Are held in reverence. All this while she said,
Into his bosom jointly she convey'd
The fires of love when, all-enamour'd, he
In these terms answer'd If mortality
Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were
Mother to those attractions that appear
In thy admir'd form, thy great father given
High name of Otreüs and the Spy of heaven
(Immortal Mercury) th' enforceful cause
That made thee lose the prize of that applause
That modesty immaculate virgins gives,
My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our
lives.

Nor shall the pow'rs of men nor Gods withhold
My fiery resolution to enfold
Thy bosom in mine arms which here I vow
To firm performance, past delay and now
Nor should Apollo with his silver bow
Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear
To do a deed so full of cause so dear
For with a heaven sweet woman I will lie,
Though straight I stoop the house of Dux, and die.

This said, he took her hand, and she took way
With him, her bright eyes casting round whose
stay

She stuck upon a bed, that was before
Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore.
On which bears hides and big voic'd lions lay
Whose preylful lives the king had made his prey
Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed when they
Had both ascended, first he took from her
The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear

Unbutton'd her next rosy robe , and loos'd
The girdle that her slender waist enclos'd ,
Unlac'd her buskins , all her jewelry
Took from her neck and breasts, and all laid by
Upon a golden-studded chair of state
Th' amaze of all which being remov'd, even Fate
And council of the equal Gods gave way
To this, that with a deathless Goddess lay
A deathful man , since, what his love assum'd,
Not with his conscious knowledge was presum'd

Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all,
Turn'd from their flow'ry pasture to their stall,
With all their oxen, fat and frolic sheep,
Venus into Anchises cast a sleep,
Sweet and profound , while with her own hands now
With her rich weeds she did herself endow ,
But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know
His happy glories , then (to her desire
Her heavenly person put in trims entire)
She by the bed stood of the well-built stall,
Advanc'd her head to state celestial,
And in her cheeks arose the radiant hue
Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view
And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said
" Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed
What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep
Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep?
Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee
Like her that first thine eyes conceited me "

This started him from sleep, though deep and dear,
And passing promptly he enjoy'd his ear
But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes,
Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise
Of any other, down his own eyes fell,
Which pallid fear did from her view repell,
And made him, with a main respect beside,
Turn his whole person from her state, and hide
(With his rich weed appos'd) his royal face,
These wing'd words using " When, at first, thy grace
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew

Thy state was deified but thou toldst not true
 And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love
 Borne to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove)
 That thou wilt never let me live to be
 An abject, after so divine degree
 Taken in fortune, but take ruth on me.
 For any man that with a Goddess lies,
 Of interest in immortalities,
 Is never long liv'd." She replied Forbear
 O happiest of mortal men, this fear
 And rest assured, that (not for me, at least)
 Thy least ill's fear fits no, nor for the rest
 Of all the Blessed, for thou art their friend
 And so far from sustaining instant end,
 That to thy long-enlarg'd life there shall spring
 Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king,
 To whom shall many a son, and son's son, rise
 In everlasting great posterities
 His name Æneas therein keeping life,
 For ever in my much-conceited grief,
 That I immortal, fell into the bed
 Of one whose blood mortality must shed.
 But rest thou comforted, and all the race
 That Troy shall propagate, in this high grace
 That, past all races else, the Gods stand near
 Your glorious nation, for the forms ye bear
 And natures so ingenuous and sincere.
 For which, the great-in-counsels (Jupiter)
 Your gold-lock'd Ganymedes did transfer
 (In rapture far from men's depressed fates)
 To make him consort with our Deified States,
 And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies,
 He was so mere a marvel in their eyes.
 And therefore from a bowl of gold he fills
 Red nectar that the rude distension kills
 Of winds that in your human stomachs breed.
 But then did languor on the liver feed
 Of Troas, his father that was king of Troy
 And ever did his memory employ *

Dixit. Cuius memori erit perpetua.

With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven,
 Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven
 But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given
 Good compensation, sending by Heaven's Spy
 White-swift-hov'd horse, that Immortality
 Had made firm-spirited, and had, beside,
 Hermes to see his embassy supplied
 With this vow'd bounty (using all at large
 That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge)
 That he himself should immortality breathe,
 Expert of age and woe as well as death

"This embassy express'd, he mourn'd no more,
 But up with all his inmost mind he bore,
 Joying that he, upon his swift-hov'd horse,
 Should be sustain'd in an eternal course

"So did the golden-throned Aurora raise,
 Into her lap, another that the praise
 Of an immortal fashion had in fame,
 And of your nation bore the noble name,
 (His title Tithon) who, not pleased with her,
 As she his lovely person did transfer,
 To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove
 The gift of an Immortal for her love
 Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow,
 Performing to the utmost point his vow
 Fool that she was, that would her love engage,
 And not as long ask from the bane of age
 The sweet exemption, and youth's endless flow'r!
 Of which as long as both the grace and pow'r
 His person entertain'd, she loved the man,
 And (at the fluents of the ocean
 Near Earth's extreme bounds) dwelt with him, but
 when

According to the course of aged men)
 On his fair head, and honourable beard,
 His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear'd,
 She left his bed, yet gave him still for food
 The Gods' ambrosia, and attire as good
 Till even the hate of age came on so fast
 That not a lineament of his was grac'd

With pow'r of motion, nor did still sustain,
Much less, the vigour had t' advance a vein
The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,
That at his wish before would answer him
All pow'rs so quite decay'd, that when he spake
His voice no perceptible accent brake.
Her counsel then thought best to strive no more,
But lay him in his bed and lock his door
Such an Immortal would not I wish thee,
T' extend all days so to eternity
But if, as now thou couldst perform thy course
In grace of form, and all corporeal force,
To an eternal date, thou then shouldst bear
My husband's worthy name, and not a tear
Should I need rain, for thy deserts declin'd,
From my all-clouded bitterness of mind.
But now the stern storm of relentless age
Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage
All men alike, even loathsomeness, and bane
Attending with it, every human wane,
Which even the Gods hate. Such a penance lies
Impos'd on flesh and blood's infirmities !
Which I myself must taste in great degree,
And date as endless, for consorting thee.
All the Immortals with my opprobry
Are full by this time on their hearts so lie,
(Even to the sting of fear) my cunning's us'd,
And wiving conversations infus'd ;
Into the bosoms of the best of them
With women, that the frail and mortal stream
Doth daily ravish. All this long since done.
Which now no more, but with effusion
Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name,
I have so forfeited in this my fame,
And am impos'd pain of so great a kind
For so much erring from a Goddess' mind.
For I have put beneath my girdle here
A son, whose sire the human mortal sphere
Gives circumscription. But, when first the light
His eyes shall comfort, Nymphs that haunt the height

Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt,
 Shall be his nurse who inhabit ne
 A hill of so vast and divine a brow
 As man nor God can come at th'ir retreats;
 Who live long lives, and eat immortal meats,
 And with Immortals in the exercise
 Of comely dances dare contend, and rise
 Into high questions which deserve the prize
 The light Silent mix in love with these,
 And, of all spies the Prince, Argives
 In well trimm'd cave their secret meetings made
 And with the lives of those doth life invade
 Or odorous fir tree or high forcheaded oaks,
 Together taking their be eating strokes,
 And have their lives and deaths of equal dates,
 Trees bearing lovely and delightful states,
 Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates
 On her high hills she doth their states sustain,
 And they their own heights raise as high again
 Their growths together made, Nymphs call their
 groves
 Vow'd to th' Immortals services and loves
 Which men's steels therefore touch not but let grow
 But when wise Fates times for their fadings know,
 The fair trees still before the fair Nymphs die,
 The bark about them grown corrupt and dry
 And all their boughs fall'n yield to Earth her right
 And then the Nymphs' lives leave the lovely night
 "And these Nymphs in their caves shall nurse my
 son,
 Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun)
 The Nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee,
 And show thee what a birth thou hast by me
 And, sure as now I tell thee all these things,
 When Earth hath cloth'd her plants in five fair
 springs,
 Myself will make return to this retreat,
 And bring that flow'r of thy enamour'd heat,
 Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eyes,
 He shall so well present the Deities

The golden bridles joyfully stood near,
 Took up into their arms, and put on her
 Weeds of a never-corruptible wear
 On her immortal head a crown they plac'd,
 Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac'd
 That gold could give it, of a weight so great,
 That, to impose and take off, it had set
 Three handles on it, made, for endless hold,
 Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold
 Her soft neck all with carquenets was grac'd,
 That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embrac'd,
 Which even the Hours themselves wear in resort
 To Deities' dances, and her Father's court
 Grac'd at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces;
 Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces,
 Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing all
 To wear her maiden flow'r in festival
 Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home,
 All, to all admiration, overcome
 With Cytherea with the violet crown

So to the Black-brow'd Sweet-spoke all renown!
 Prepare my song, and give me, in the end,
 The victory to whose palm all contend!
 So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,
 And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES

OF Dionysus, noble Semele's Son,
 I now intend to render mention,
 As on a prominent shore his person shone,
 Like to a youth whose flow'r was newly blown,
 Bright azure tresses play'd about his head,
 And on his bright broad shoulders was disspread
 A purple mantle Strait he was descri'd
 By certain manly pirates, that applied
 Their utmost speed to prise him, being aboard

A well built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd
The wine-black Tyrrhene billows death as black
Brought them upon him in their future wrack.
For soon as they had purchas'd but his view
Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew
Took him, and brought him instantly aboard,
Soothing their hopes to have obtain'd a hoard
Of riches with him and a Jove kept king
To such a flow'r must needs be natural spring
And therefore straight strong fetters they must fetch,
To make him sure. But no such strength would
stretch

To his constrain'd pow'rs. Far flew all their bands
From any least force done his feet or hands.
But he sat casting smiles from his black eyes
At all their worst. At which discoveries
Made by the master, he did thus dehort
All his associates Wretches! Of what sort
Hold ye the person ye assay to band?
Nay which of all the Pow'r fully-driv'n d
Esteem ye him, whose worth yields so much weight
That not our well-built bark will bear his freight?
Or Jove himself he is, or He that bears
The silver bow or Neptune. Nor appears
In him the least resemblance of a man,
But of a strain at least Olympian.
Come! Make we quick dismissal of his state,
And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate
Our sinking vessel of his deified load,
Nor dare the touch of an intangible God,
Lest winds outrageous, and of wrackful scathe,
And smoking tempests, blow his fiery wrath.
This well-spoke master the tall captain gave
Hateful and horrible language call'd him slave,
And bade him mark the prosperous gale that blew
And how their vessel with her mainsail flew
Bade all take arms, and said, their works requir'd
The cares of men, and not of an inspir'd
Pure zealous master his firm hopes being fir'd
With this opinion, that they should arrive

In Ægypt straight, or Cyprus, or where live
Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow,
Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too,
And that he made no doubt but in the end
To make his prisoner tell him every friend
Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all,
Since that prise, certain, must some God let fall

This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew,
And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew,
When all his ship took arms to brave their prise
But straight strange works appear'd to all their eyes
First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did
flow,

Of which the odours did a little blow
Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine
That they in flood were there as well as wine
A mere immortal-making savour rose,
Which on the air the Deity did impose
The seamen sec'ng all, admiration seiz'd,
Yet instantly their wonders were increas'd,
For on the topsail there ran, here and there,
A vine that grapes did in abundance bear,
And in an instant was the ship's mainmast
With an obscure-green ivy's arms embrac'd,
That flourish'd straight, and were with berries grac'd,
Of which did garlands circle every brow
Of all the pirates, and no one knew how
Which when they saw, they made the master steer
Out to the shore, whom Bacchus made forbear,
With showing more wonders On the hatches He
Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly
Roaring, and in the mid-deck a male bear,
Made with a huge mane, making all, for fear,
Crowd to the stern, about the master there,
Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere,
But on the captun rush'd and ramp'd, with force
So rude and sudden, that his main recourse
Was to the main-sea straight and after him
Leapt all his mates, as trusting to their swim
To fly foul death, but so found what they fled,

Being all to dolphins metamorphosed.
 The master he took ruth of sav'd, and made
 The blessed st man that ever tried his trade,
 These few words giving him Be confident,
 Thou God-inspired pilot, in the bent
 Of my affection, ready to requite
 Thy late-to-me intended benefit
 I am the roaring God of spritely wine,
 Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline
 To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care)
 Made issue to the mighty Thunderer

And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,
 Son of sweet-count'nance-carry'ng Semele,
 I must not thee forget in least degree,
 But pray thy spirit to render so my song
 Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong

TO MARS

MARS, most strong, gold helm'd, making chariots
 crack

Never without a shield cast on thy back
 Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven,
 Strong-handed, all arms, fort, and fence of heaven
 Father of victory with fair strokes given
 Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall
 In unjust strifes a tyrant general
 Only of just men justly that dost bear
 Fortitude's sceptre to heaven's fiery sphere
 Giver of circular motion, between
 That and the Pleiads that still wand ring been,
 Where thy still vehemently flaming horse
 About the third heaven make their fiery course
 Helper of mortals hear!—As thy fires give
 The fair and present boldnesses that strive
 In youth for honour being the sweet-beam'd light
 That darts into their lives, from all their height,

The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight ,
 So would I likewise wish to have the pow'r
 To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
 And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,
 Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind,
 Controlling that so eager sting of wrath
 That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe
 Of war, that God still sends to wreak his spleen
 (Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men

But O thou Ever-Blessed ! give me still
 Presence of mind to put in act my will,
 Varied, as fits, to all occasion ,
 And to live free, unforc'd, unwrought upon,
 Beneath those laws of peace that never are
 Affected with pollutions popular
 Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one ,
 And to bear safe the burthen undergone
 Of foes inflexive, and inhuman hates,
 Secure from violent and harmful fates

TO DIANA

DIANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights,
 Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights
 With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun
 That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run
 In chase of game, from Meles that abounds
 In black-brow'd bulrushes, and, where her hounds
 She first uncouples, joining there her horse,
 Through Smyrna carried in most fiery course
 To grape-rich Claros , where (in his rich home,
 And constant expectation She will come)
 Sits Phœbus, that the silver bow doth bear,
 To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer
 As far as He his shafts As far then be
 Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of archery !
 Sacring my song to every Deity

TO VENUS

To Cyprian Venus still my verses vow
 Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow
 On all mortality that ever smiles,
 And rules a face that all foes reconciles,
 Ever sustaining in her hand a flow'r
 That all desire keeps ever in her pow'r

Hail, then, O Queen of well built Salamine,
 And all the state that Cyprus doth confine,
 Inform my song with that celestial fire
 That in thy beauties kindles all desire.
 So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,
 And any other thou commend st to me.

TO PALLAS

PALLAS Minerva only I begin
 To give my song that makes war's terrible din,
 Is patroness of cities, and with Mars
 Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars,
 And in everted cities, fights, and cries.
 But never doth herself set down or rise
 Before a city but at both times She
 All injur'd people sets on foot and free.

Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me,
 And, with thy wisdom's force, felicity

TO JUNO

SATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing,
 That was of Rhea the eternal spring,
 And empress of a beauty never yet
 Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great
 Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise)
 The far fam'd wife and sister whom in joys
 Of high Olympus all the Blessed love,
 And honour equal with unequall'd Jove.

TO CERES

THE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing,
 A Goddess, in whose grace the natural spring
 Of serious majesty itself is seen
 And of the wedded, yet in grace still green,
 Proserpina, her daughter, that displays
 A beauty casting every way her rays
 All honour to thee, Goddess! Keep this town,
 And take thou chief charge of my song's renown!

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS

MOTHER of all, both Gods and men, commend,
 O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove descend,
 That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life,
 And tremulous divisions of the fife,
 Love's dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls,
 Sylvan retreats, and hills, whose hollow knolls
 Raise repercussive sounds about her ears
 And so may honour ever crown thy years
 With all-else Goddesses, and ever be
 Exalted in the Muses' harmony!

TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES

ALCIDES, forcefullest of all the brood
 Of men enforc'd with need of earthy food,
 My Muse shall memorise, the son of Jove,
 Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love
 With great heaven's sable-cloud-assembling State)
 Alcmena bore to him, and who, in date
 Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent,

And Earth's inenarrable continent,
 To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed
 Did many a petulant and imperious deed
 Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil
 Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil
 Of white Olympus, and delights his life
 With still young Hebe, his well ankled wife.
 Hail, King, and Son of Jove! Vouchsafe thou
 me
 Virtue, and, her effect, felicity!

TO ÆSCULAPIUS

WITH Æsculapius, the physician
 That cur'd all sickness, and was Phœbus' son,
 My Muse makes entry to whose life gave yield
 Divine Coronis in the Dotian field,
 (King Phlegrius' daughter) who much joy on men
 Confer'd, in dear ease of their illsome pain.
 For which, my salutation, worthy king,
 And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing!

I I

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

I II I I

CASTOR and Pollux, the Tyndarides,
 Sweet Muse illustrate that their essences
 Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,
 And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love,
 Which she produc'd beneath the sacred shade
 Of steep Taygetus, being subdu'd, and made
 To serve the affections of the Thunderer
 And so all grace to you, whom all aver
 (For skill in horses, and their manage given)
 To be the bravest horsemen under heaven!

TO MERCURY

HERMES I honour, the Cyllenian Spy,
 King of Cyllenia, and of Arcady
 With flocks abounding and the Messenger
 Of all th' Immortals, that doth still infer
 Profits of infinite value to their store,
 Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore,
 Daughter of Atlas, and did therefore fly
 Of all th' Immortals the society,
 To that dark cave, where, in the dead of night,
 Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight,
 When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,
 Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory,
 From whom, and all, both men and Gods beside,
 The fair-hair'd nymph had scape kept undescried
 Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care,
 'Twixt men and Gods the general Messenger,
 Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood
 Of all that men or Gods account their good !

TO PAN

SING, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys,
 Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise,
 That through the fair greens, all adorn'd with trees,
 Together goes with Nymphs, whose nimble knees
 Can every dance foot, that affect to scale
 The most inaccessible tops of all
 Uprightest rocks, and ever use to call
 On Pan, the bright-hair'd God of pastoral,
 Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe
 By lot all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow,
 All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses,
 All sylvan copses, and the fortresses

Of thorniest queaches, here and there doth rove,
 And sometimes, by allurements of his love,
 Will wade the wat'ry softnesses. Sometimes
 (In quite oppos'd *capricious*) he climbs
 The hardest rocks, and highest, every way
 Running their ridges. Often will convey
 Himself up to a watch tow'r's top, where sheep
 Have their observance. Oft through hills as steep
 His goats he runs upon, and never rests.
 Then turns he head, and flies on savage beasts,
 Mad of their slaughters so most sharp an eye
 Setting upon them, as his beams let fly
 Through all their thickest tapistries. And then
 (When Hesperus calls to fold the flocks of men)
 From the green closets of his loftiest reeds
 He rushes forth and joy with song he feeds.
 When, under shadow of their motions set,
 He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet,
 As not the bird that in the flow'ry spring,
 Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring
 Of her sour sorrows, sweeten'd with her song,
 Runs her divisions varied so and strong
 And then the sweet voic'd Nymphs that crown his
 mountains
 (Flock'd round about the deep black water'd foun-
 tains)
 Fall in with their contention of song
 To which the echoes all the hills along
 Their repercussions add. Then here and there
 (Plac'd in the midst) the God the guide doth bear
 Of all their dances, winding in and out,
 A lynce's hide, besprinkled round about
 With blood, cast on his shoulders. And thus He,
 With well-made songs, maintains th' alacrity
 Of his free mind, in silken meadows crown'd
 With hyacinths and saffrons, that abound
 In sweet breath'd odours, that th' unnumber'd
 grass
 (Besides their scents) give us through all they
 pass.

And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise
The blessed Gods' and long Olympus' praise
Like zealous Hermes, who of all I said
Most profits up to all the Gods convey'd
Who, likewise, came into th' Arcadian state,
(That's rich in fountains, and all celebrate
For nurse of flocks,) where He had vow'd a
grove

(Surnam'd Cyllenius) to his Godhead's love
Yet even himself (although a God he were)
Clad in a squalid sheepskin, govern'd there
A mortal's sheep For soft love ent'ring him
Conform'd his state to his conceited trim,
And made him long, in an extreme degree,
T' enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope
Which ere he could, she made consummate
The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state,
And brought him such a piece of progeny
As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye,
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise even then,
And (opposite quite to other children)
Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear
Yet straight his mother start, and fled, in fear,
The sight of so unsatisfying a thing,
In whose face put forth such a bristled spring
Yet the most useful Mercury embrac'd,
And took into his arms, his homely-fac'd,
Beyond all measure joyful with his sight,
And up to heaven with him made instant flight,
Wrapp'd in the warm skin of a mountain hare,
Set him by Jove, and made most merry fare
To all the Deities else with his son's sight,
Which most of all fill'd Bacchus with delight,
And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all
Of mirth so rare and full a festival

And thus all honour to the shepherds' King,
For sacrifice to thee my Muse shall sing !

TO VULCAN

PRAISE Vulcan, now Muse whom fame gives the prize
 For depth and fracture of all forge-devise
 Who, with the sky-ey'd Pallas, first did give
 Men rules of buildings, that before did live
 In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts
 But now by art sam'd Vulcan's interests
 In all their civil industries, ways clear
 Through th' all-things-bringing-to-their-ends (the year)
 They work out to their ages' ends, at ease
 Lodg'd in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.
 But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me,
 Virtue safe granting, and felicity!

TO PHŒBUS

O PHŒBUS! Even the swan from forth her wings,
 Jumping her proyn'g bank, thee sweetly sings,
 By bright Peneus' whirl-pit making streams.
 Thee, that thy lute mak'st sound so to thy beams,
 Thee, first and last, the sweet voiced singer still
 Sings, for thy song's all-songs-transcending skill.
 Thy pleasure, then, shall my song still supply
 And so salutes thee King of Poesy

TO NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE, the mighty marine God, I sing,
 Earth's mover and the fruitless ocean's King,
 That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold.
 O thou Earth-shaker! Thy command two-fold
 The Gods have sorted making thee of horses
 The awful tamer and of naval forces
 The sure preserver Hail, O Saturn's birth!
 Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth
 Bear a benign mind and thy helpful hand
 Lend all submitted to thy dread command.

TO JOVE

JOVE now I sing, the greatest and the best
Of all these Pow'rs that are with Deity blest,
That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse,
And, being King of all, doth all conduce
To all their ends Who (shut from all Gods else
With Themis, that the laws of all things tells)
Their fit composures to their times doth call,
Weds them together, and preserves this all

Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given,
Most Glorious, and most Great of Earth and Heaven !

TO VESTA

VESTA, that as a servant oversees
King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees
Of guide about it, on the sacred shore
Of heavenly Pythos, and hast evermore
Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair,
Grace this house with thy housewifely repair !
Enter, and bring a mind that most may move,
Conferring even, the great in counsels, Jove ,
And let my verse taste of your either's love

TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO

THE Muses, Jove, and Phœbus, now I sing ,
For from the far-off-shooting Phœbus spring
All poets and musicians, and from Jove
Th' ascents of kings The man the Muses love,
Felicity blesses , elocution's choice
In syrup lay'ng of sweetest breath his voice
Hail, Seed of Jove, my song your honours give,
And so in mine shall yours and others' live

TO BACCHUS

IVY-CROWN'D Bacchus iterate in thy praises,
 O Muse, whose voice all loftiest echoes raises,
 And he with all th' illustrious Seed of Jove
 Is join'd in honour being the fruit of love
 To him, and Semele the-great-in-graces
 And from the King his father's kind embraces
 By fair-hair'd Nymphs was taken to the dales
 Of Nyssa, and with curious festivals
 Given his fair grought, far from his father's view
 In caves from whence eternal odours flew
 And in high number of the Dæties plac'd
 Yet when the many hymn-given God had past
 His Nurses cares, in ivies and in bays
 All over thicketed, his varied ways
 To sylvan coverts evermore He took,
 With all his Nurses, whose shrill voices shook
 Thicketa, in which could no foot's entry fall,
 And he himself made captain of them all.

And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be
 Ever saluted by my Muse and me!
 Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here,
 And every hour extend to many a year

TO DIANA

DIANA, that the golden spindle moves,
 And lofty sounds as well as Bacchus loves,
 A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts
 The death-affecter with delighted darts,
 By sire and mother Phœbus' sister born,
 Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn,
 I sing who likewise over hills of shade
 And promontories that vast winds invade,
 Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow

And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow
 In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake,
 And bristled woods their leafy foreheads shake,
 Horrors invade earth, and [the] fishy seas
 Impassion'd furies, nothing can appease
 The dying brays of beasts And her delight
 In so much death affects so with affright
 Even all inanimate natures, for, while she
 Her sports applies, their general progeny
 She all ways turns upon to all their banes
 Yet when her fiery pleasures find their wanes,
 Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house,
 Seated in Delphos, rich and populous,
 Of her dear brother, her retreats advance
 Where th' instauration of delightsome dance
 Amongst the Muses and the Graces she
 Gives form, in which herself the regency
 (Her unbent bow hung up, and casting on
 A gracious robe) assumes, and first sets gone
 The dances' entry, to which all send forth
 Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth
 Of her fair-ankled mother, since to light
 She children brought the far most exquisite
 In counsels and performances of all
 The Goddesses that grace the heavenly hall
 Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd Seed, and Jove's
 My song shall ever call to mind your loves

TO PALLAS

PALLAS-MINERVA'S deity, the renown'd,
 My Muse in her variety must resound,
 Mighty in councils, whose illustrious eyes
 In all resemblance represent the skies
 A reverend maid of an inflexible mind,
 In spirit and person strong, of triple kind,
 Fautress of cities that just laws maintain,

Of Jove, the great in-councils, very brain
 Took prime existence, his unbounded brows
 Could not contain her such impetuous throes
 Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew
 And stood, in gold arm'd, in her Father's view
 Shaking her sharp lance. All Olympus shook
 So terribly beneath her that it took
 Up in amazes all the Deities there.
 All earth resounded with vociferous fear
 The sea was put up all in purple waves,
 And settled suddenly her rudest raves.
 Hyperion's radiant son his swift hor'd steeds
 A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds,
 As glorious as the Gods the blue-eyed Maid
 Took from her deathless shoulders but then stay'd
 All these distempers, and heaven's counsellor Jove
 Rejoic'd that all things else his stay could move
 So I salute thee still and still in praise
 Thy fame, and others shall my memory raise.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY

VESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate,
 Art sorted out an everlasting state
 In all th' Immortals high-built roofs, and all
 Those of earth-dwelling men, as general
 And ancient honours given thee for thy gift
 Of free liv'd chastity and precious thrift.
 Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be
 In which, both first and last they give not thee
 Their endless gratuities in pour'd-out wine,
 As gracious sacrifice to thy divine
 And useful virtues being invok'd by all
 Before the least taste of their festival
 In wine or food affect their appetites.
 And Thou, that of th' adorn'd with all-delights
 Art the most useful angel, born a God
 Of Jove and Maia, of heaven's golden rod

The sole sustainer, and hast pow'r to bless
With all good all men, great Argicides,
Inhabit all good houses, see'ng no wants
Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants,
Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid
And all-lov'd virgin, Vesta, either's aid
Combin'd in every hospitable house,
Both being best seen in all the gracious
House-works of mortals Jointly follow then,
Even from their youths, the minds of dames and
men

Hail then, old Daughter of the oldest God,
And thou Great Bearer of Heaven's golden rod!
Yet not to you alone my vows belong,
Others as well claim th' homage of my song

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL

MOTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth,
My Muse shall memorize, who all the birth
Gives food that all her upper regions breed,
All that in her divine diffusions feed
In under continents, all those that live
In all the seas, and all the air doth give
Wing'd expeditions, of thy bounties eat,
Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat,
O great in reverence, and referr'd to thee,
For life and death is all the pedigree
Of mortal humans Happy then is he
Whom the innate propensions of thy mind
Stand bent to honour He shall all things find
In all abundance, all his pastures yield
Herds in all plenties, all his roofs are fill'd
With rich possessions, he, in all the sway
Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way
In cities shining with delicious dames,
And takes his choice of all those striving flames,
High happiness and riches, like his train,

Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign
 In all their princes' glory invests his sons
 His daughters, with their crown'd selections
 Of all the city frolic through the meads,
 And every one her call'd for dances treads
 Along the soft-flow'r of the claver-grass.
 All this, with all those ever comes to pass,
 That thy love blesses, Goddess full of grace,
 And treasurous Angel to all the human race.

Hail, then, Great Mother of the Deified Kind,
 Wife to the cope of stars! Sustain a mind
 Propitious to me for my praise, and give
 (Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

TO THE SUN

THE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse
 Jove's daughter great Calliope my Muse
 Whom ox-eyed Eurypheassa gave birth
 To the bright Seed of starry Heaven and Earth.
 For the far-fam'd Hyperion took to wife
 His sister Eurypheassa, that life
 Of his high race gave to these lovely three
 Aurora, with the rosy wrists and She
 That owns th' enamouring tresses, the bright Moon
 Together with the never wearied Sun,
 Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light
 And all th' Immortals. Even to horror bright
 A blaze burns from his golden burgonet,
 Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set
 Of any eye's intention beams so clear
 It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer
 Of his far-shining face up to his crown
 Casts circular radiance, that comes streaming down
 About his temples, his bright cheeks, and all,
 Retaining the refulgence of their fall.
 About his bosom flows so fine a weed
 As doth the thinness of the wind exceed

In rich context, beneath whose deep folds fly
 His masculine horses round about the sky,
 'Till in this hemisphere he renders stay
 'T' his gold-yok'd coach and coursers, and his way,
 Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes
 Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes

My salutations then, fair King, receive,
 And in propitious returns relieve
 My life with mind-fit means, and then from thee,
 And all the race of complete Deity,
 My song shall celebrate those half-god States,
 That yet sad death's condition circulates,
 And whose brave acts the Gods show men that they
 As brave may aim at, since they can but die

TO THE MOON

THE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound,
 Whose wide wings measure such a world of ground,
 Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,
 And seen in all the sacred art of song
 Whose deathless brows when she from heaven displays,
 All earth she wraps up in her orient rays
 A heaven of ornament in earth is rais'd
 When her beams rise The subtle air is sais'd
 Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold
 And when her silver bosom is extoll'd,
 Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon
 Is midnight seated, but when she puts on
 Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre evening weeds,
 (The month is two cut, her high-breasted steeds
 Man'd all with curl'd flames, put in coach and all,
 Her huge orb fill'd,) her whole trims then exhale
 Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky
 And out of that state mortal men imply
 Many predictions And with her then,
 In love mix'd, lay the King of Gods and men,
 By whom made fruitful, she Pandæa bore,

And added her state to th' Immortal Store
 Hail, Queen and Goddess, th' Iron-wristed Moon
 Divine, prompt, fair-haired! With thy grace begun,
 My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise
 Of men whose states th' Deities did raise
 To semi-deities whose deeds i' endless date
 Muse lov'd and sweet-sung poets celebrate

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

Jove's fair Sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king
 Muses well-worth all men's beholdings, sing!
 The dear birth that bright ankl'd Leda bore
 Horse-taming Castor and, the conqueror
 Of tooth-tongu'd Momus, Pollux whom beneath
 Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half god breath,
 In love mix'd with the black cloud King of
 Heaven

Who, both of men and ships, being tempest driven,
 When Winter's wrathful empire is in force
 Upon th' implacable seas, preserve the course.
 For when the gusts begin, if near the shore
 The seamen leave their ship, and, evermore
 Hearing two milk-white lambs aboard, they now
 Kill them ashore and to Jove's issue vow
 When though their ship, in height of all the roar
 The winds and waves confound, can live no more
 In all their hopes, then suddenly appear
 Jove's saving Sons, who both their bodies bear
 Twixt yellow wings down from the sparkling pole,
 Who straight the rage of those rude winds control,
 And all the high-waves couch into the breast
 Of th' hoary sea. All which sweet signs of rest
 To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,
 And end to all their irksome grievance give.

So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race
 Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace!

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY

RIVERENCE a man with use propitious
That hospitable rites wants, and a house
(You of this city with the seat of state
To ox-ey'd Juno vow'd) yet situate
Near Pluto's region At the extreme base
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race
Of blue-war'd Hebrus lovely fluent, grac'd
With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste

EPIGRAMS

TO CUMA

LEND hospitable rites and house-respect,
You that the virgin with the fair eyes deckt
Make sautress of your stately-seated town,
At foot of Sardes, with the high-hair'd crown,
Inhabiting rich Cuma where ye taste
Of Hermes' heavenly fluent, all embrac'd
By curl'd-head whirlpits and whose waters move
From the divine seed of immortal Jove

IN HIS RETURN TO CUMA

SWIFTLY my feet sustain me to the town,
Where men inhabit whom due honours crown
Whose minds with free-given faculties are mov'd,
And whose grave counsels best of best approv'd

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF MIDUS

CUT IN BRASS, IN THE FIGURE OF A VIRGIN

A MAID of brass I am, infix'd here
T' eternize honest Midus' sepulchre
And while the stream her fluent seed receives,
And steep trees curl their verdant brows with leaves,
While Phoebus rais'd above the earth gives sight,
And th' humorous Moon takes lustre from his light,
While floods bear waves, and seas shall wash the shore,
At this his sepulchre, whom all deplore,
I'll constantly abide all passers by
Informing, Here doth honest Midus lie.

CUMA

REFUSING HIS OFFER TO LITERALIZE THEIR STATE,
THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES

O to what fate hath Father Jove given o'er
My friendless life, born ever to be poor!
While in my infant state he pleas'd to save me,
Milk on my reverend mother's knees he gave me,
In delicate and curious nursery
Æolian Smyrna, seated near the sea,
(Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides
Sacred Meletus' silver current glides,)
Being native seat to me Which, in the force
Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse,
Phryconia's noble nation, girt with tow'rs,
Whose youth in fight put on with fiery pow'rs
From hence, the Muse-maids, Jove's illustrious Seed,
Impelling me, I made impetuous speed,
And went with them to Cuma, with intent
T' eternize all the sacred continent
And state of Cuma They, in proud ascent
From off their bench, refus'd with usage fierce
The sacred voice which I aver is verse
Their follies, yet, and madness borne by me,
Shall by some pow'r be thought on futuramente,
To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought
With false impair my fall What fate God brought
Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain,
But undeserv'd defame unfelt sustain
Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor)
Any great lust to linger any more
In Cuma's holy highways, but my mind
(No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind
Borne in my body) rather vows to try
The influence of any other sky,
And spirits of people bred in any land
Of ne'er so slender and obscure command

AN ASSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS

ILION and all the brave-horse breeding soil,
 Dardania, I sing that many a toil
 Impos'd upon the mighty Grecian powers,
 Who were of Mars the manly servitors.

TO THESTOR'S SON *

INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS

THESTORIDES of all the skills unknown
 To errant mortals, there remains not one
 Of more inscrutable affair to find
 Than is the true state of a human mind.

TO NEPTUNE

HEAR, pow'ful Neptune, that shak'st earth in m
 King of the great green, where dance all the quire
 Of fair-haired Helicon give prosperous gales,
 And good pass, to these guiders of our sails,
 Their voyage rend'ring happily directed,
 And their return with no ill fate affected.
 Grant likewise at rough Mimas lowest roots,
 Whose strength up to her tops prerupt rocks shoots,
 My passage safe arrival and that I
 My bashful disposition may apply
 To pious men, and wreak myself upon
 The man whose verbal circumvention
 In me did wrong t hospitious Jore's whole state,
 And th hospitable table violate.

Homer instructed, in this his answer to Thestorides a will t
 have him learn the knowledge of himself before he inquired so
 curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the
 great peripatetic, Theophrastus, his most grave epiphoneme *Ani-
 mam ipsam ignorat, quid sci et ipsa de al* ? And, therefore
 according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin
 with that study

TO THE CITY ERYTHRA

WORSHIPFUL Earth, Giver of all things good !
 Giver of even felicity , whose flood
 The mind all-over steeps in honeydew ,
 That to some men dost infinite kindness shew,
 To others that despise thee art a shrew,
 And giv'st them gamester's galls , who, once their main
 Lost with an ill chance, fare like abjects slain

TO MARINERS

YE wave-trod watermen, as ill as she
 That all the earth in infelicity
 Of rapine plunges , who upon your fare
 As sterv'd-like-ravenous as cormorants are ,
 The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree,
 Not to be envied more than misery .
 Take shame, and fear the indignation
 Of Him that thunders from the highest throne,
 Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares
 Pains of abhorr'd effect of him that dares
 The pieties break of his hospitious squares

THE PINE

ANY tree else bears better fruit than thee,
 That Ida's tops sustain, where every tree
 Bears up in air such perspirable heights,
 And in which caves and sinuous receipts
 Creep in such great abundance For about
 Thy roots, that ever all thy fruits put out,
 As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits,
 Pour Mars's iron-mines their accurs'd pursuits
 So that when any earth-encroaching man,
 Of all the martial brood Cebrenian,
 Plead need of iron, they are certain still
 About thy roots to satiate every will

TO GLAUCUS

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING THAT HE FEARED
ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM

GLAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one word more.
Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,
For twill be better so Before thy door
Give still thy mastiffs meat, that will be sure
To lie there, therefore, still, and not endure
(With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall,
But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

AGAINST THE SAMIAN MINISTRESS,
OR NUN

HEAR me, O Goddess, that invoke thine ear
Thou that dost feed and form the youthful year,
And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,
And beds, of young men, and affect to use
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain,
Whose pow'rs are passing coy whose wills would fain.

WRITTEN ON THE COUNCIL CHAMBER

Of men, sons are the crowns of cities tow'rs
Of pastures, horse are the most beauteous flow'rs
Of seas, ships are the grace and money still
With trains and titles doth the family fill
But royal counsellors, in council set,
Are ornaments past all, as clearly great
As houses are that shining fires enfold,
Superior far to houses nak'd and cold.

THE FURNACE CALLED IN TO SING
BY POTTERS

If ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,
As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends
Pallas, vouchsafe thou here invok'd access,
Impose thy hand upon this Forge, and bless
All cups these artists earn so, that they may
Look black still with their depth, and every way
Give all their vessels a most sacred sale
Make all well-burn'd, and estimation call
Up to their prices Let them market well,
And in all highways in abundance sell,
Till riches to their utmost wish arise,
And, as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise

But if ye now turn all to impudence,
And think to pay with lies my patience,
Then will I summon 'gainst your Furnace all
Hell's harmfull'st spirits, Maragus I'll call,
Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus,
Who ills against your art innumeros
Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies
Come, Pallas, then, and all command to rise,
Infesting forge and house with fire, till all
Tumble together, and to ashes fall,
These potters selves dissolv'd in tears as small
And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit,
So let this Forge murmur in fire and flit,
And all this stuff to ashy ruins run
And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun,
Great-many-poison-mixer, come, and pour
Thy cruell'st poisons on this Potters' floor,
Shivering their vessels, and themselves affect
With all the mischiefs possible to direct
'Gainst all their beings, urg'd by all thy fiends
Let Chiron likewise come, and all those friends
(The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled,

And all the rest too that his hand strook dead,
 (Their ghosts excited) come, and macerate
 These earthen men and yet with further fate
 Affect their Furnace all their tear burst eyes
 Seeing and mourning for their miseries,
 While I look on, and laugh their blasted art
 And them to ruin. Lastly if apart
 Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his face
 Into a coal let th angry fire embrace,
 That all may learn by them, in all their lust,
 To dare deeds great, to see them great and just.

EIRESIONE, OR, THE OLIVE BRANCH

THE turrets of a man of infinite might,
 Of infinite action substance infinite,
 We make access to whose whole being rebounds
 From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds.
 Give entry then, ye doors more riches yet
 Shall enter with me all the Graces met
 In joy of their fruition, perfect peace
 Confirming all all crown'd with such increase,
 That every empty vessel in your house
 May stand replete with all things precious
 Elaborate Ceres may your larders fill
 With all dear delicates, and serve in still
 May for your son a wife make wish'd approach
 Into your tow'rs, and rapt in in her coach
 With strong-kneed mules may yet her state prove
 staid,
 With honour'd housewiferies her fair hand laid
 To artful loomworks and her nak'd feet tread
 The gum of amber to a golden bead.
 But I'll return return, and yet not press
 Your bounties now assay'd with oft access,
 Once a year only as the swallow prates
 Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates.

Meantime I stand at yours, nor purpose stay
More time t' entreat Give, or not give, away
My feet shall bear me, that did never come
With any thought to make your house my home

TO CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES

YET from the bloods even of your self-like sires
Are you descended, that could make ye heirs
To no huge hoards of coin, nor leave ye able
To feed flocks of innumerable rabble

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER

This work that I was born to do is done !

Glorv to Him that the conclusion

Makes the beginning of my life and never

Let me be said to live till I live ever

Where's the outliving of my fortunes then

Ye errant vapours of Fame's Lernean fen

That like possess'd storms blast all not in herd

With your abhorr'd heads t ha, because cashier'd

By men for monsters think men monsters all

That are not of your fied flood and your Hall

When you are nothing but the scum of things

And must be cast off drones that have no stings

Nor any more soul than a stone hath wings !

Away ye hags ! Your hates and scandals are

The crowns and comforts of a good man's cure

By whose impartial perpendicular

All is exuberance and excretion all

That you your ornaments and glories call

Your very mouths censure right Your blister'd

l quies

That h k but it hes ! And whose ulcerous lungs

C me up at all things permanent and sound !

O y u, like flies in dregs in humours drown'd

Your eyes, like at me h st in gloomy air

I would not retrieve with a wither'd hur

Hate and ast shil your stings then, for your kisses

I draw but truth, and your of, lauds are hisses

To see our supercilious wwards frozen

Their faces fal h like f r, and coming down

Sinking the sun out makes me shine the more

And like a che k d f d bear above the shore

That their profane c, in ns fain could set

To w d then see r t k r e n e t n r can let

Y t then ear laund men with their terrors come

Roaring from their forc'd hills, all crown'd with foam,
 That one not taught like them, should learn to know
 Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow,
 Casting such rich shades from great HOMER's wings,
 That first and last command the Muses' springs
 Though he's best scholar, that, through pains and vows
 Made his own master only, all things knows
 Nor pleads my poor skill form, or learned place,
 But dauntless labour, constant prayer, and grace
 And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?
 As if broad-beaten highways had the leading
 To Truth's abstract, and narrow path, and pit
 Found in no walk of any worldly wit
 And without Truth, all's only sleight of hand,
 Or our law-learning in a foreign land,
 Embroidery spent on cobwebs, braggart show
 Of men that all things learn, and nothing know
 For ostentation humble Truth still flies,
 And all confederate fashionists defies
 And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born,
 In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn
 A verse with rare attractions, yet become
 His English Muse like an Atachnean loom,
 Wrought spite of Pallas, and therein bewrays
 More tongue than truth, begs, and adopts his bays
 So Ostentation, be he never so
 Larded with labour to suborn his show,
 Shall sooth within him but a bastard soul,
 No more heaven herring than, Earth's son, the mole
 But as in dead calms emptiest smokes arise,
 Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies,
 So drowsy Peace, that in her humour steeps
 All she affects, lets such rise while she sleeps
 Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,
 But none the gracious shame that fits the poor
 So most learn'd men enough are ignorant,
 But few the grace have to confess their want,
 Till lives and learnings come concurrent
 Far from men's knowledge, their lives' acts flow
 Vainglorious acts then vain-praise all they know

*As night the life-inclining stars best shows
 So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose
 For me let just men judge by what I show
 In acts expos'd how much I err or know
 And let not envy make all worse than nought,
 With her mere headstrong and quite brainless thought
 Others, for doing nothing giving all
 And bounding all worth in her bursten gall
 GOD and my dear REDEEMER rescue me
 From men's immane and mad impiety
 And by my life and soul (sole known to Them)
 Make me of palm or yew an anadem
 And so my sole GOD, the THRICE SACRED TRINE,
 Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine*

Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater et Dux rationis
 nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ Tu nos
 ornasti et ut Tu nobis præstô sis, ut us qui per æse
 moventur ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque
 affectuum, repurgemur eosque superemus, atque
 regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis us utamur
 Deinde, ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis
 nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum us qui
 verè sunt per lucem veritatæ. Et tertium Salvatori
 supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum
 caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut norimus bene qui
 Deus, aut mortalis, habendus. *Amen*

Such honours vivam, nulloque numero ero

